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LETTERS  
OF  
W. ERNEST WELD

From November 1909

To December 1913



































Allahabad

Dear Daddy & Maama:

We arrived here safely  
Saturday night at 12 - I  
have started in to learn the  
language, by ordering books. I  
have taught today in the  
College and enjoyed it. We  
are staying with the Evanses  
until we can get settled.

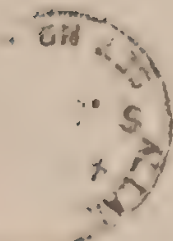
We hoped to get our virgin  
message from you  
when we arrived at  
Allahabad but no word  
was here. So it has been  
a couple of months since  
we have heard from you.  
Loosen up.

Mama has been a bit  
unwell but is recovering.  
The Red Sea was warm for  
her I think will work more  
later. Goodnight - Your loving son  
Ernest.

Lat. 11 Nov 11 - 09

U.S. of America  
Cork  
Havana,

Mr J. E. Wells





Allahabad Christian College.

Dear Father & Mother:

The past week has been a busy one, and time has flown very hastily, leaving in his wake a few scattered Urdu words and grammatical ideas and disjointed impressions of Political Economy, Othello and the 14 Chapter of Thomas.

I am teaching every day about three hours. I am having a lesson in the Urdu language lasting about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. The rest of the time I study Urdu, P.E. Shakespeare, eat, play tennis and look after our house which is being put in

"Chotta Kowsee" which is taken  
in bed at six thirty. We then  
get up and work till nine fifteen  
when we have breakfast. "Tiffin"  
or lunch is taken at 2<sup>15</sup> in  
our room. and is cold and  
more or less meager. Tea is at  
4<sup>30</sup> and dinner at eight.  
Rather a curious arrangement  
is it not?

The Ewings have been very  
kind and have made our opening



shops for human habitation.

I take an hours recreation - mostly in tennis. One day I played football with the students - Another day - in Sherbrook. Another day I took a walk. So you see I am doing a little of everything.

Next week we hope to leave the Ewings and move into our own bungalow. It is going to be a very pleasant place to live. We have already taken on a cook and a "bearer". I suppose the bearer brings us our

day on the mission field very pleasant  
and indeed. Margaret, who  
has discovered on arriving in  
India that she has a liver,  
has improved and is at this  
moment down in the city, buying  
herself black in the jail so  
establish our love cote of  
eight rooms (plus some smaller  
ones) and feather the floors  
and walls. <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ walls are 20 some  
feet from floor to ceiling.

Tomorrow is a holiday.  
A Hindu fest day  
I believe. I am going  
on the train to a  
village not far away  
to buy some second-  
hand furniture. I  
have a missionary who  
is going back to  
America. I hope to  
get some cupboards.  
Some chairs - a table  
and other necessary  
paraphernalia to  
setting up a young man.

A letter from Mary  
and Martha arrived  
on Tuesday, which  
"did us lots of good".



day on the mission field very pleas-  
ant indeed. Margaret, who  
arriving in  
interest if you can do so. If  
a chance for ten or 15 %  
shows up - go as far as you  
like with it. And sending  
a check written by that doubt-  
ful brother of whom I told  
you last summer - to whom  
I talked like a Uncle de  
la Hollandaise - Cash it as  
soon as possible. Our  
trip across Europe was not

It had been forwarded  
from Marseilles  
It was ancient but  
when one has not  
heard from one's own  
for two long months  
it tastes mighty  
good. I wonder when  
your letters are re-  
passing - am hoping  
to hear Saturday.  
Daddy I am sending  
money to cancel that  
note which you  
have taken at 8%.  
If you can't take  
it up now remit  
same to help cancel

quite as expensive as we had  
feared.

Later - Dr Ewing says that  
there is not time to get a  
registered letter in tomorrow  
mail and that would make  
this letter a week late so  
I will send money next week  
and mail this.  
Our goods are arriving  
gradually. With love  
Ernest.



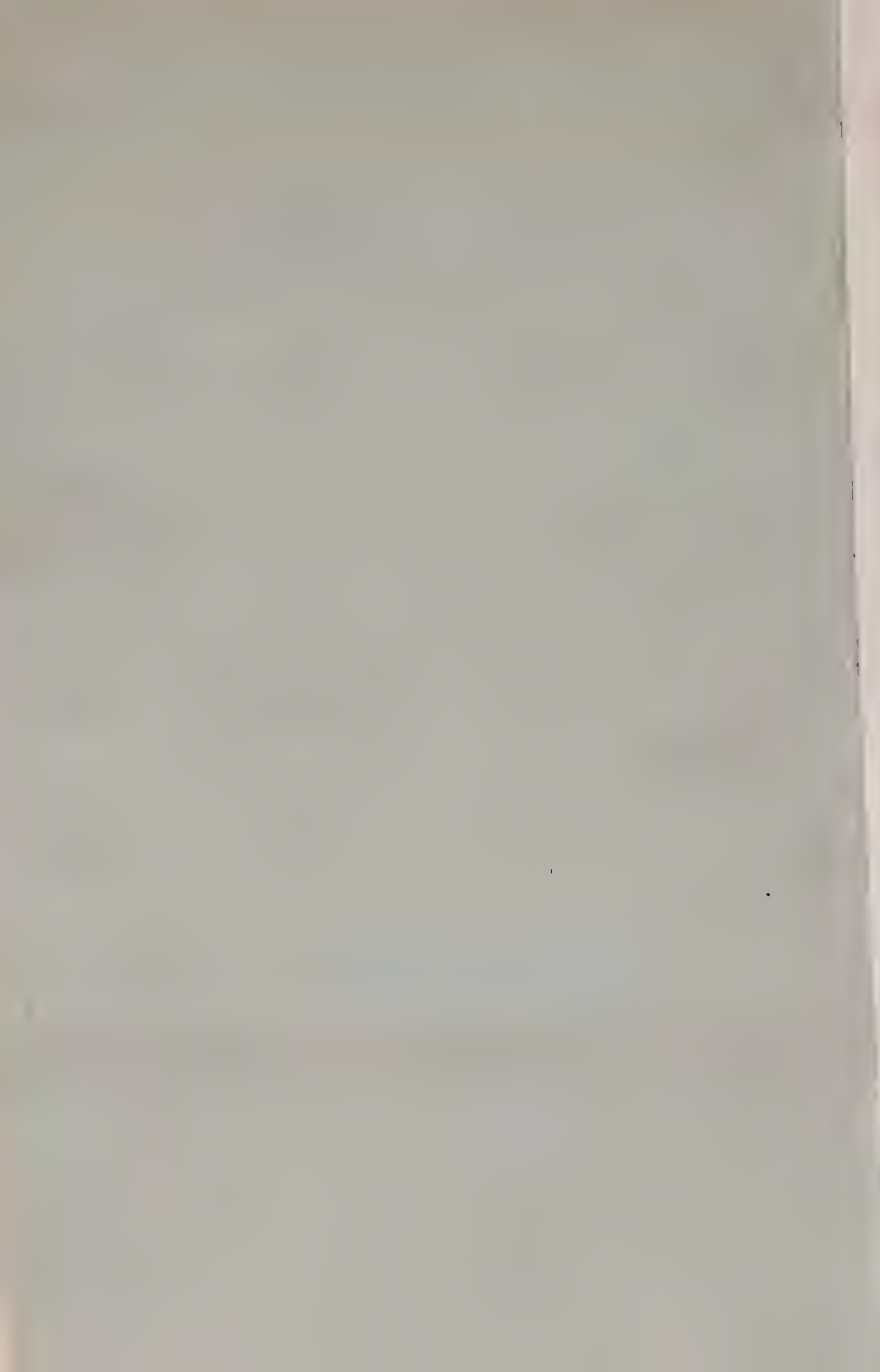




a sister - we  
have moved. You  
and the family  
are going and  
like to find a  
new place to live.  
I am sure you  
will find a good  
one. I hope you  
will be happy.

Yours  
Bernard





Uttarakhand Christian College

Sunday Afternoon

Nov 21

1809 )

My dear Bro & Sister: It is  
a beautiful sunshiny  
day, I am sitting on  
my study - working at  
my desk - The view from  
the study window contains  
the sacred gumna only  
two hundred yards away  
There are green trees &  
some green fields on  
the other side - It is  
a fine view - Out under  
the silver moonlight, on  
our back porch over  
looking the big river  
is life and condemnation.  
It goes very well with

responsibility of running. Three servants  
has done her good. We have a cook  
who buys food & cooks it. A "kare",  
who waits at table. Staves our  
shoes and runs errands. A  
sweeper who sweeps and looks  
after the bath. Besides the  
flower waterer & gardener and  
washer man and others, who  
know no English. Sox Margaredo  
is the only one to the unit. She  
is getting a fair forearm.



have more time taken  
on, when we are all  
settled. The teacher I  
have is a Mohammedan  
boy who speaks English  
very well. Soon I hope  
to be able to talk to  
him in the vernacular.

Margaret has not com-  
menced the language  
study yet, but when  
she does <sup>she will</sup> ~~look like~~ <sup>make me</sup> ~~linguistic~~  
bankrupt.

I plan tennis soon  
have not yet met any  
one who has shown  
much brilliancy. The  
football (soccer) is  
also good fun and in

The language is hard but not as  
hard as Arabic nor as complicated  
as Hebrew. The Arabic helps some.  
But the chief difficulty is that  
I don't have the time to put on  
it I should like. I only teach  
in an average of three hours a  
day. But there are a good many  
students on the side which work  
very. Then the preparation for the  
teaching takes time. But I am  
not discouraged and hope to

have more time later  
on, when we are all  
settled. The teacher I  
have is a Mohammedan  
boy who speaks English  
very well. Soon I hope  
to be able to talk to  
him in the vernacular.  
Margaret has not com-  
menced the language  
study yet, but when  
she does <sup>soon</sup> she will  
make me <sup>look like</sup> a  
balkrupt.

I plan to visit some  
have not yet met any  
one who has shown  
much brilliancy. The  
football (soccer) is  
also good fun and in



The language is hard but not as  
hard as Arabic nor as complicated  
as Hebrew. The Arabic helps some.  
But the chief difficulty is that  
I don't have the time to put on  
it I should like. I only teach  
on an average of three hours a  
day. But there are a good many  
duties on the side which take  
time. Then the preparation for the  
teaching takes time. But I am  
not discouraged and hope to

My dear Parents:  
We have been  
in India a month.  
That only leaves seventy  
one before we come home  
again, and see our  
parents. Seventy one months  
is not such a long time  
after all.

Things are moving  
along here. The days are  
still warm but the  
nights are quite cool  
and refreshing. One could  
not wish a better cli-  
mate than the last  
two weeks have <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~

Our only trouble is our  
trouble, I never knew  
that I had a liver

puts up a picture, of some story of  
the Bible - on a lamp post and  
then he gets a crowd around him  
and then explains the picture  
makes the children repeat the  
text, and preaches a little sermon  
from it. They ask questions or  
propose questions rather  
The man answers them as best  
he can. There are 22 churches in  
Sunderland in the college out of  
240. There is a high school and



-not way I get acquainted  
with my students  
I have also tried to  
play cricket, but  
find that it is some  
difficult. Baseball  
is a help tho'. for  
part of it is fielding  
ground ball & liners

we feel that our  
first year has been  
cast in a very pleasant  
place and our well  
sakes for with  
it.

-In Sunday mornings I  
go out with a student  
into the city for bazaar  
preaching. The student

boys school in connection on the  
same compound which make  
a total of about a thousand. The  
head master of the high school is  
a man named Ghose - an Indian  
who was in Beirut when I was  
there. I knew him well. Wasn't it  
queer that the only Indian I knew  
in all India should be a fellow  
worker. With Y. K. Your letter  
addressed to Mrs. M. was much  
answered. With Y. K. Yours ever  
E. M. S.

My dear Parents:  
We have been  
in India a month.  
That only leaves seventy  
one before we come home  
again, and see our  
parents. Seventy one months  
is not much at all of time  
after all.

Things are moving  
along here. The days are  
still warm but the  
nights are quite cool  
and refreshing. One could  
not wish a better cli-  
mate than the last  
two weeks have <sup>offered</sup> ~~been~~

Our only trouble is liver  
trouble. I never knew  
that I had a liver

the store at seven A.M. and started to clean  
up. I have had very little trouble so far.  
One day I was off color but taught  
my classes. Tonight I am feeling  
pretty punk but don't worry for by  
the time you receive this, I hope  
to be either recovered or inensible  
to all these complaints. Margaret  
has not gotten off quite so easy,  
for she does not feel quite  
right, a good deal of the time.  
But the old residents say it is



at home, but I find that  
the Indian liver is not  
taken for granted. The  
men & women not born  
in the country wear  
big bands of flannel  
about their stomachs.

They take bitter medicine  
called "Liver Medicine".  
They do not apply cold  
water to the liver  
area. It is not such  
a bad idea this  
caution. If your liver  
is out of whack, one is  
surely wretched. Tired,  
sleepy, headache, fevers,  
sleepless. In short, as  
Mr. Church used to  
feel when he reached

the way India serves her new guests.  
So I take it that our lives will  
eventually become accustomed to being  
lives in India and not protest so  
vehemently.

- Your good letter, Mamma, came last Saturday.  
It was the only home letter we  
had, save from my S. S. class.  
I am so glad that you have  
purchased the little house across  
from Porto. I believe it to be  
a good investment at that price.

Thanksgiving Day

Dear Theodor & Matilda:

Margaret & I have  
heard no one mention  
this as Thanksgiving  
day, but we think  
that it is the 25<sup>th</sup> of November.  
In Beirut we had  
school on Thank-  
sgiving day but  
usually celebrated  
it in the evening.  
Here we will celebrate  
it by our luncheon  
in the evening.

This will mean  
you & presume  
about Christmas  
time. Here wishing

our home and are enjoying it to the  
full It is great to light at last  
after residing in many places  
and eating at many boarding  
places. There is much to be  
done yet but we have made the  
start

The work is going along nicely  
I have made a vacation. The  
language and am doing my daily  
teaching. I enjoy my work.



for you two a very  
Merry and Happy  
Christmas from us  
two. How nice it  
would be to be  
together - Well, we  
will miss you, but  
will enjoy you just  
the same for your  
hearts will speak  
to us across the  
founders deep - and  
we shall answer  
you again - Your  
happiness shall be  
ours and vice versa  
we are getting more  
and more settled in

in the college very much  
especially the Pot. Econ  
I have written a  
long letter to Mike  
M. at the end of the week.

There was no letter  
from you last week.  
We may have one this  
week. Who knows?

Give my Xmas Greetings  
to the Widdses and to  
The Maxwells.

With bushels of Love  
and Devotion

Yours - Your Boy  
Ernest

P.S. next week's letter may reach  
you before Xmas but I doubt it.

Last Sunday, ~~the~~ I went  
out with my student  
to the street preaching.  
We found a couple of  
the worst men in the  
audience, who took  
the student to task  
for his preaching. The  
young man did not  
seem to be flustered at  
all, and talked back  
to them. Soon we had  
a large audience &  
it looked as tho' there  
might be something stirring,  
but at last the worst  
men shrugged their  
shoulders in contempt  
and passed on, drawing  
a good many with them.

I send money. U.S. money is hard to  
handle over here. That's what I  
have. - Gold - Express Checks - and an  
American check. Will try to  
arrange this week.

Keep writing - Cheerful - and

loving - Your Loving Son, Dec 2. '09  
Ernest K. 7:30 P.M.

My wife is asleep but she sends love.





Mumma Mission  
Kallakabod, India.  
Dec. 16, 1909.

Dear mother & father -  
This is a  
fine dull haze over the  
river this morning,  
looking as if it intended  
rain. We did have rain  
two days ago - a mirabile dictu -  
and that a thin north  
of remark in India at  
this season of the year.  
People don't look for it  
after July. The weather is  
delightful now - bright,  
clear sunny days with  
just enough coolness to  
be just what we need.

The Indians go in their bare feet all winter long, but wrap up their heads. A couple of days in 'etchuck I thought a couple of boys must be suffering from foot-rack; but discovered, upon inquiry, that they were not feeling a bit chilly.

I have written you about our three servants, cook, bearer, and sweeper. This week we secured another, a male, named and he is working a transaction on the premises. We have a large flower garden adjoining the house, but it had been allowed to go to rack and ruin until it was looking quite disreputable. In it, there are several large rose bushes, besides other shrubs. The male is cleaning it all up and taking good care of the flowers. A few roses are in bloom now and we will have lots of them in a short time. We have a hot-bed vegetable garden, but nothing is planted as yet.

There are some banana  
trees on the place,  
also sapita trees, which  
are 'filled with a rich,  
delicious-looking fruit';  
but neither Ernest nor I  
have learned to eat  
for it yet.

Housekeeping in India  
is quite a simple matter  
when one has 'good servants'  
and we are fortunate  
in that respect. I find  
a great deal of work  
leaving America, without  
'losing caste' if I  
attempted to do any work.



There is little in it  
I find. I can do almost  
anything I want to  
about the house. But  
one doesn't find it  
necessary to do much  
when there are servants  
who expect to do things  
for you and who  
really do things very well.  
On one thing, I don't  
like about it is that  
everything has to be  
kept under lock and  
key; and that means a  
bunch of keys must be  
ever-present. The great  
inconvenience.

The servants are on telephones here  
or send them around with letters to  
this party - that, many times a day.  
They are very reliable when it comes to  
carrying messages or anything of the kind.  
I sent them to the shops and pay  
our bills. Just this morning, we  
sent our bearer to the post office  
with a sealed package containing 190  
in American gold & checks. And we have  
no fear that the goods will be delivered  
safely.

There are no bells in the front  
door of our house. So when a servant  
comes with a message, or a visitor  
calls, he simply cries out "Loi hai."  
Is anyone at home? and the servant or  
person who is within hearing answers.

This bungalow still seems just fine  
for the house are a large, at least,  
great deal to feel comfortable and

course, we have to  
get furniture gradually.  
We just about live  
in the library. It  
seems the most cozy  
and comfortable  
room in the house.

Give my love to  
Uncle Bert and family  
and with much love  
yours I am  
Yours Son  
Wm. L. G. G.

Uttahabos An College -  
Dec 16 - 1909

Dear Daddy & Lizzie.

Another week has rolled around and I find that I have my letter to write to you. You see what a good son I am, even tho' I have not heard from you for three weeks. I keep writing just the same, hoping that finally you will grow very ashamed and being stung by the pangs of remorse shall take the rusty pen in hand and write your son a letter.

For two days the natives have been wrestling with the cook stov - I have been busy with my work so could give it the attention I ~~was~~ have liked. But in their sloppier way



I am very happy if this schedule is not interrupted, but there are so many things coming in - Now I am coaching the students, who are going to stage "Twelfth Night" on next Monday. I hope they won't fizzle it. This has been going on - the rehearsing I mean - for three weeks. I shall be very glad for it comes most every night. With it all, I am sure that I shall like India, because I am very busy. One always likes a place he is busy in, even

They have put it together  
in pretty good shape. They  
have used enough putty  
to putty the milk plant  
of Marysville. O. It is  
a pretty store and we  
show it to all comers.  
I want to put it into  
the "front room", but  
Maryant won't hear to it.

I am busy from morn  
till eve. And up at seven.  
Shave dress, an Ardu  
lesson - breakfast at 9<sup>15</sup>.  
Study till eleven, teach  
till 2 - lunch. Study,  
tea at 4<sup>10</sup> Tennis or  
football 430-530, bath,  
study dinner at seven or 7<sup>30</sup>  
Study Ardu till ten<sup>30</sup> Bed

tho' he be killing a snake. I wish you  
could see the view from our back porch.  
It is very beautiful. A great river, green  
trees on the other side - a great  
bridge  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile long. are some of the  
leading features.

Margaret is feeling much better than  
she did and looks on life with  
a bit more of animation.

Daddy, I am enclosing a check - please  
place same to my credit. Will send more  
when the time comes soon - Ernest.

Dec 9" 1909.

Dear Mamma & Papa,

It's been some but  
I must write you  
a "howdy" note before  
turning in.

I had a bad cold this  
time last week wh  
is O.K. now as it  
has departed. Mamma  
who has not been  
very well, is quite  
better this week,  
so we have been  
leading to business  
and getting settled  
down to living. The  
days are pleasant &  
are filled with work



have not had the skins. It may  
come some time tho! A Margaret has  
felt it she has said nothing about  
it.

Dr Henry Churchill King has been  
here this week and has lectured. He  
is great. He is also a jolly fellow  
and tells good stories. He is, as  
you doubtless know, President of  
Oberlin College. He attended the  
Agra <sup>inter</sup> National C. & C. Convention &  
then came on down. Today he went to

The nights are bully  
cool. We sleep under  
our steamer rug  
under our big mosquito  
net - as comfortably  
as can be. The  
climate is not bad  
if you can get sleep  
at night. The thing  
that impresses us is  
the difference between  
the days and nights.  
Yes not unusual  
to have between 80  
to a hundred degrees  
difference between  
the days and the nights.  
We have not been  
homesick yet. We

Benares. Carrer Buzby has been  
working as his private Sec. for  
two years. He spoke very highly  
of her.

The work on the language moves along  
very slowly but surely. I can talk  
a little, but very feebly and  
falteringly. I am sorry, now, that  
the Servants know English.

I like to study the language.

Good night. Love you both  
and as you wish them. Ever  
your son

Allahabad Kn College  
my dear papa & mama:  
School has closed for  
the Christmas vacation.  
We will have ten days  
off. I have great plans  
for those ten days. I  
hope to grade my exam-  
papers. To outline my  
political economy course.  
To learn the English language.  
I expect to be right smart  
busy. The vacation is  
very welcome for I have  
been going rather a  
fast clip during the  
last month. The play  
"Twelfth Night" - came  
off last Monday. It was  
reasonably successful.  
Not so than last year's  
they say. So I was thankful.  
It is no small job to



We will be thinking of you on day  
after tomorrow - Christmas is rather a  
sad business on heathen lands - The poor  
people away from England & America  
always try to stir up something in  
honor of the day, but altho everybody  
smiles and works hard to show the  
rest a good time, yet each knows  
that he is miles away with the home  
folks in spirit - so of course the  
stock of spirit runs low. I know  
how it was in Segria. It would  
be that way here if I was out  
here alone. It is bad business being

put a play on the stage  
when the students  
know nothing of voice  
inflection - and the  
Director & that's Ernie  
knows nothing of  
acting. Warden - one  
of the teachers here -  
was in on it also - and  
we surely were glad  
that it went off so  
well.

Margaret seems to be  
finding herself again -  
and is feeling much  
better. She surely did  
not agree with India  
for the first month.  
Her stomach was  
all off. She seemed unable  
to keep anything for  
any period of time.

a bachelor on ordinary days in ordinary lands  
but on extraordinary days in extraordinary  
lands it is "war"

This morning I sent the following telegram  
to Rev Halliwell, Agra. "Will take your  
horse and phaeton". I don't know whether  
I was in time or not - but if so I  
have bought a horse & carriage for  
430 Rs. or \$143.11. I find that  
it is absolutely necessary out here. We  
have just been waiting for the chance  
to get one second-hand. The purchase  
will be made from our equipment fund.

I don't imagine that the  
horse is a star. He is  
said to be eleven years  
old. He probably is that  
old at that price. The  
pharson has rubber  
tires.

Eddie Lucas, My class  
mate and very good friend  
comes to visit his parents  
here tomorrow. He is  
living in Lakewood in Inman  
Christian College. We are  
invited there for dinner  
tomorrow evening 18-  
to his parents. We both  
played on the tennis team  
in college. We expect to  
have some tennis while  
he is here.

The language work  
comes along slowly. I can

As far as I know, it's the only Cook  
Store in Allahabad. I could support the  
Pus missions in India by selling tickets  
of admission to the Kitchen to see  
the "machine". Our cook is so proud  
he can hardly see over his chest, he  
calls he is so the Chief Engineer.  
He is putting around in the Kitchen  
now making a big cake for us - for  
Christmas. It's so to be a surprise,  
but Margant got onto him. We are  
so to be very much surprised. He said can



spell out the characters.  
now. Have a vocabulary  
of a few hundred words  
and can frame short  
sentences the day after.  
I want to use them.  
My chief trouble is that  
I am so busy at the  
college that I don't have  
time to put it thru'  
as fast as I should like.  
I try to average three  
hours a day. This vacation  
I hope to average ten  
hours.

The stone is all up now,  
and we are waiting  
until we can find some  
one who can make  
a couple of feet of stone  
like an elbow.

cook tho'. He steals some, but not much.  
We pretend not to notice, for he makes  
puddings that would cause even the  
French to weep for joy, and for the  
same he receives \$3.30 cents per mo.  
India has its advantages.

We recd last week a beautiful picture  
and five letters from Martha & Luke.  
We are having the picture framed. We  
need pictures, and can have them  
framed nicely here - Goodnight -  
Your Loving Son,  
The 23<sup>rd</sup> - Billy Grant.

Allahabad Dec 30<sup>th</sup> 09

My dear Mama & Papa:

Tomorrow

is letter day again, and I must write today. Tonight, we have a couple of Xn students coming in for dinner, and that takes the evening. Margaret & Mrs Ewing have gone out shopping and that leaves me the quietness of the house.

I am writing with a new Wadsworth Ideal, no 14-pt. no 4 pen which some one sent me for Christmas. It arrived on Christmas day and was very much appreciated. It is the best pen I ever owned and suits me exactly. I am very much indebted

cook the. He steals some, but not much.  
I study Latin - Then I have my lesson.  
Then Margaret & I have breakfast & then  
then we go. After "Luffin" (lunch)  
Ed. Lucas & I play some games, in  
which I beat him, for the sake of  
no time & because he did not have  
his own request. Then Lucas and  
two friends from school dined in  
my study - At seven study we all  
went over to the Evans, where there  
was a Xmas tree - We sat down to  
and felt & acquired a large dinner  
which consisted of - Soup, fish, salad  
turkey, peas, imitation cranberries & other

to someone for sending it  
Margaret is also delighted  
with hers. We wonder who  
sent them. We should like  
to know that we might  
express our satisfaction  
and thanks for this fine  
gift. I had a pen called  
"The Swan", which I had  
won on the boat for  
winning in checkers,  
or "Are you there?" or  
"Threading the needle" or  
something. The pen is  
English. Muff said. It  
can't hold a candle with  
the one I am using. I  
surely would like to know  
who sent it.

We had a very nice  
Christmas. We got up -  
a little later than usual.



me a dash, cauliflower, mutton, and  
and cream & curry. It was a  
real true white man's dinner.  
Afterwards, some sang. I didn't see  
they went as to my. At 11 P.M. it's  
adjourner to meet next Christmas.  
This vacation I have been studying  
birds yet to kill. I am now reading  
a book "Tasum Hine" the notes of the  
Hindus. I have read three pages.  
have 67 yet to read in this book.  
we are both well & happy & love our  
parents & wish they were with us.  
Love Son Ernest.

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad, India

Jan. 12, 1910

My dear Martha,

This belated  
message should have  
gone off with Ernest's  
last week, but somehow  
I couldn't quite make  
it. The days slip by out  
here, just as they used  
to at home, filled to  
overflowing with  
duties and pleasures  
of many kinds; home

The scarf is a lovely thing, and  
the dress for baby Helen, a perfect  
dream. I shall have to be very care-  
ful of it and not let it get into  
the hands of the Khobi for washing.  
It will be a real heart-break  
for the little girl, and I'm almost  
anxious to have her walk now,  
just to see how soon she will  
back. It is so beautifully

mail day comes round  
and nothing is ready  
except the regular  
weekly home letter  
and sometimes even  
that has to be  
finished off hurriedly  
while the 'chipsossi'  
waits to take it to the  
office.

Your splendid  
Christmas package  
was such a delight.  
We were all so  
pleased & happy with  
the pretty remembrances.

dainty even to the little undrained  
blossom at the closing of the vent in  
the back. You do such exquisite work,  
Marta; and it was sweet of you  
to remember our baby so beautifully.  
Oh, I do wish you might see her.  
She is such a pet. Her grasping  
disposition is rapidly deserting  
itself these days, but at the same  
time she is growing so responsive.



She is very generous  
with her smiles,  
and like all babies,  
it takes very little  
to amuse her. I  
should prefer having  
the entire care of  
her myself; but it is  
the custom of the  
country to have  
nurses (baby nurses);  
and besides of course  
some of my time is  
at the disposal of

small children to look after  
and all their own work to do.

This winter season has been so  
warm, that I'm afraid we are  
not going to be well braced up  
for the warm months which  
follow so soon. We have had  
frost in our latitude only twice;  
and on those occasions, not  
because it was really necessary for

the mission is  
that. I cannot devote  
it exclusively to my  
family as mothers  
may do in America.  
My ayah and cook have  
both been sick for  
a week; but even with  
Ernest's help in looking  
after the baby, there  
has been very very little  
time for anything else.  
I often wonder how  
in the world mothers  
manage to get along  
with two or three

the warmth; but only for the  
wood there, and pleasure in sitting  
in front of it. The insects are beginning  
to come out. We have been having a  
siege of by red ants lately. They come  
out of the walls in some places  
and collect by the hundreds until  
they form a solid mass as big as my  
fist. Then we pour boiling water over them.  
But a new lot soon appears.

With much love to you both  
Margaret

JUNNA MISSION,  
ALLAHABAD.

Dear Mother & Nanny Bird,  
The Crown Prince  
of Germany is in Town today, but I  
have not had the pleasure of seeing  
him. It is of course the visit of  
Sir John Smith the Lieutenant Gov.  
of the United Provinces. At the Exhi-  
bition this week there has been a  
grand Oriental Pageant gotten  
up really in honor of the Prince's  
coming. It depicts the reign of  
Akbar, the 'Great Moral Emperor  
of India' and was especially  
interesting to me because of  
the display of Oriental costumes  
and scenes. A great deal of  
the performance consisted in



21 was a decidedly 2 mental cry at our  
proceedings, interesting. In the midst of the  
performance, a rain came up (miraculously light)  
which threatened to end it for it was all  
out in the open. But after a very heavy  
downpour of 1/2" or 20 minutes, it passed over  
and the proceedings continued.

Ernest attended an interesting function  
last Sat. viz. the presentation of an address  
to his father the Maharaja Dulehsingh of  
Baroda. I wonder if you know what this  
means. I didn't when I first read the  
expression. Well an address is prepared and  
printed, extolling the mighty acts and  
singing the praises of the person in question,  
and then this is delivered to him in the  
presence of the people. It is an act of courtesy &  
esteem on the part of the citizens & a place for

processions of horses and ele-  
phants bearing the king & his  
retinue. There were about 100  
mounted horsemen, dressed  
uniformly in white, wearing  
on turbans of all colors - carrying  
yellow & green banners. But the  
elephants were the greatest sight-  
the big creatures with ears, gaudy  
& trunks painted in grotesque  
patterns of many colors, silver &  
gold howdahs on their backs  
great umbrellas about their feet, heavy  
silver chains about their necks,  
silver & gold bendants hanging from  
their trunks & ears magnificent  
trappings in gold & silver covering  
their sides, on the necks of the  
great beasts sat their lords  
directing them by means of two  
sharp goads of iron; and in the  
howdahs rode the king & his  
party resplendent in elaborately  
embroidered robes of silk & velvet.

a distinguished visitor. His Majesty  
is said to have the best - owned & subject  
expensive water table in India & is  
well specially set stones in the  
matter of the Education & his subjects.  
I had the <sup>by</sup> <sup>estimated</sup> a few days ago,  
but it wasn't taken - I. I must have been  
in Lucknow all week attending the  
muslem conference. I am celebrating in  
Luck tomorrow morning.  
I wish you could see the beautiful scenery  
beauty - see which the Malis - say it in  
from the <sup>order</sup> this morning. We have  
just a small bush, but the <sup>flowers</sup> -  
it is perfect.

I'm so sorry to hear that Luck. but  
and not been well; hope the next letter will ring  
with the news & <sup>by</sup> <sup>coming</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>well</sup> <sup>at</sup>

Allahabad, India/.

My dear Daddy;

The type-writer came to-day and this is the first letter I have written on it. I am very proud of it and owe you and the Port a great debt of gratitude. It has always been one of the long wishes of my heart to own one for my very own, for I have written borrowed ones for a long time. In one way it is a good thing for rough edge of learning has been taken off on some one's else's machine. I still have much to learn, as you will no doubt notice by a superficial read of this letter.

A fine letter came from you this week, and has cheered up the whole week thru'. I am so glad that Mama is so much better, that she has begun to grow corpulent. Let the good work go on, and let her not to go taking anti-fat for awhile until she tips the two hundred mark. I surely would like to see you, but it does not seem convenient just at present, for I am pretty closely confined with the work of learning the language and teaching my classes. I have my day arranged and am in the rut enough to be sore if something comes along to pink-tea and dis-arranges the schedule. It does not seem that I am making very rapid progress in the language, but I know that I am using all of the time I can get on it, and know that I am learning something about it. I can light on the lazy servants and tell what I think of them. In this way my vocabulary has become quite lop-sided, for I know few good kind words and so many harsh kus-words. We have on our way six men and one good live American could do more than all six of them.

This is the time of the year when the weary pilgrims come to bathe in the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers. Some of them have come from afar and look very woe-begone and sad. It is a good thing in that they get the bath, but it is a sad thing to see them take so much stock in it; for they feel that by this method they are sure of being purified of their sins and will not be absorbed into some being which is religiously distasteful to them. The ceremony is only just beginning, but the older missionaries say that in a week there will be thousands of them in the water at the same time. I expect to take Margaret to see the sight when it is at its height.

Yesterday we got our cook-stove going for the first time. It works first class. It could not work any better. It has no polish on it, but I remember that my physics professor said that a stove would cook better if it did not have any polish on it. It does cook well. We are burning coal in it, for coal is cheaper than wood. It is Indian coal and is mined not so very far north of here. It costs us about \$4.60 a ton. That is not so bad is it? It is real good coal that has lots of heat in it. Margaret cooked some herself today. She cooks real well. Now she could. He has been giving the cook some lessons, in the art of making cakes, and he sits up and takes notice when she comes around.





This week I have been teaching the 15" chapter John to the Hindu students . "I am the vine" chapter. How would you feel to teach a class of seventy two Hindu young men, who are just on the point of graduation, the 15" chapter of John . It made me feel queer I can assure you. Sometimes the solemnity of it all would almost overwhelm me . Most of them took it in good part, tho some of them looked tho they objected to have it put as strongly as I did, and simply stood because I was the teacher. I tried to show that Christ must have been at He claimed to be .

Tomorrow is a holiday-a Hindu holiday which we must grant to our students, or we would lose them . We also grant the holidays to the Mohamedans, so we have quite a number of holidays . Tomorrow we are starting at one o'clock and going up the river in a boat for a peice, and land and have a bit of tea and some lunch and will come back here about five o'clock . I wish that you could see the view we have from our back porch . It is simply as beautiful as it can be . The river is quite low now but in July it will come almost up to our very door . Then the Jumna is almost a mile wide and quite swift they say .

We unpacked our wedding presents today . They were a long time coming, but were the more welcome when they finally did get here. They came thru' very nicely; only three peices being broken and they were not the ones we were the most afraid of /. We are gradually getting things in shape and are beginning to live rather than camp-out.

Last Sunday, Margaret and I spent the day with the Mas family over in the other part of the city . We had a chance to see their work and get a breath of different atmosphere . I preached at night in a Baptist church, which was part English and the rest Eurasian-- (half English half Indian) . This is the third time I have preached there . They are temporarily without a pastor . The Lucas' went long . I felt very queer preaching to Dr Lucas, who has been a great missionary for thirty-five years .

It is late now, and I guess that I had better go to bed . This has been a very rambling letter, but it is my effort to respond to your request for more details of our daily life. Give my love to the boys and remember me to the bank boys whom I know . Goodnight to you .

Your loving son,

W. Ernest

Jan 13 '10

Night before last, Margaret and I went out for



Allahabad Christian College.  
Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> 1910 .

My dear Mamma and Daddy;

Tis with great pleasure that I take my typewriter upon my knee and write my dear parents of the great esteem in which I hold them and how much I would like to see them . They are parents of whom any body might be proud, and every time I think of them, which is very frequently) my naturally inclining chest protudes about quite materially, and I think what a great boy am I to have produced one generation, two such parents.

We are both well and hope that you are the same. I have been busy enough to keep from being bad, yet not so busy that we could find no pleasure in life . It is a great way to live, in fact it is to live, and I much prefer it to the unmarried state, in which I have so much unwellcome experience . There is a great satisfaction in finding that this counts directly upon one's life-work, and that at last we have stopped getting ready to work and have at last gone to work .

Tomorrow is a Hindu holiday, and the college will be closed, so I am going out with Dr Lucas into some villages, to see something of the work there, and to get the practise of speaking Urdu from someone who really understands my difficulties . He is a fine teacher and has already helped me very much . There are some difficulties which only a foreigner can understand and explain . My native teacher is more anxious to learn English than he is to teach me Urdu.

Night before last, Margaret and I went out for



dinner at the "Mary Wainmaker Girl's School", which is run by the American mission here . We had a very pleasant time . Margaret sang and I talked, as is my custom . The school is run by a Miss Forman and Miss Tracy . Miss Tracy is a Wooster girl of the class of '97 . This year there has been a Miss Lawton come out who is located there . She is also learning the language . I don't imagine that she finds the work easy, for she has not had much experience in language work .

Tonight we are having the Twings into dinner . This is the first time we have done any entertaining on such a large scale . There will be also, Mr Avey and Mr Werden with us . Mr Werden takes his breakfast and dinner here . They are the large meals of the day in India . Since the arrival of the last shipment of our goods, we have been able to begin to get the house to look more like a home instead of a camp . How I wish that you could drop down upon us and see the arrangements . If that estate goes to the rightful heirs, who we always loved the deceased and been interested in her, why then you must take a trip around the world and come and see us . We would be just happy and proud to entertain you .

Tomorrow is my birth-day . I am no longer a spring-chicken and might almost be called grown up . Margaret's birth-day follows on the 24<sup>th</sup> . I am a year older than she is, and so know more .

I must stop now and get on the job . My love to the other branch of our family tree . Goodbye, with lots of love,





Jumna Mission  
Allahabad, India  
Jan 23, '90.

Dear Mother + Daddy Wold  
Your good

letters of Christmas night,  
came to us on yesterday's  
mail. Our Yule-tide was  
so different from yours,  
and not much like any  
we have experienced before,  
but even tho' the longing  
for the home-folks and  
the home-festivities, was  
stronger than than  
usual, still we were  
happy together in our own  
bungalow.

The window blinds were splendid gifts.  
We are both using them constantly,  
and even tho we have to use wax ink  
on them they work beautifully. Thank  
you so much.

It's not just sure what I wrote you  
in my last letter. It is a little hard to  
remember the things I have put  
into the letters to my own home-folks,  
and the things I have written you.  
So I hope you will overlook it, if I  
repeat any details.

We are beginning to feel quite settled  
in our bungalow, as to everything excepting  
laundry. We have ordered dunnies from  
Singapore for the latter, but you can't hurry  
the post, so address knows when we will  
have them. Dunnies are cotton rings  
made in a great variety of colors, the  
prettiest ones having plain or striped  
centers with a plain border of a darker  
shade. They wear clean and are washable.  
We were fortunate in having so many furnished

pictures, for our wall-  
space is very extensive  
and these pictures help  
out considerably.

Besides the pictures  
on the walls the only  
other furniture we  
have in the living-room  
as yet, consists of a  
wood-sized table, the  
three rocking chairs  
we brought from  
America, three wicker  
chairs + a couch, cushions  
and a few pieces of  
bric-a-brac on the  
mantle above the  
fire-place

The study is the cozyest  
room in the house  
and in it we spend  
most of our time.  
We have a large study-  
table in the middle of  
the room, which shows  
evidence of constant  
use - it is absolutely  
impossible to keep the  
papers and books etc.  
upon it in any kind  
of order. ~~Five~~ book-  
cases of various shapes  
& sizes, & a small table  
for the type-writer,  
wicker chairs furnish  
the rest of the room.



We also have a small wall rack  
with a pretty thing, the work of a  
woman, carved of wood. and the  
walls are well covered with pictures.  
We have lots of books and shall  
troubleless get lots of pleasure out of  
them when we have time to read  
them. Thus far, Ernest <sup>has</sup> felt that  
he ~~can't~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> spare a minute in reading  
for pleasure. & the only use he  
has made of his books ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> as a  
last resort, glimpses for reference, in  
connection with his work.

We hope to subscribe for some  
American magazines sometime,  
but haven't decided which ones yet.  
The postage makes the cost of  
subscriptions much higher, so  
we shall not feel rich enough  
to have many. But we will have  
have a few in order not to get  
behind the times. We are getting the  
Interest & Trustman. And these

keep posted on church  
news.

Our stove is working  
fantastically on the  
very next day after it  
was set up! I initiated  
it by baking a devil's-food  
cake for a picnic we  
had up the river. Not  
knowing anything  
about regulating the  
heat of the oven, the  
cake wasn't altogether  
a success, but still  
it was eatable. Beckin-  
our cook, makes very  
nice things in it.

We celebrated Ernest's  
birthday by inviting Dr. +  
Mrs. Ewing + Mr. Hoy over  
to dinner - the first  
real company we have  
had for a while.

I used my best linen  
and nicest silver and  
glasses for the occasion.  
Ordinarily these things  
are kept under lock &  
key, and the table  
looked very pretty.  
Would you like to know  
our menu? Well, it  
wasn't so different from  
our home meals. Part of  
it, I looked after myself

to ensure its having at least a little  
business done.

1st. cream of tomato soup - roses

2nd. fresh boiled potatoes

3rd. roast chicken, peas, mashed potatoes  
candiblower, corn croquettes, tomato salad

4th. apple snow, marguerites, coconut macarons

5th. pudding

6th. candy, salted peanuts.

All the missionaries of the  
station have been very kind about  
arranging us to dine & spend the  
evening with them. We feel that  
we must reciprocate a little now.  
We have invited Mr. & Mrs. Lucas

on Thursday evening of this week

as I wrote you before, house-  
keeping in India is not a difficult  
matter. But it does get on lines

nerves and patience to have

to be forever on the watch

lest the servants get the better

of you and help themselves to the



Allahabad Christian College  
Feb. 2" 1910.

My dear Mamma,

This is "Ground-hog day" and it recalls to me that it is the day that you started life upon . I should like to be with you tonight to help you celebrate this great day, but I have been thinking of you all day, and have been very thankful that I had been blessed with the best of mothers. It means a lot for a young man to have the asset of a good mother and I have been more blessed than my fellow of my acquaintance . In fact, Tigee, I would 'nt swap you off at all at all . You always stuck ~~up~~ by me and I am going to stick by you, even tho I am way out here in India . But here's wishing for you many happy returns of the day . And in a few years we will be coming along and helping you celebrate .

We are still hammering along the same old lines . Teaching, studying, eating, going to meetings, calling occasionally when we can not help it . Life is not very socially complex in this land and it is a good thing as we have all of the work that we can do, in learning this language, and getting up the stuff that has to be taught and in running this large establishment . It is a real nice place to live and I very much wish that you could be here and enjoy with us some of the strange sensations which naturally come with moving into a strange land and dealing with a strange people . For instance today, I had a scrap with our gardner and sweeper, for the burden of proof rested on them to show that they had not been stealing our wood and they were not able to make good . In the end I closed the discussion with the remark that; "Talab ke liye naukhar, chor ke waste khin hai"-which being put into the English torque is--"Wages are for servants not for theives". You see that we have them there, and they are quite aware of that fact .

The weather of India since we have been here has been al . It has been cool enough at night for us to use some blankets





and I have been wearing my heavy under-wear for the last two months  
and still have it on . In a month tho they tell us, it will be  
warm enough for light clothing and in two months we will be sitting  
perspiring under the "punkas", and crying for a cool breeze . We  
have in our garden a large collection of beautiful roses, and they  
seem to keep blooming all the year around . It is a great draw-back  
this; for the weather is so perfect that no one ever discusses the  
weather . You can be absolutely certain that one week from today  
will be a nice day, and that even a negro S.S. picnic could produce  
nothing of a variation . It has its good points, but it gets a bit  
monotonous in the long run . We have been playing tennis right along  
and will continue to play until school closes in May .

Well Mama dear, I must stop and get to work, but when  
you get this remember that you did have a birth-day today and recall  
the fact that I had lots of good long thoughts of you on that day  
and wished for you a great many times a host of these days and  
hoped that all of the days between the birthdays might be very  
happy and soul-satisfying .

Write your youngest son a letter when you can , for he  
has no letter last week and he is very anxious to hear from you.

,           Your loving son,

Ernest



Allahabad, Feb. 10"

1908

My dear parents,

Tomorrow is letter day and as we are going out to dinner tonight, I will have no time to talk to you and so I had better do it now. It will be three weeks Saturday since I have heard any word from you. I am hoping that I will have better luck on next mail day. Am also hoping that there be nothing wrong with you that would keep you from writing.

Today is a big day in Hinduism. It is called the "Mela". It is the time when the pilgrims come from all over this part of India to bathe at the junction of the sacred rivers-the Ganges and the Jumna. This morning Margaret and I went down to see the sight. It was worth seeing. It is impossible to estimate the crowd. There must have been at least fifty thousand. They go into the water and purify themselves from their sins. Then they drink some of the dirty water. Then they usually cast some flowers or grain or something up to the sun as their offering to that body. There were many people and fakirs or holymen. These fellows do all sorts of stunts to show to the admiring throng how they have succeeded in mastering the body. One man was lying on a bed of spikes. Another had held his hand in an upright position until he could not take it down if he wished to do so. Most of the pilgrims had painted their faces. It was a grewsome as well as a sobering sight, to see so many people worshipping in such a way. The Christian workers had a tent there and were at work, preaching and giving out tracts to those who could read and selling little books. In times like these it takes a lot of faith to believe that the kingdom will surely come to the masses of India. I counted nine elephants lined up in a row. They did not seem to attract the small boys as they do at home. I wonder why.

Everything is moving along with us. We are gradually picking up some of the language, and learning something of the people. It is a big work this into which we have fallen, and we are very glad to be here, altho' there are times when we would like to be some place else. Things are beginning to warm up a bit. The other day I asked one of the Indian teachers, as a joke, if it got any hotter than this here in India, and he just smiled a superior sort of smile and said that it got some warmer. They have a sense of humor in this country but it is not the same as ours. My students often laugh when I least expect it and permit some of my choice witticisms to pass by without cracking a smile. They would all laugh heartily if they thought wanted them to do so. They are very considerate of a white face in this land. For example, this morning I went to an industrial exhibition, which is being held here in Allahabad. There were many ropes, directing the people where to walk and where not to go. I was in a hurry, and so all of the police helped me break the laws, and held down the ropes for me while I cralled over and went whither I listed.

Margaret is feeling much better than she did when first arrived in India. It does take some time to get acclimated to a country that is strange. I have felt it this time more than I when I went to Syria. I can not complain for I have been better

p. T. O.

as  
400.  
H. Weld = \$ 24 00.

off than most people who first come to India . I have an occasional headache, which takes a little time to wear itself away. I think it is probably from my eyes . Two or three times during the last three years I have been on the border of having trouble with my eyes but have always avoided it by being careful . The glare here is great, right from off the river, and I am going to get some blue glasses and wear them when I can, and see if that will not avoid the headache.

It is our bed-time and so I shall wish you a good and affectionate goodnight . Margaret sends her love . Give love to the other branch of the family. (Including of course Mrs. Sturges)

Your loving son,

*Ernest*



Allahabad, Feb. 16" 1910.

My dear Papa and Mamma,

Another day has come and gone and it has been a busy day for me. I am always glad when Wednesday night has come. I do not get much language study on that day because there is so much teaching work that it leaves no time to study.

On last Saturday, I received a little letter from Daddy. It was the first for three weeks, and was very gratefully received. I was very glad to learn that there was no will to turn up at an inopportune time, and spoil the just inheritance of those who so richly needed the inheritance. It will be a real help to you, and I am very glad for your sakes, as it will help to take the edge of living on the ragged edge, when you deem it time that you pause and take the well earned rest to which you are both entitled. I know about this living on the edge, and many times I have looked over the brink, and seen the bottomless ~~of~~ pit of an empty stomach. I am glad that my parents have never had that experience.

I have been advertising for a carriage. We find that we live about three miles away from the city, and the center of things, and that it is absolutely necessary that we have some sort of conveyance. I have received answers from all over the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, in which we live. It is very difficult to buy sight unseen however, and we have not yet made any decision. I will have to have a bicycle also, for distances are so great in this land. I wish I had brought a good wheel from home, but there are good English makes to be bought out here, quite reasonably. I am waiting my chance to pick up one secondhand.

Was sorry to learn that Mamma was feeling poorly. I hope by the time you have received this, you will feel that this is ancient history, and so consequently (as all ancient history is) forgotten. Daddy, you must take good care of the Tiggee, for she doesn't take overly good care of herself.

Everything is moving along smoothly here. It moves too smoothly. The first thing we know another day has gone, and not much to show for it. I am at the stage now, in the language work that I feel like taking every one who speaks the language by the throat for talking it so fast, for it seems to me that if they would go a little slower I could understand what was said. When I stop to put together the isolated words I know, the speaker has gone on, and I find myself listening again and recognizing a good many of the words and try to get the sense, and away the speaker is again with me about thirty yards after him, and if I should at such a time happen to catch up, what I would do to him would be a plenty. Luckily for him I never catch him, but I hope to soon, and then there will be a day of reckoning.

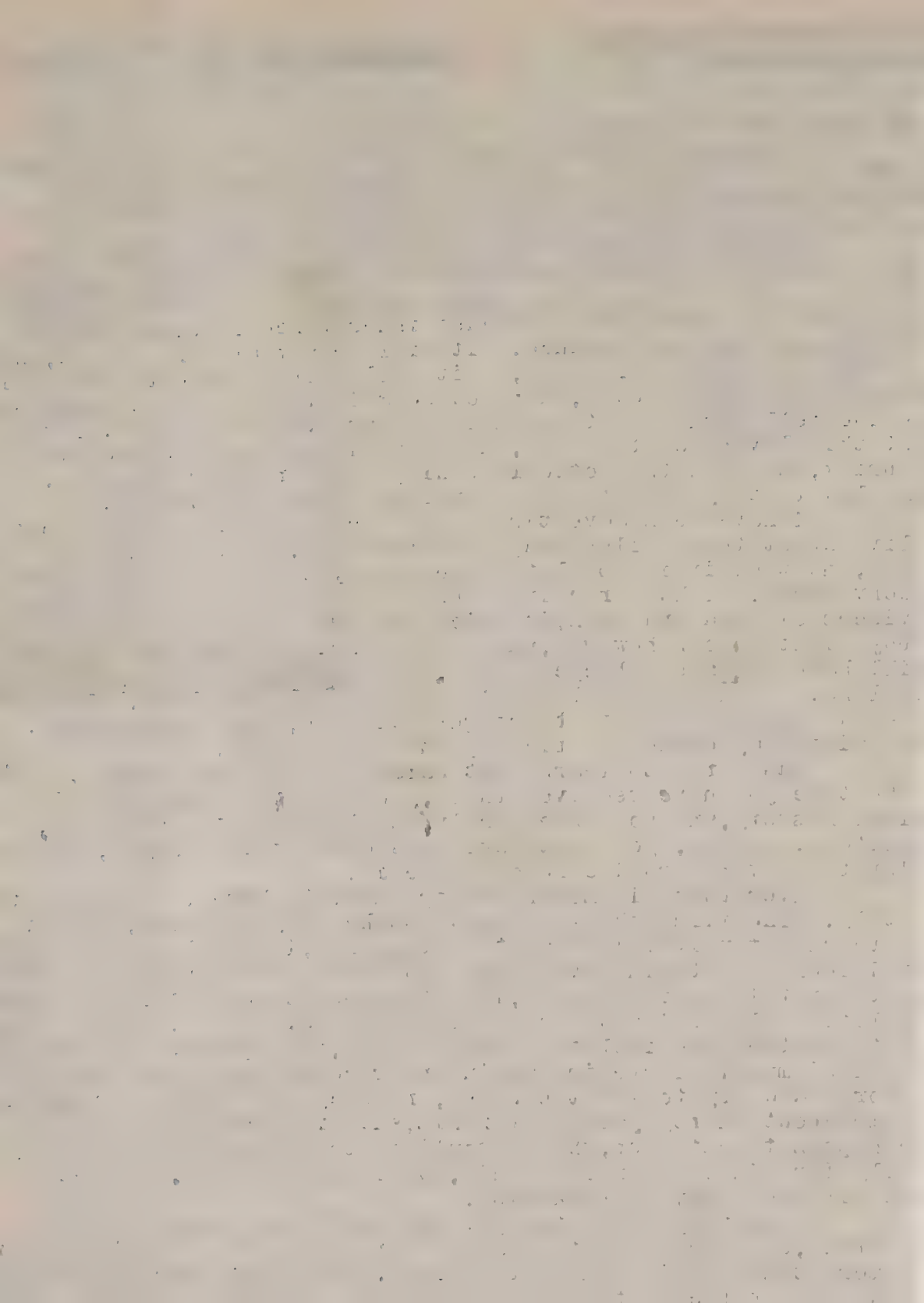
I am very tired tonight and am hitting most of the keys wrong, so I guess that I had better go to bed. I will write ~~me~~ some more tomorrow if I have the time. When that money comes due if you two don't come to India, to see the Scudders and us, we will be quite peeved, and think that you did not deserve getting money without working for it. Goodnight.

Ernest

as

1400.

Handwritten = 2490.



Feb. 18, 1910.

Dear mother + father

It's nearly  
time for the postman to  
come. But I shall try and  
get at least a note written  
to slip in with Ernest's  
letter before he comes to  
collect the home mail.  
E. is having his morning  
lesson with the monks.  
I think he is getting along  
very well with the language  
altho he himself feels that  
his progress ~~isn't~~ hasn't been  
as rapid as it ought to be.  
I don't know what Dr.  
Ewing would do without  
Ernest in the college,  
when he is obliged to be  
absent (which is often)  
not only Dr. Ewing's own

work is left in Ernest's hands, but he  
has to look after the whole management  
of the school. Sometimes I think Dr. E.  
is not very considerate of Ernest's time.  
If any of the other Teachers are absent  
(which also happens frequently) it usually  
falls to Ernest's lot to fill up the  
deficiency. He always does what is asked of  
him, cheerfully and well; but I think  
sometimes there is such a thing as  
being imposed upon.

The question of our getting a house and  
carriage is really becoming quite serious.  
One day last week we were invited out to dinner  
but at the last minute were obliged to send  
word that we couldn't be on hand because  
we were not able to get a conveyance.  
We shall simply have to have the phaeton  
or make up our minds to stay forever  
within the precincts of our bungalow.  
Ernest is planning to go to Calcutta tomorrow  
to see an outfit which a gentleman has  
been writing about. He is hoping that  
it may be what we want & can afford  
to get.

Ernest has been having some work done  
on his teeth this last week. The dentist  
is a Eurasian but an American-trained.



man, & I think he  
does just as good work if  
not better than anyone I  
have ever read in America.  
There are many many  
Bourgeois in Allahabad  
They look with the utmost  
contempt upon the Indians  
but on the other hand,  
are absolutely excluded  
from English society. So they  
form a large & peculiar  
class unto themselves.

I wish you could see  
our garden. The flowers  
are lovely, all the roses  
are in full bloom  
and we have lots and  
many varieties of them.  
Lovingly,  
Margaret.



Allahabad, Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> 10. 191 .

My dear Papa and Mamma,

This bids fair to be a very busy week, and I am going to have my little talk with you-all now as I expect to be away on Thursday, which is our usual day of letter-writing. I expected to go to Cawnpore on last Saturday, but missed the train, owing to the difference in times of our college and the Rail-way. Cawnpore is a nice city about one hundred miles away. It was I believe one of the centers of the Sapooy rebellion. But I am not so interested in history as I might seem to my fond parents. I am going to look at a horse and carriage which I am thinking of buying. They have lots of tricks in this country for making a thin worthless horse seem fat and spry, and I will probably get the life cheated out of me.

I have often intended writing you about that box which Diggee arranged for, but which has never been heard of by me. Will you take it up with Dwight H. Day, 156-5<sup>th</sup> Ave. N.Y. Some of those things I need more or less badly. Some of the books would do me a lot of good. I am preaching occasionally, and the people would enjoy some of my star sermons I am sure.

A good letter came from Martha last week. They seem to be as happy as two people can be. I am glad that Mike likes his work so much. He wishes that he could have another year of it. It is always so; the more one knows the more he wishes to know. Now I am perfectly satisfied with my own attainments, but Mike always wants to know something about something. Why can't he rest satisfied that someone else will think that matter out, if he will only give them time. Has Mike connected ever with Charley Scudder? Charley would like to see them I am sure.

This evening I am going over to Dr Lucas' house and to take from him a lesson in Hindustani. He is a great help to me as he is a man with a system. Anyone who has a system, and especially if the system is a short-cut, that person is my friend forever. I will tie to him. Dr Lucas is a fine man, and is universally liked.

I wish you could see our roses. Every morning our gardener brings in a large bunch for our table. There are all kinds and colors and some of them the young gentlemen are paying a big price for at home. We have the garden set with chrysanthemums which will be blooming about July. Some very pretty palms, we bought of a man not very long ago. We have in our vegetable garden about eight or nine banana trees. These have not borne any fruit as yet. We are hoping that they will get on the job soon. We are eating almost every day a fruit called the pepita. They are very good and are said to be very good for people living in a warm climate. Margaret does not care for these but I am becoming very fond of them.

On the whole we are finding India very charming, and are delighted with it. The only drawback I have is that I am not getting the time I should have for the language. I may take to a village next year, if I can conveniently get away. I should like to become proficient in the language and religions of the people and then come back. This would give the chance to know the boys in the schools and understand them.

I must stop and get to work, as tomorrow is my busy day.

Your loving son,

Ernest.



Allahabad, March 10, 1911.

Dear Mamma and Papa,

This is going to be a very short note. I am suffering with a bad eye, and as I am not supposed to do any night work at all I thought at least ought to be brief. My eye has been giving me fits for the last three days. I have gone to the Doctor, and he has doped me to his heart's content, but does not seem to have helped me any yet. I think that I am not as bad today as I was yesterday. My left eye is a bad red all over the ball and the lids are swollen also, but the later are better now. I am hoping that the rest of it will disappear soon. Then I shall write you a good long letter in place of this note.

Today a man dropped down upon us from Japan. He was a Wooster when Margaret and I were there. A very nice lad, who has been teaching in Japan. We were very glad to see him, altho we both knew him but slightly in Wooster. Things are a bit different out here, and I would be almost glad to see the man who used to bring the bills around at Princeton, during the days before I became a book-room magnate. It seems that there is a very unusual loyalty among the Wooster people, that it does not exist in all other alumni. His man's name is Neff and he lives in Bucyrus, Ohio.

We are both well and have been working the language hard during the last week, and I find Margaret is slick at picking up the language, and in picking me up on my mistakes, so it is a good thing that we can now work together. I am right glad that I married her, and you can believe that she is. I like the life, and I don't know how I ever waited so long. Goodbye.

With love and devotion,

Ernest





Allahabad, March 16" 1911

My dear home-folks,

I have a few minutes before time to eat and I am going to talk to you. I am very busy this week, and feel that I am getting a good deal done, but not as much language learned as I would like. It is a fine language to work on, and one can just work on and on and feel that you have not learned very much after all. But school will be over in about seven weeks and then we will have about two months in which we can study the language to our hearts content. We will doubtless going to the hills in May some time. It is beginning to get warm and the air is filled with all kinds of bugs and we are working hard to keep the same off of ourselves and out of our little downy cots. I am wearing my flannels and most everybody is wearing white. I had six white suits made of drill. For these I paid as much as eight dollars. This included cloth and the making and everything.

We are delighted with our horse and ghari (carriage). It is accounted a very good bargain by the wise-heads. The mare is a little dandy. She never seems sick nor sorry, and always goes like the dickens. She does not mind motor-cars nor trains nor any of the things which usually frighten horses. She seems positively fond of elephants. Daddy, I often think what a fit "Old Fan" would have if she could see some of the sights of India. The buffalo carts, the long strings of camels and elephants, the drum processions, the funeral processions and all of the rest. But to return to the good points of the present queen of horses. She is quite human and the groom brings her around every morning and Margaret gives her three slices of bread. She eats them; not Marg but the mare whose name is Butterfly. We did not give her that name but it was her name with the people from whom we bought her. She has one peculiarity; she does not like to go under porte co-cheres. She will do it you understand, but does it under protest, as if to say; "When I was a girl twenty years ago ~~we~~ did not have such nuisances and I will be chewed up and expectorated if I will go under them now, without showing my hearty disapproval". The carriage runs along very smoothly and puts up quite an appearance. When I ride forth with my beautiful wife by my side, the populace salaam and do great obeisance. When I walk or ride on my bicycle I get no such marks of esteem and respect. If you will pay us that visit you promised when you have apprehended that lady's hard earned pelf we will take you to ride and show you the sights of the most beautiful city of all India. We will look for you daily.

Daddy did you get the letter of credit I sent you for sixty some dollars, cancelling the remainder of that debt of \$100 and the interest due?

We have not heard anything of that box which Mamma had sent from Marysville. Stay with the Board regarding the matter. I am told that they have a way with them of putting things in their cellar and wait till the clouds roll by before sending them. Their are no clouds in India, and I need the sermons which the box contains.

It was a sad day for us when we received the news of Paul Atwell's death. He suicided, you will remember, owing to melancholy and ill-health. He was a very close friend of mine. In fact we have always been very close, and I visited him two or three times in his work in Sewickley. It is hard to understand. Goodbye

Your devoted Son, Ernest





There has been in Allahabad, for the last three days, an auditing committee, composed of Henry Foreman, Mitchel and McGaw. Two out of the three are Wooster men and the third is supported by Wooster money. Last night as we were sitting out on our porch and were talking by the light of the great stars overhead (stars are usually overhead, but I put that above for purposes poetical), the above committee came to call upon us. We had a very pleasant time talking together of Wooster and Wooster's future. We enjoyed them very much.

There has been out here a great deal of interest in the native Indian churches, over the so-called gift of a few women who say that they have been "speaking with tongues". Of course some of us are sceptical and wish to hear them do it. But the indirect effect has been good, for there ~~has~~ been a quickening of the church interest in this locality. When I hear some of the ladies speaking in Hebrew and Arabic, I will be more ready to believe. Hemphill says that he wishes he could get it so that he could speak in Hindustani. I would like to be able to do that myself.

No letter came from you last week, but we are hoping for the best this week. I am glad you approve of the regularity of our letter writing. It has become a habit with us, that on Thursday we will write the home-mail. We then wait a couple of days to see if you have loved us as we loved you. If it ~~was~~ the other way and we were filled with malice, which we are not, then we might retaliate and not write.

The good news has come that the Marysville box has been shipped and is on the way. We are expecting it in about two weeks. We will be glad to see it.

Give our love to everybody, but reserve the royalty box for yourself.

Don't delay, please, Your Loving Son,  
I will send money for same later.

Dr Twine leaves in one week and goes straight to Amer. remains for two weeks.

Mrs C.M. Darsey, Hillsdale, Balto. Co.

These are to be sent for Dr A.H.B.

size and shape. These are not tennis shoes, and so have

I need also a pair of white canvas shoes, the same

has difficulty in getting shoes out here.

talkovers No 7, medium toe would be the ticket. One

for me is shoes. I need one pair of good tan low shoes

of the lace. The thing I wish Dr Twine to bring back

Baltimore. I just received the address this morning

wanting you to get some shoes for me and send them to

Some three weeks ago, I wrote you that I would be

Dear Daddy,

Ernest



Allahabad, March 23" 190 .

My dear Mama and My dear Papa,

This is only Wednesday, and the mail train does not go out till Saturday, from Bombay, and Friday from Allahabad. Just think, I am writing two whole days ahead of time. I may get more said if I begin earlier. The reason of this suddenness is that beginning with tomorrow, we have four days vacation. This means that I have more time to write and to study the language. Also I have many examination books to be graded. I expect to get much done in these four days. I am devoted to vacations.

The weather is getting quite warm and goes up to 100° in the shade in the day and the nights are warm enough to lie on the top of the bed without any covering. But they say that the warm weather has not really begun. Personally, I think that is a mistake, but I don't like to tell the older missionaries so because they might take offense. It is not fitting for a young man to set himself up against an older man like Dr Lucas who has been in India for 41 years. He of course comes to the discussion of the weather with preconceived opinions. Of course this really interferes with his truth-seeking and keeps him from being as good a weather prophet as he would otherwise be. Now with me, I know that it is hot and that the hot weather has really begun. I have inside and outside information. At any rate we have out our white clothes and are not wearing our flannels any longer. But I am looking forward to the time that the mercury will go up to 135° in the shade, so that the old heads will say "Gee ain't it hot". Then I will say; "Do you call this hot? This is nothing compared to what I thought it would be. You ought to see Syria".

The mills of the gods are still grinding slowly but their grinding is fine enough. We are still somewhat attached to India and are thinking of staying another month. The language learning is as much of a task as it ever was. I understood a full sentence in church week before last and got up and went out as I told my wife I was going to do. I have read some 45 pages of a book in their script entitled: "Rasum-i-Hind". This means the customs of the Hindus. That part is all right, but the learning to speak is another matter. But there comes an occasional surprise when we become embittered at one of the servants for stealing all of the sugar and not leaving us enough for breakfast that we burst forth into a stream of Oriental abuse that quite encourages us. Some time we hope to become ideal missionaries when we can express ourselves more freely on such occasions.

I had a fine letter from Aunt Fida and Ida. I had written them a long time ago and had almost given up hearing from them, when this letter came. They are very busy and happy, as most everybody on the mission-field seems to be. Ida is up to her neck in work as is her custom. The word from Harry S. is not good. He has run down in health and has grown thin and nervous. The Drs said that he should go home but he plead to be allowed to stay on and so they have sent him to their hills for six months. Aunt Fida says: "I hope that this is not a mistake". She seems to be quite worried about him.







March 24" has come, and I have been putting in the day in grading examination books, but now I am going to take a few minutes off and continue my talk with you, Oh my parents.

Last night the Mattisons left Allahabad for America. They have been in India for eight years and are now going home on furlough. But he has not been adjudged a success in his work, and so the mission is going to ask, or has already ask, that they do not return. I am very sorry for them, for it must be heart-breaking for a man after coming so far with good motives and staying so long to be told officially that his work has not been satisfactorily done. It does seem to be the case however that he lacks judgment. It does seem to me that the man is not quite normal.

In two or three weeks, Dr Ewing, of this college is paying a very hurried visit to America. I will write you shortly regarding some shoes which I wish sent by you to Baltimore, where he can get them and bring them on for me to this city. I find that there are not many things which one can not get out here, but shoes are one of the things. There are some English shoes, but they are very bad from the American point of view. Yet there are a few things that I regret not having brought with me in larger quantities, and shoes are the biggest lack.

Tonight there is a party organized to go out on the Jumna river and cool off. We sing a great deal out here. I don't but those who can, sing a great deal. Margaret has had a number of requests to sing in public, but has not yet consented. She takes anything of that sort quite seriously, and I am glad that she has refused. The Ewings are lending over frequently to ask her to come over and sing. About three weeks ago Dr Edwards arrived to take up work in the college. He is one of the best amateur musicians I have ever heard and plays the violin and cello in a way that extracts tears from the mosquitoes. I have played with him a couple of times. I hope to be able to pick up a violin sometime here. Dr Edwards is a bachelor who lives in this bungalow with us. He was out here at the founding of the college and stayed here a number of years and went back and took his degree in John Hopkins University. Then he returned and has come back to stay. He is a South Carolinian and I find him very congenial and a good man to have around. Last Saturday night, another new man arrived from the U.S. named Ash. He is from the Dakotas and is a civil engineer and seems to be a very good sort. He is quite unsophisticated however, but seems willing to work and learn.

Mamma, your good letter arrived last Saturday and was very much enjoyed. When in doubt write again. Your account of the cold weather sounds very good. I wish that we had some of it out here at times. This is quite an epistle for your youngest to write. It has taken two days to do it tho, but it contains a good example for anyone who cares to imitate. This means you, my fond parents, and so just take some time out and tell us all about yourselves.

Margaret sends love and so do I.

Yours always,

Ernest



Jumna Mission  
March 24, 1915.

Dear Mother and Daddy -

I had hoped to take time by the forelock, as Ernest did this week and write you a long letter; but it's now the last night before the home mail goes out and nothing has been written. I'm going to enclose a note anyway.

The months since Christmas have seemed unusually full of Hindu and Mohammedan celebrations and weddings - particularly the month of

100

100

February. We could scarcely go down  
into the bazaar without running into  
some procession or demonstration of some  
kind. I was with Mrs. Ewing one day when  
we passed a very elaborate <sup>wedding</sup> procession. She  
said she had never seen one quite so  
grand in all her experience in India.  
At its head proceeded a 'huge elephant on  
gay trapping carrying four or five men  
holding large banners. Then there followed  
eight or ten camels, each carrying a  
man or two, likewise bearing large  
bright-colored banners. Behind them  
was a small carriage in which four  
men were riding, one of them evidently  
the groom, having his face covered  
with a lot of 'dangling' things like strips  
of variegated tissue paper & tinsel, hanging  
down over it. The rest among the rest  
of the whole procession came next -  
a woman, standing erect in a sort of  
booth-like contrivance which was carried  
on the shoulders of four men. We could  
not guess who she was - unless perhaps the



mother-in-law. Behind  
her, marched the "flower-  
girls", only they were for  
the most part of the  
masculine gender -  
a long line of men, 20 or  
25 - carrying not merely  
bouquets, but whole  
bushes, some of them  
small trees, covered  
with gay-colored blossoms;  
all these were artificial.  
At intervals in the  
procession marched  
pumps of <sup>5 or 6</sup> men making a  
peak racket on queer instruments.  
Bringing up the rear,  
were their women &  
children the wedding-  
guests I suppose. The sight  
was well worth seeing.

I wonder whether I  
have told you about the  
custom of making calls  
here. I don't believe I  
have. The fashionable  
hours are between twelve  
and two - although many  
of the ordinary French  
calls are made between  
five and seven.  
Every woman the  
mistress of a home  
has a little box with  
the words, "Mrs - not  
at home" upon it.  
And if she is indisposed  
or does not care to  
receive callers, or

Heath is not at home, she hangs  
out this box, and my caller happening  
along simply drops in her card.  
It is also customary on the  
stranger in town to make the first  
call. And policy and etiquette  
demand that that we call on  
some or all of the English in the  
high official positions.  
My first fashionable call was  
made upon Lady Hewitt, the wife  
of the Lieutenant Governor. She  
was not receiving, so we dropped our  
cards in the box, but were then  
 ushered into the vestibule by a ser-  
vant where we registered our names  
in a large book. Upon inquiring the  
meaning of this, Mrs. Waring told me  
that in case any of the cards were lost,  
they would still have the record of  
the call and that we would probably  
be invited to some next public reception.  
Well it happened that Sir John and  
Lady Hewitt were having a large party-  
early the very next day and since  
my card was the next morning

came for the event.  
But I was not well enough  
to go. The Lieutenant-wounds  
& his wife are here only a  
few weeks in the year & so  
people get busy during that  
time & I suspect sometimes  
they have as many as fifty to  
a hundred calls a day.  
They have a palatial home  
with acres of spacious  
beautiful grounds surround-  
ing it. Lady Hewett is  
said to be not a particu-  
larly gracious hostess;  
& simply entertaining  
because it is required of  
one in her position.

We are so glad to  
know that you are feeling  
so much better & mother  
hopes the improvement may  
be permanent.  
Love to you both & to Uncle  
John & his family  
Margaret

came for the event.  
But I was not well enough  
to go. The Lieutenant-wounded  
his wife and line only a  
few weeks in the year is  
people get busy during that  
time. I suspect sometimes  
they have as many as fifty to  
hundred calls a day.  
They have a palatial home  
with acres of spacious  
beautiful grounds surrounding  
it. Lady Hewitt is  
said to be not a particu-  
larly gracious hostess;  
+ simply entertaining  
because it is required of  
one in her position.

We are so glad to  
know that you are feeling  
so much better now. We  
hope the improvement may  
be permanent.  
Love to you both + to Uncle  
Port + his family. Margaret



For the men had  
instruments - a mandolin  
& violin and the music  
sounded very sweet, floating  
out over the water. We  
sang and joked and had as  
well a time as any crowd  
would at home, on a  
similar occasion.  
On our return, we sat  
for a while out on the  
lawn on the high bank  
in front of the McFigu's  
pumpkin, and ate cake-  
and ice-cream served  
us half much millions.

The evening was comfortable  
and pleasant, after a  
warm day.

Love to you both  
and Uncle Portis.  
Margaret.

Allahabad, March 31"

1910.

My dear parents,

'Tis Thursday again and the pleasant task of writing to my beloved Theodore and Tiggee is before me. We were quite proud of the showing that we made to you last week. Please don't think that a precedent has been established. We would like to send an epistle like that every week if we had the time, but for example, this week we are up to our necks with work, and the hot weather is still arriving. We are getting our "punkah's" up today. The great 12 foot fans that make life bearable in this land during the hot weather. The ceilings are very high and these fans hang from the ceilings by means of long ropes, and are worked from the outside, by some poor fellow who by adverse fate must keep someone else cool and receive no cooling breeze from it himself.

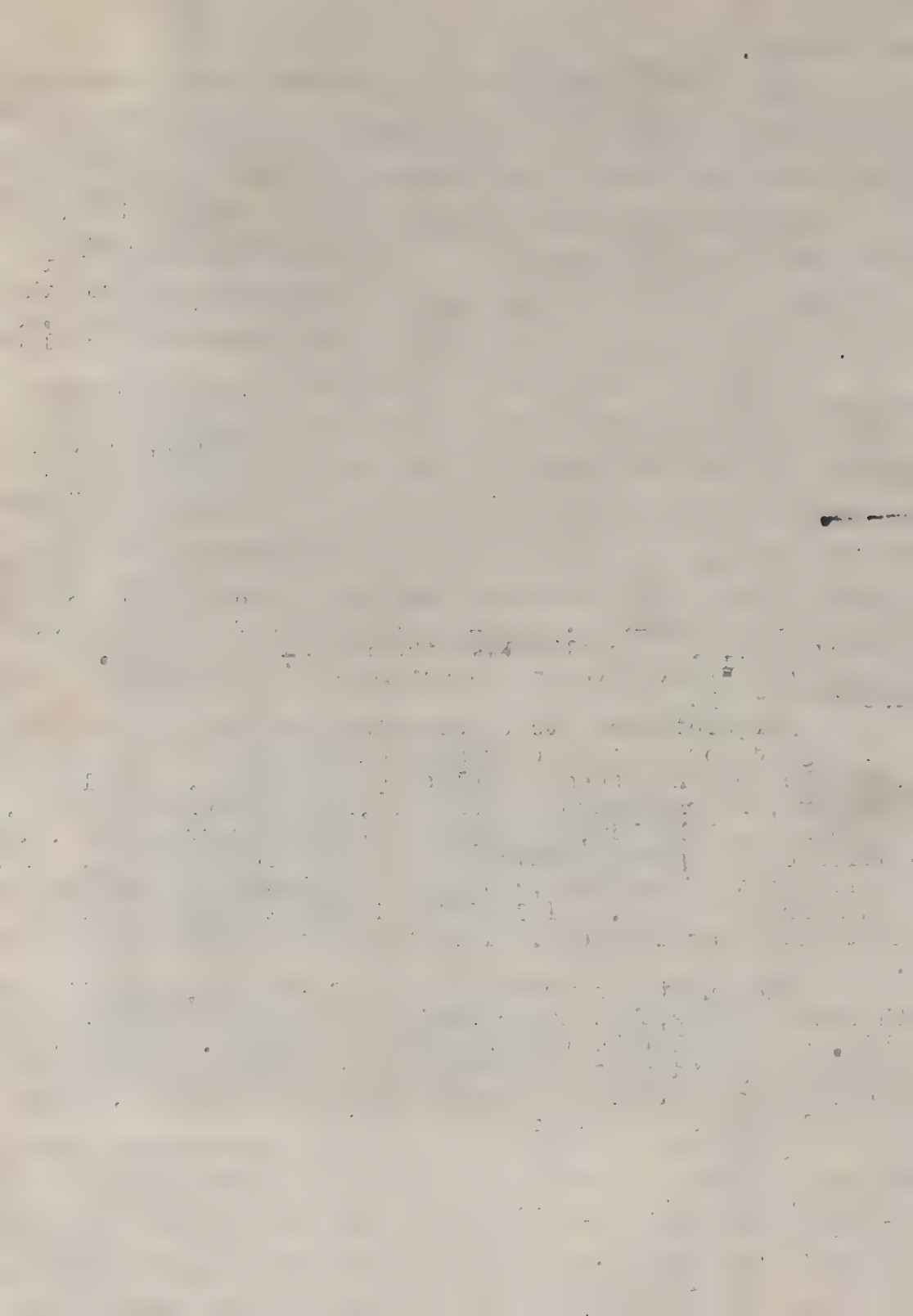
We are now having what is called by the appropriate name of "Morning College". My teacher comes at six o'clock and my first class is at seven, and I teach till nine fifteen, and then we have breakfast and then we get to work and work up till about mid-day when the heat is very great then we take a nap. After that we work up till tiffin-time. The English way of expressing "Lunch". This comes at two o'clock. Then I study the language up till four, when I have one of the boys in to talk Hindustani with me. He stays till five, when after a cup of tea, the men of the compound go out and have a social game of tennis. Such is the new curriculum of the morning college days. I really like the new way very much, as I must get up at half-past five and so get more work done in the day, than I otherwise would.

Margaret seems to be standing the warm weather very well and I am very glad for it will be some weeks before I can go the hills with her, and she does not seem to relish going alone. She likes her husband she says, and she ought to like him, she is married to him. If she wasn't going to like him, she oughtn't to have married him. This is my solution of the great problem of the divorce question. In my way, I am quite fond of her also, and feel duty bound to continue to like her as I am married to her. If I didn't intent to keep on liking her I oughtn't to have married her. I must hold this theory to be consistent.

When next you write to your oldest boy, why tell him along with other things, that if he don't write to me as often as I write to him, why I will take things out of his hide. I am not used to having the heavy end of the correspondence stick pointing my way. Tell him that if he wants to go on and get his B.A. degree, why go ahead, and I will stand a good pace behind him.

I received on the last mail, the programme for the year of the ladies missionary society of the Milford Centre church. In it they had assigned one day to a study of the work in Allahabad. I have not time left to get them a letter before the meeting, but I am going to write a short one anyway, so I must needs stop talking nonsense to my parents and write intellectual talkings to my church in America. You don't think I can write sober serious talk. That places you. You can't tell how far a frog can jump by looking at him. The little insignificant fellow can often take a standing start and jump his three feet four inches.

Your Loving Son, Ernest -





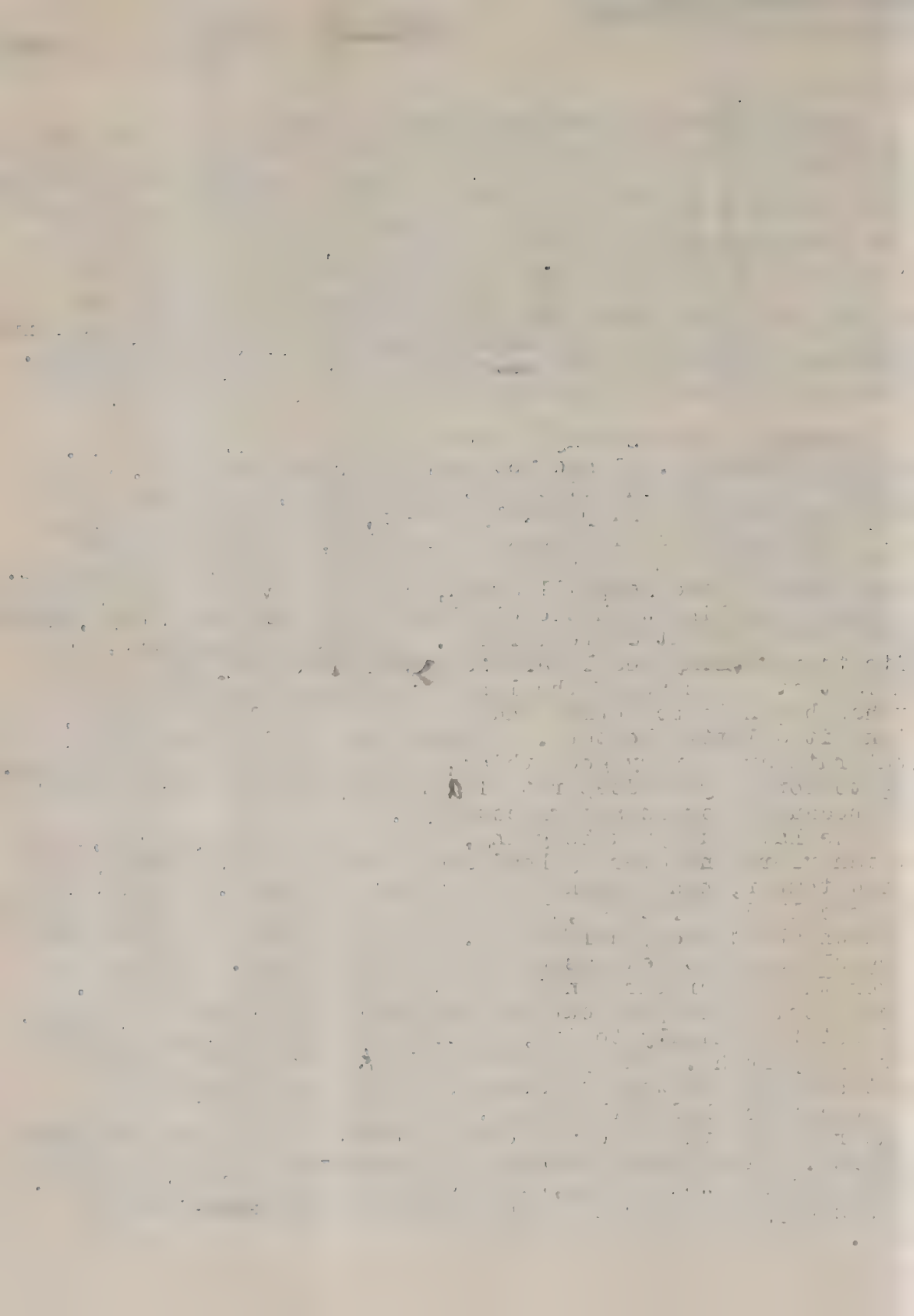
Allahabad, April 7" 1910.

My Papa and Mamma,

Another week has come and gone and nothing startling done yet. It simply has been a week filled with hard work and not much to show for the work when it is all over. My eyes are still troubling me some, and I am going to let up on the character study for a while until they get a little better. I have also cut out most of the night-work, for two reasons, first, it is hard on my eyes, secondly, it is too hot to sit along side of a hot lamp. We live out of doors, after dinner is over. We sit out on the great wide verandah facing the Ganges River and the great bridge and look at the lights on the river and the slowly crawling train moving along the top of the big bridge. Mr. Edwards sometimes takes his cello and lets me play on his violin and Margaret sings and we have a concert on our back stoop that is very beautiful.

Hemphill is visiting us from his home up in Patgarh. He came down on business. I had not seen him since we parted company five months ago. By the time this reaches you, my college work will be over and Margaret and possibly myself, will be hieing to the mountains. The Hemphills will be up there also, and Mrs. Swing and the Lucas family, the Foremans and quite a number of other missionaries. It has seemed good to see Hemphill again, as he is a very nice boy and also is a connecting link with the old life of the Princeton days, which seem slipping away now at a great rate. We take no magazines, we do not write to very many people and so hear from a very few of our friends, in fact it seems as if the lines are being drawn and a little Indian rut has begun to be formed and when it gets a little deeper, we shall like it a little better. We must never allow them to get too deep, but ruts are a very good thing if they are used and not abused. I am trying to form a good deep rut of doing a good days work and not legging off because I am in a warm country.

We have our punkahs going, and as I write to you now, there is a great fan vibrating over my head and keeping me delightfully cool and in a good temper, when I might be in a very bad one. We also are using what is called a "Tuttee", which is on the windy side of the house and is wet down about every half hour. The wind blows thru this mat and becoming slightly cooled passes on into the house. It has been said to lower the temperature inside of a house from 110° to 108°. Margaret and I tried sleeping out on the porch for a couple of nights, but she did not take kindly to it, and so last night we slept in the house under the punkah. The punkah rope broke during the night and the man just stopped and went to sleep. After the fan stopped of course the mosquitoes had full swing. They chewed us all up until we got up and repaired the rope and then returned to my downy and went to sleep again. Along about morning the punkah-wala went to sleep again, and the animals woke me up, but I thought I would let him sleep. He was as sleepy as I was he would appreciate my self-lack of selfishness.





Allahabad, April 12<sup>th</sup> 1910.

Dear Papa and Mamma;

This is Tuesday and another week has almost gone since I last wrote you. There has been some warm weather since I last wrote, but we are a little disfigured but still in the ring. We do our day's work just as usual, only we do it earlier than we did in the past. We get up early and nap at mid-day and stay up reasonably at night. But I find that I am getting more work done than I did during the winter. I like the new arrangement. In two weeks the examinations will be all over and then I am going to learn the Urdu tongue. Just watch me. I am going to work eight hours every day then. Last night closed a busy day and I had only four hours of language work to my credit after trying to get in more.

April 14<sup>th</sup>. Two days have gone by and I have not been able to get this letter finished. I will not have time to write much tonight, for it is late and I must be up and at work at five-thirty in the morning. Tomorrow is the last day of regular teaching. There is five days of preparation leave and then comes the examination week. This closes on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Then we will be at rest and will be free from any disturbing elements of college life. Oh it will be great to be free to have lots of time to bone on the old language.

Dr Ewing left today for America. He will go direct and by getting off at Brindisi and going overland to London he may be able to catch the Lusitania and make the trip in three weeks. Just think parents mine, I am only three weeks away from you, and that is not very much. By the time that I am to come to you, I will not be that much away from you. I wished way down in me that Dr Ewing would put me in his little pocket and take me home to a short visit with my parents. Of course he must have another pocket for Margaret, for she wishes to see you too. Then I could not come without her, for I am quite dependent upon her and like her very much. She is a nice girl. The above mentioned Dr is the biggest horse for work I have ever seen and has been tearing things off at a rate of forty miles an hour. Last night he went to bed at ten after a hard days work and got up at twelve and worked steadily until train time. Night before last he got three hours sleep. Five hours in forty-eight is not very much for a climate like India.

My eyes are a good deal better than they were. I am very glad, for I need my eyes. I never knew before how much I needed them until they went back on me this time. I am still nurseing them and avoiding night work as much as I can. I expect to have them examined by a specialist before we go to the hills. I have ordered and received from Calcutta some blue glasses which shield me from the glare of the sun. They are a great help. We are both remarkably well considering the time of year. We have had some very close days but two days ago it clouded up and we had a very little shower and that cooled things off a great deal and we have been quite comfortable for the last two nights, and have used the punkahs more to keep the mosquitoes off than because it was so very hot. Margaret is sleeping away now in the next room with a sheet and a quilt over her. That is very unusual for this time of year. The custom is to cover the liver only. So we put a towel over our livers and try to hum Greenland's lullaby so that we may go to sleep. With lots of love,

Ernest



My dear Papa and my dear Mamma,

The sun is up and it is hot. Yesterday we had a little rain, but it did not cool things off very much at all. So today is one of those cloudy sticky days in which you feel that you were never about in a tepid bath. But in one week from today we will be ~~st~~ moving for the hills. It will be very pleasant up there, because they say that it is necessary to sleep under two blankets. We have forgotten how to spell blanket, since we have been in India. I don't think we would recognize one if we were to see one.

Last Saturday, I went out to the rail-way sheds and took the long lost box out of the freight station, and brought it home to our house. It seemed most like receiving a mission-box, it had been so long on the way. Most of the things came in good shape. The wall bracket was broken up a little more than it was before, but I have done it up and it now reposes on our dining-room wall as beautiful as it ever was. It was very good of you Mamma to send the sheets, pillows, spread etc. and we appreciate it very much. One of the sermons I preached last Sunday in the Methodist church. I was very glad to get them as I had about run dry. The books were also gratefully received. I needed one or two of them in Marysville so I took them home with me but I have needed them worse out here, than I needed them at home. On Saturday, the very day I got your letter, I got the box. In your letter you said that you would start on a campaign to find the long box. It does seem hard luck to be separated so far that one can't spring a brand new joke and have it stale before it is received.

Last night a choral society, composed of native Christians and a few Europeans, gave a boating party on the Juma River. It came up cloudy in the afternoon, and a huge dust storm struck us about five-thirty. After the dust-storm had gone a few drops of rain fell, but no one thought that it would rain. We went out on the river at eight-thirty and had just cast off from the shore when a big flash of lightning made things quite plain to us that it might rain. It sprinkled a few drops upon us, but we went ahead, but after about fifteen minutes it began to rain in earnest. We pulled for the shore, and adjoured to the Twings and ate up her pine-apple pie and tuned up the young orchestra that we had there and made music until about eleven o'clock. Then the guests departed to their homes, only regretting that the time had flown so rapidly.

My last examination was administered this morning. Tomorrow we will decide upon who will not be promoted. Then on Friday the school-year closes and we will all be so glad for a little, of well being, grown weary. But you watch your Uncle Ernie eat up the language during these two months. I hope to get up a little momentum. All year I have been longing to get up a little speed, but have not been able to do so. Now is my chance and you can bet your hat that I am going to make the most of it, for it may never come again. It is always catch as catch can in the mission field.

I am sorry that the old house had to go, but it was better so. I think that it was wise to let it go at that figure. If the other does not net very much, it is probably wiser to let it go if the chance offers, and reinvest in Arkansas. Refuse to acknowledge any more heirs.

With lots of love and devotion I am always,

Your Youngest, Ernest





Allahabad Un College.  
May 2<sup>n</sup> 1910.

My dear parents,

Day after tomorrow we are starting for the hills. We will be far from the center of things and so that you may not miss your weekly epistle, I will write this now and leave it with Mr Edwards to be mailed on Friday at the usual time. You see that we can only send mail once a week, and if we miss that time we can not send for another week. I expect that there is some such arrangement at your end of the line, if you were able to find it out, you could then tell exactly when to mail your letters so that they would direct and not miss so many weeks. I am not finding fault but stating facts.

Margaret is busy packing, for the hills. We are taking a good deal of material for the above mentioned lady will probably remain in the hill country for some time. It will be very pleasant to be out of the heat for a short time. I am feeling fit, but find that I simply can not get as much done as I could in the cold weather. It has not been as warm this last week as it was a couple of weeks ago/so a good many are still lingering down on the plain. Margaret and I will probably make the trip alone, but we are not afraid and do not mind being left to our own society. Mrs Dwing and Mrs Lucas both expected to be going up with us, but have delayed because of the cool weather. Did I say cool weather? I meant that comparatively speaking. We will leave Allahabad at eleven thirty, day-time, and arrive some time in the next afternoon. We will write you the charms of the place.



I hope to have a little more time to catch up with my correspondence, now that I am free from my college teaching work. I am woefully behind. I think that people like to write to one when one is far away and even the five cents does not stop them. I hope I don't get lazy when the vacation gets under way, for then I never will get my letters written and the Urdu tongue learned.

How are you both? I should like very much to see you and have a few words with you in our native tongue. You'd better have a great old how-how if we could get together for a few hours. Mama, I wish you could have a nice little carriage like ours to ride around in and admire the sights of Marianna. I think that it would add much to your pleasure to be free to come and go, good or bad weather, the same, and call upon your friends and discuss the latest fashions. Why don't you make Teddy get you a little phaeton with a little dappled gray mare, with lots of show, but not afraid of automobiles or trains. You would drive Dada's Hindustanni word) to his work, just as Gertrude Smith does her husband in Columbus. It would give you a good start on the day, if you could get out into the cool frosty morning of an Arkansas day.

We are using some of the beautiful clothing you sent us for our beds, and enjoy our sleep that much more because our dear Mama sent us the sheets from far off Marysville. Aunt Nancy's towels are much appreciated and Margaret is using one of them to cover her dresser. It was very good of her to remember us and we appreciate it very much. Yes, Margaret wrote her a very nice little note thanking her for them. I am sorry that she is not as well as she once was. Perhaps she will be better by the time that this reaches you.

Daddy, I have a great deal of fun with Mr. Ewing or did before he left for America teasing him about his typewriter. It is an old Oliver of about a 61" model, and writes about as evenly as Abou Ben-Adam's tracks on Tiggee's clean counter-pane. This morning Dr. Edwards came in to show me a very important letter that he had written on the above machine. I said: "You won't surely send those tracks, will you?" He admitted that it was pretty bad, so I sat down and made him a copy on this machine, and then he compared the two and laughed. This machine surely does good work and would do better if I was able to hit the keys evenly. I must stop and get to work. Goodbye.

With bushels of love,

Ernest

You can continue to address us at Allahabad and the mail will be forwarded.

W.E.W.

I had to go thru the unpleasant experience of catching one of my students cheating in the last examinations. He was a Mohammedan who had come to us from another college. He had copied from another man's paper. Both made a very peculiar mistake in Political Economy, and that caused me to wonder, so I compared notes, and found them quite alike. We called the two men up before a committee of the faculty and I quizzed them on the same questions that we had in the examination. One of them could answer the questions and the other could not. He did not even remember what he had copied from the other man. He rusticated him from this college for a year. The student went and lived with me for a period, but there is not any other course of action that I can take in the matter of the student's case in the coming semester. I had one of the unpleasant experiences in Beirut of the same kind.

It seems to us as if we were making progress in the language but it is slow. I am very much interested in it but interest doesn't answer the question. But one needs is an intelligent interest, and that is what I don't seem to have. If my son is stuck on himself and thinks that he has been born under a particularly lucky star; the thing for him to do is to start in to learn a foreign language. I have been in many schools but I never felt so much like a freshman before in my life. Still as I say, I like it. I would enjoy sitting at night with my old friend the enemy.

May 11 " 1910

"The Firs" Landour -

Dear Theodor & Jessie,  
We have arrived in the  
"hill country". This is one of  
the most beautiful spots we  
have ever seen. We are  
a thousand feet above  
sea-level and are neatly tucked  
in among the trees with deep  
rifts & gorges on the west  
and south. Across the higher  
mountains to the north can  
be seen, if the day be clear,  
the snow clad peaks of  
the Himalayas. It all is  
superbly beautiful. The  
whole West, North & East, looks  
as tho' some great hand  
had reached down from

One week ago today we left Kotlo  
Ulihabad. Every day she was more  
and more resembling a lake-oven.  
We left at 11-30 AM. Warden, one of  
the teachers was with us until 8.00  
at night. It was very hot travelling  
until the sun set. During the night  
we both slept little. At 5 AM. we  
arrived at Dehra Dun. We then got  
into a cart and were driven furiously  
for four miles to Rajpur at the  
foot of the mountain. Then we  
had some breakfast and then Marg  
got into a "danda". A palanquin  
carried by four stout bronzed Indians.

above and taken the flexible  
crust of mother earth &  
crumpled & crushed it.

The Himalayas are more  
grand & inspiring than  
the Swiss mountains  
but not as pretty. I  
am getting a mania for  
mountains - I shall see the  
Rockies some day. I hope.  
Perhaps the Andes. But  
there is no natural grandeur  
which appeals to me like  
great mountains. Even -  
James Hill used to make  
an impression on me as  
a kid - when I went on  
my bicycle to bring the  
cow.



I mounted a little muckler don  
pony and we started up the mountain.  
We enjoyed the ride up very much.  
I could get an occasional glance  
out of my room when we came  
to a level place. Margaret had  
two other carriers who spelled the  
original four. We came up in  
about three and a half hours. It was  
surely great to get so fresh  
cool air again. We sleep like  
tops. Margaret has contracted  
a cold. Taken with the altitude she  
has trouble getting her breath at times.

# The Princeton Seminary Book Room

Princeton, N. J.

Landaur

Princeton, May 16

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E. WELD,  
MANAGER

Dear Papa and Mama: Your good letter came  
this morning and did us lots of good. It was two  
days ago since we heard and we were de-  
lightful to hear that you were both well. It  
was the whole aspect of the day to hear  
from you. So it again

Your letter contained Mike's good ex-  
planation that there was an ulterior motive  
his ~~thirst~~ for knowledge. I am glad.  
America is no place to get ideas unless  
ideas are officially sealed with the  
stamp on one side & the goddess seal  
on the other. India is the land to get ideas.  
I have had sev-  
eral ideas. I have not been  
really, Mike makes it seem quite  
reasonable. What he says about being  
satisfied with only a B.A. is true.  
The name of the thing counts in Am.  
as much as the framing.  
\$1400. R. Weld = 2400.

The reason I am writing so early  
is that I am starting in an  
hour on a four days tramp  
up in the Himalayas with  
a soldier named McEwen.  
We will sleep out, and enjoy  
the air. I will not have time  
to write while on the way.

We are both well and happy.  
We are enjoying life and learning  
some language incidentally.  
These are beautiful mountains  
and the air is great.

With love to  
+ Pops -  
Walter also + wife -  
My best to

Sincerely,

Ernest.

after says it is 113°  
we shall in  
dash, now.

"The First".

Rundown, Muscovie  
India

received card from a fair  
man dress of our table-servant. May 17, 1915.  
after it wears a dark coat  
mother and daddy.

I wish you could see the  
view that is before me as I sit here on our  
verandah. A narrow road-way leads along past  
cottages then the cliff descends precipitously  
the valley dotted with tin-roofed bungalows.  
The heavily-wooded hills rise again  
with pretty cottages nestled here and there. On this  
is still further in rugged, irregular shapes,  
the barren peaks of reddish rock and  
and on against the horizon are clear  
we can see the majestic snow-clad  
Himalayas. It is very beautiful.  
winding paths leading around these hills  
down into the valleys are romantic and  
interesting. From whatever point and in whatever  
direction one looks, the prospect is lovely  
at least 1000 ft. up, a fact which I was  
not conscious of for a few days. Breathing  
is a little difficult particularly when  
there is any extra exertion. But I am  
now becoming acclimated, and don't  
find the altitude much now.  
I have probably written you about our  
journey from Rappah, on horse back, I



"The First" Landaur - <sup>May 25<sup>th</sup> 10</sup>

My dear home-folks: Since I last wrote you, I have had a fine tramp in the mountains. Mr M. Greger and I left Landaur at 4.30 <sup>P.M.</sup> ~~Monday~~ <sup>Monday</sup> ~~Tuesday~~ and reached Dinan at 11.30 P.M. a distance of 16 miles. We slept out in the open air, back of the rest-house. It is the custom in this country to build rest-houses - or inns - "dak-bungalows" they are called; these are stationed every fifteen or sixteen miles along the way. When we arrived tired & footsore we found that the house



Three hours or more I was awakened  
by footsteps on the back verandah  
beside us. Some one was walking  
from the door out into the yard  
when we were. M<sup>c</sup>G. snored on  
but I awoke and rubbed the sleep  
out of my eyes and stared. There  
close beside our cots were two  
gaunt English forms clothed in  
long flowing garments of white,  
which were gently stirring in  
the breeze. On the uppers were  
enstrouling blankets. They stared

was filled. Then were in the house three suits and two of them were occupied by women - young lady missionaries from the Church Mission Society of England. (Please note. The young ladies did not occupy suits of clothes but suits of rooms.) The watchman got us two insect-rusted coats and we lay down in our under-clothes and the brilliant moon-light. McKeever scratched & went to sleep. I scratched a while longer (McK. has been out a year longer than I have) and also went to sleep. In about

bewildered - I also stared - Then with a  
scream they turned and fled - away from  
the house - I had to cover up my head  
with blankets before they would  
come back past us into the  
house. They were trying to see the  
cornet & didn't see it. I wasn't  
trying and saw two comets. Such  
is life -

- We are both well and happy.  
and love our parents -

We hear regularly from you every  
two or three weeks. We never get  
two letters from you on the same week.  
We wish to thank you for your <sup>long &</sup> all  
our monthly letters. Then cheer. E.

"The First" Kandour, Muscovie, India  
May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1900

rather - rather, another delightful week  
the hills have gone - the even at this height  
(ft) it's not cool all the time. In the sun  
in middle of the day, it gets pretty warm  
say that the rains will be here early this  
probably in two weeks - as they have already  
been at Colombo & Bombay, and are gradually  
moving north. When they reach us it will be  
hot & damp & not pleasant to get out much, so  
one is making a business of calling now. Mrs  
W was taken up out a number of times and  
you making the acquaintance of lots of  
persons, not only those of our own church  
there. The United Presbyterians have a large  
congregation here this summer.  
We are going any distance we always take  
the car and coolies I fairly held my breath  
a few days ago when we drove out, as we would  
go out, up steep grades and down precipitous  
cliffs over the narrow, rough mountain  
paths, fearing any minute I might go plunging  
over the cliff. But the coolies  
were sure-footed & bore us along without



accident - except that one of the straps of my bag  
broke & let me down with a slight jolt. Fortunately  
we happened to be on a good part of the road &  
the trouble was not serious.

The way in which we get our water up here  
is rather interesting. It is all gotten from  
wells which are inspected daily by a city official.  
The water is carried up, sometimes many hundred feet  
the various cottages, in great goat-skins. The  
"bikistis" (water-carriers) come several times  
a day & fill the "gharas" (kitchenware vessels)  
in our bat-houses & kitchens. Of course  
there are some springs around on the hill-sides  
& the bikistis are not allowed to carry water  
from them. They must get it from the public wells.  
The water & these goat-skins can be inspected  
and can be quite certain its pure; but we generally  
boiled for drinking, anyway.

We are besieged every day with vendors of all  
kinds of wares. They come around with great packs  
on their backs and display the greatest variety of  
commodities. The Cashmiri - wools have most  
interesting things - exquisite embroidered  
suits, shawls, fine carved & inlaid wood-work.  
One would spend a fortune if he had it.  
Yesterday all our Indian memorial services  
were in honor of the King. The service was  
held in a great open space in the woods.



a Presbyterian Church, erected  
in memory of Dr. Kellogg, one of  
the great missionaries of our  
Church who was killed a number  
of years ago. By falling over the  
edge just a few feet from this  
cottage. The night is filled in  
the summer by the different  
missionaries who are here. In  
the morning they have a "Prayer  
Service" for the soldiers who  
attend and it always closes  
with the first verse of "I will save  
the King".

Mr. "Kankidar" (watchman)  
died of pneumonia yesterday  
after a weeks illness. In a  
few minutes the news had  
spread to his Indian friends  
and a crowd of fully 1000

room gathered.  
My bare arm off  
in a cot intending  
to carry him to his  
mess-room but  
miss was, Robert  
the boy would be  
burned.

Love to you both &  
Uncle Paul

Margaret

(

across the valley  
from my cottage. He  
sat on the edge of  
the cliff and watched  
the crows, listened  
to the music. Ernest  
went down. He was  
had a small cart in  
the service. The English  
troops come in coats  
some in blue, &  
some in kaki uniforms  
were there in great  
numbers. It was  
very impressive.

We attend church

to see the service.

"The Fers" Landaur -  
June 1" 1910 -

My beloved parents,

I think that I shall begin the month right by writing to you, as I hope you will begin the year right by writing to me. It is three weeks since I have heard a word from the only parents I have. You see my field is limited and the responsibility is limited to you to keep me informed of your doings.

It is only my noble spirit which keeps me from revolution in kind. But I want you to promise

2 from her father - (this is a weekly story)  
why then I set and think of the scorching  
things I will say when I next write  
to you. Has it come to this - I am  
about to propose a Home Koter  
for our family - Mike will start it (?)  
by writing to you. You contribute at once  
and forward to me with Mike's letter  
you will have to write to Mike separately  
but you doubtless do that anyway.  
Then I will take out your letter &  
will send my contribution to Mike  
who will write & forward to you  
again. No one shall delay the

me one thing faithfully that  
if any thing should go wrong -  
you will write immediately.  
There is no satisfaction in  
swearing at you for not  
writing if you are sick  
or have gone fishing. You  
cant imagine how I enjoy  
this - I wrap the scribes  
mantle about me &  
protrude my chest &  
thank my stars I am  
not like my parents  
who only write once a  
month. The sensation is  
so novel for me. When  
the mail comes & Margaret  
gets letters from her three  
brothers & one sister & frequent



bird more than three days. What do  
you think of it? Does the plan make  
the appeal to you, that it should? It does  
not destroy anything, only we have  
a little system to our forwarding?

The life up here in the hills is  
surely charming. The cool cold  
air at night makes sleeping a  
great pleasure and one arises  
with a desire to do something  
or somebody. We are both pro-  
gressing slowly in the language.  
I can talk it now after a fashion

the conversation in my own  
hands. There are some things  
I can't talk about in Urdu.  
Do you understand how we  
must work here to learn  
Hindustani. Before the  
Moslem invasions - the natives  
of this region spoke, not  
a Semitic language but  
an Aryan - It was derived  
from Sanskrit - Today that  
native language is called  
"Hindi" which has curves  
block letters & reads from  
left to right as English.  
It is of course complete -  
with Sanskrit words &  
uses the same characters as  
the Sanskrit & when the

one would know the language of this country he must know really two languages, two sets of letters - one Bryan and the other Shemetic. The Hendoos favour the Hindi & Sanscrit. The Moslems favour Urdu with many Arabic words. The Holy Books of the Hendoos ~~are~~ written in Sanscrit. The Koran of course is in Arabic. I tackled the Urdu first and have read the required amount for the first year Examinations and am now starting on the Hindi.

Invasions came, a vast hord  
of Persians, Arabs, & others  
poured into this country from  
the North, & conquered it  
The language which the  
invaders used was a mixture  
of Persian, Arabic, Hebrew,  
Hind & Sanscrit. This  
language was called "Urdu"  
which means "Camp". The  
Urdu uses a mixture  
of the Persian & Arabic  
characters, and is of  
course Shemetic, reading  
from right to left and  
having few vowels in comp-  
arison to the number of  
consonants. So it

The Skude is not as difficult as the Urdu, but quite difficult to you. See, parents mine, that your youngest son is not carried to the skirts on flower beds of ease, and these flowers entirely without thorns. But we don't allow the language to corrode our young lives, and are reasonably happy and carefree and find much pleasure in the work -

Margaret sends her love. Give our best to Fort & Jack. Tell Jack to write us a letter. Any word would be welcome. - Your devoted son  
Ernest.



The Fris - Landaur -

My dear Mama and Papa:

I have just finished writing a letter to one of the students in Hindustani, so if I get a few Hindustani words in this letter, it's not to show my profound learning but simply a lapsus styli -

The non receipt of a letter from you this week, was disappointing but not surprising - I am getting used to it.

We believe out here in a quiet fourth and so we went on with the general class of work which has to be done. In the afternoon I went over to Mussouri and saw a football match. It was only English football, but I enjoyed it nevertheless.

My vacation is fast coming to a close. I don't mind as I am

a short note, (if I know when to reach him). In this note I might tell him in a few well-chosen words what I think of him.

George Scott has a little girl born into his family. She is nine days older than Helen & her name is Margaret.

It was a good picture of the horse but a rather a poor representation of Port. He is a right decent looking fellow when he has his Sunday clothes on.

I am enclosing a note to Port.

willing to get back to work. The  
only difficulty is that it means  
a separation from my  
family - Margaret & Helen  
will stay in the hills for  
the present. I don't look for  
word to the separation with  
any degree of pleasure. The  
longest we have been separated  
since August 26 - 1909 has  
been two days, when I went  
on a walking trip to Dinaulty.  
It depends entirely upon the  
weather in Allahabad how  
long this cruel separation  
will last.

When is Mike these days?  
Is he at O.S.U. Summer  
school? I would write him

En Ewing has a daughter in Little Rock,  
this is J.C.R. Ewing's daughter Eleanor.  
Marge and I both knew her in college.  
I thought as Port travelled around over  
the State and occasionally landed at  
Little Rock, he might look her husband  
& herself up.

In one of the schools up here, one of the  
boys died with Cholera last night  
and another boy is not expected  
to live. It has been pretty bad  
in the plains this year. Thousands  
have died. It does not come  
near Europeans frequently.

Your Loving Son  
Ernest

The Tis - dandaur  
June 8<sup>th</sup> 1910

My dear Kopa + Mamma,  
Your good letters  
came on Monday and  
broke the silence of  
three weeks. So I forgive  
you. I was just  
you are very busy  
with your work -  
garden, chickens -  
etc.

I have been putting  
in some good bits  
at the language.  
this week. Got in eight



Daddy you seem to be able to  
must well down there. If I  
ever save a few pennies  
ahead I think, I might  
ask you to must for me.

We have had the "Chottha tarsat"  
or small rains and are now  
having an intermission of  
bright clear weather before  
the regular monsoon begins.

hours today. I am  
having two teachers  
now. one in Hindi  
and one in Urdu con-  
versation. I think  
I am making some  
progress. Morgant  
is not working the  
language as hard-  
as I am now, as  
she has been a  
little indisposed  
for the last couple  
of days. It is nothing  
serious however &  
she is now on the  
high road to recovery.

We have picked up an American  
crowd of young fellows and have  
been playing the soldiers in out  
door basketball. We have beaten  
them three games, but this evening  
they got the better of us and  
beat ~~us~~ us by a small score.  
This late and I must bid you  
a fond and affectionate Goodnight.  
Your loving Son -  
Ernest.  
P.S. You may be interested in

knowing that a couple  
of days ago - on June  
6<sup>th</sup> at 4 <sup>45</sup> A.M. Helen  
Eider Weld was born  
to Mrs & Mr W. E. Weld  
Needless to say she  
is a prize package  
in every way and,  
both mother and  
child are doing very  
well. Every body of  
any judgment at  
all say that she  
is the most beautiful  
child they have ever  
seen.

The young lady arrived

go to bed. I am sleeping in  
a tent. now and the nurse  
is using my bed.

Good night - love mom.  
L.E.W.

I don't know where to reach  
Mike & Martha - will you please  
forward this - love.  
L.E.W.



about two weeks  
before she was  
expected - It was  
a surprise she  
had planned -  
but she makes herself  
at home and seems  
quite fond of her  
proud parents.

I have not held  
her yet but hope  
to get a basket  
with a handle on  
it, so that I can  
carry her around.  
Now I rattle on.  
I must stop now.



The First June 15" 1910

Dear Pater & Mater:

Another week has rolled around and finds the Indian branch of the wild tree all well and happy.

My wife has been staying in bed pretty much this week not being very well, but she is quite well under the circumstances.

The Doctor comes no more, and has washed his hands of the whole affair. The infant is very well - and about as beautiful as babies

I will tell you about the busy  
night we had on the 5 + 6 of  
June, if you will pardon my  
telling it. I would not want this  
to anybody but you & Mike & Martha  
but the night has made a big  
impression on me, which will  
last for some time -

Sunday, Margaret thought  
that she had taken a little cold

go. I am growing quite  
fond of her - I wish  
you mamma could  
see her. I don't think  
Daddy would be  
interested in her until  
she gets a few months  
older. But we are  
both very grateful  
& thankful that  
every thing has gone  
so ideally - Margaret  
has always been  
reconciled to India  
but she is going  
to keep her from  
being lonely when  
I am off at my work.



in the region below her stom - and  
so I stayed home from Church  
and read to her - About two  
oclock she sat up a while.  
I went ~~to~~ down the mountain  
side to see the Dr (Huntley)  
who was a Scotch Dr &  
had promised to take the  
case on June 24. or thereabouts  
He gave me a pill for her  
... & promised to come up at

seven-thirty that night.  
In the late afternoon  
the pain got no worse  
and we had quite  
a cheerful time read-  
ing "Anne of Green Gables".  
At 7.45 P.M. Dr. Kennedy  
came. He examined  
Margaret and said -  
"There is no danger of  
anything happening for  
a couple of weeks yet."  
Then he had dinner  
with me and at nine  
at my request went  
in and examined M -  
again. He said that

At 12. M - was feeling worse. I started  
out to find a Dr - to have him  
alleviate my wife's pains from  
the colds she had caught in her  
a bad cold. I did see  
that Mrs Ewing was suspicious  
about that cold but she didn't  
go into details so I kept on  
believing that a president of  
a medical school (Dr H) ought  
to know the business, even tho'

he thought she had  
taken cold and that  
if I would go with  
him he would give  
me a operate pill  
which would stop  
the pains which  
had grown slightly  
worse. I went down  
& climbed back -  
reaching home at  
10 30 or eleven M's  
was suffering a little  
more. I got in to  
my pajamas but  
I never got into  
bed that night

he wasn't an American - So I  
started out for a bottle of Mrs  
Luns low Soothing Syrup - Dr H.  
lived a long distance off so as -  
I had heard of a young Dr Brown  
who lived only a half a mile  
away I went for him. Dr B  
was asleep when I reached there  
at 12:45 and when I called in  
thru the window he raised  
up in bed and began to  
jabber Punjabi at me with  
great fluency. When he became



fully awake he said.  
"What's doing?" So I  
knew he was an  
American & felt relieved.  
I told him my wife  
had a pain, and he  
said "Where?" I told  
him about the cold  
but he wouldn't be  
concerned. He got  
up tho & put on his  
shirt & rubber over  
collar & pants &  
came along. We hustled  
for the fire - It looked  
out that he didn't  
have an instrument  
or any medicine or  
any thing. He intimated

started them off for the nurse. That  
was about 1.40 Then I would  
ask out of bed and started him  
off on a cross-country run of  
three miles for medicines etc.  
Brown sat around and told him  
the last case of this kind had  
been seen and it had taken  
two days & three nights.

Margaret suffered enough for  
the next two hours to drive  
me to drink I just feared that

that he had come up  
for a vacation of  
two weeks, but I  
took no notice of  
his unkindness. So  
we hustled along  
the Mt side. In about  
ten minutes he was  
shaking hands with  
Marg- & in another  
minute he was telling  
me - "Send for your  
nurse" Now the nurse  
lived  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles down  
one mtn &  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " up  
another. I had to  
go out & hunt up  
four coolies and  
a rickshaw &

The chloroform wd come soon. at  
3.45 Ask came with the medicine.  
He was drugging ut with per-  
operation. at 4 the nurse  
came. I never was so glad to  
see anybody as I was to see  
that redheaded Irish nurse  
Maloney. When M. had "gone  
under" the chloroform - I left  
and went out and looked at  
the Nemalyas by starlight.  
It was just beginning to

pale into the steel  
grey of early dawn.  
At 4 45 Mrs Forman  
came running out  
saying that it was  
all over and that  
it was a girl -  
and not a cold  
at all.

Mr Huntley is a  
great sease, so  
sent for him next  
morning and intro-  
duced him to the  
baby. I have not  
allowed him to live  
as yet.



His lake - so I will close -  
The rains have come and it  
is wet. & fog hangs thick  
over the mountains

Goodnight - with much love.

To you & Port - Ernest

P.S. M. receives Port's card -  
and was glad to hear from him -  
M. sends love & so do we. W.E.C. H.

But it is all over  
now and as I have  
said, we are both  
very Thankful.

His Margaret's  
wish that she be  
named for Helen  
(our Helen). I was  
very glad to have  
her called for our  
own dear Helen.

I haven't Billy's  
address - Will you  
write him and  
tell him about  
the little Helen.



The Fur -

June 22/1910

My dear parents -

We are well &  
hope you are the  
same. I am writing  
out on our promanake  
in a little tent.  
It is quite cozy. The  
rain is beating  
down upon my  
canvas ceiling -  
and I sit in my overcoat  
and talk to those  
whom I hold dear.  
Our vacation is rapidly

Charming harem but the doctor ad-  
vices it.

Margaret is rapidly recovering -  
and is getting stronger every day.  
Helen is also keeping well but  
is not gaining in weight owing  
to her premature arrival.  
(So the Dr says). We are hoping  
in a day or so that the increase  
will begin. There is much  
discussion whether her eyes will



drawing to a close - In  
two or three weeks I  
will be back in the  
college hard at  
work. I am afraid  
that Margaret & Helen  
must stay up on  
the hills for a while  
for the heat on the  
plains is very bad -  
Even during the rains  
the air is very sticky  
and one almost equals  
in perspiration the  
rain drops - I don't  
like the idea of being  
separated from my

be or continue to be blue like Margon is -  
or brown like mine. They are some  
who say that they will change  
when she is older.

I am still drilling along on  
the language - Think I have im-  
proved in speaking during the  
last month. I am finishing  
the tenth Chapter of John to-  
morrow. My teacher reads  
me the English and I put  
it into Hindustani - We have

already done nine  
chapters of this book.

Tell Mike that I  
think he owes me  
a letter.

Today we are playing  
basketball with  
the soldiers again  
we have won four  
games and lost one.

This is surely one of  
the most beautiful  
spots I have ever  
seen and I shall  
be sorry to leave  
it. A good many

Stopping at Edinburgh at the great  
mission Conference. He has with  
him Stanley Hunter, a boy whom  
I knew in Princeton. He is a  
fine boy and I like him very  
much and am glad he is coming.  
It may affect the situation in  
the College next year - Two mission  
stations are very short of  
men and two coming by re-  
ceiving the College may send

If our missionaries go  
to Cashmere from  
time to time. Ever  
since a boy, I have  
been hoping to  
see this lovely  
spot. It is said to  
be even grander  
than the Swiss Mts.

No mail came from  
you in this last  
mailment. I  
will enjoy receiving  
two letters on next  
Monday.

Dr Ewing is, on  
his way back to India,



me into distinct work. I don't  
care much, for I would have  
a better chance at the language  
then. I am going to learn  
this language, & learn it  
well.

Your Loving Son,  
Billy Ernest.

June 30, 1910

warm + Daddy World. We have all had a bad night.  
 I had a pain in the stomach. E had a  
 sharp pain in the head, and I felt generally  
 tired. The two former are sound asleep now.  
 I am in condition to write an interesting  
 but fearing I may not wake up in time  
 a note ready for the home mail I will  
 write a little myself. We have had very little  
 sleep either day or night as she  
 is mostly most of the time; but last night  
 seemed to have an attack of indigestion  
 kept us up most of the night. Mrs. Every  
 came in early this morning and  
 seemed in getting in great. She has been  
 very well and is very strong in such a  
 little. When three weeks old she  
 weighed only seven pounds, but she seems to  
 have lost along. Ernest has, probably  
 an accurate description of her  
 I ~~do~~ believe we are not prejudiced  
 thinking she is a very pretty child.

Everyone says most extravagant things  
her (brandy). When she was only two weeks  
old, Mrs. Living tied a little red ribbon  
on her hair and she did look too sweet  
funny for anything. She is always  
exhibiting when there are callers, and  
telling them her off as proudly as  
some of our own children.  
The nurse was with me only twelve  
and altho I was not out of bed  
she left, we have gotten along very  
without her. Like all European  
Americans out here I have an  
African woman who keeps take care  
baby, washes her clothes, keeps with  
bath, make the beds, keeps the room  
in order etc. She is very neat & good  
she steps about the room in her  
feet she scarcely makes a sound  
for the tinkling of her many bracelets  
and other jewelry.

on my feet for the first time three  
y. and altho a little wobbly at  
I am able to get around very well now.  
Baby sleeps in a pretty little bassinet  
of wickerwork. It is a large oval  
(Daddy you may skip this word)  
eleven inches high. It is lined  
all over with pale blue satin  
and with point d'esprit net with a  
banding around the bottom. There  
is a blue baby ribbon. Mrs. Irving  
a beautiful little blue & white  
one for it. She looks mighty sweet  
in a little coat. Mrs. Bureau gave her  
my little sick ornament. Most of her  
things have been made by a native  
and are quite nice & cute. The  
things are not as fancy & pretty as I would  
like in America.  
The day after the baby was born we were  
at a picnic breakfast. Ernest  
entertained the family. After the lunch,

various stunts were given. Some  
suggested that Ernest show how he  
would carry the new baby. He secured  
small basket, put in it a young  
coodle, hung it over his arm and  
started off. He has found that  
that is much easier to be carried  
singing in my daddy's arms.

(Love to you all from us all  
Margaret).

Dear People - Its a beautiful day - We  
(not both but) all well. The young  
has made a great hit with  
parents and might be defaced  
a howling success. Are  
working hard on the language. Am  
my slowly. I love the work.

Tonight I am giving a gospel talk  
the Tommy Atkins crowd in the Soldiers  
Daddy your letter came O.K. shes. I can get a



ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,  
DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS.

Allahabad, July 14<sup>th</sup> 1910.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I am back again in the College and am feeling very warm and there is some moisture in the air. So the atmosphere is really sticky. I am separated from my wife and child, but am glad of it for their sakes. When the rains come for sure, and it is some cooler than I send for them. It seems quite insipid and slow without them, but it is the best I think. It was quite hard to part from them. Especially there is quite a lot of cholera in the hills at present. Especially the Christian missionaries died of it just before I left. Her name was William, and she lived in Wooster at her time of furlough, and was the friend of a couple of the lady teachers in Wooster. It is not general as yet and we are hoping that it will not be. If it gets any worse we will send for the ladies of the mission who have retired in the hills.

Your good letter reached me on Monday and did my old heart. I should like to see your new home, and I am proud of my Pa who takes an active interest in the yard. A good Christian should always have a productive lawn if possible. I am glad you have made Theodore look after the chickens, Mamma, for I think that it is good discipline for him. It will improve his character. That is if it could be made any better. We are hard at work getting ready for the opening of the College which takes place on Monday, the eighteenth. It bids fair to



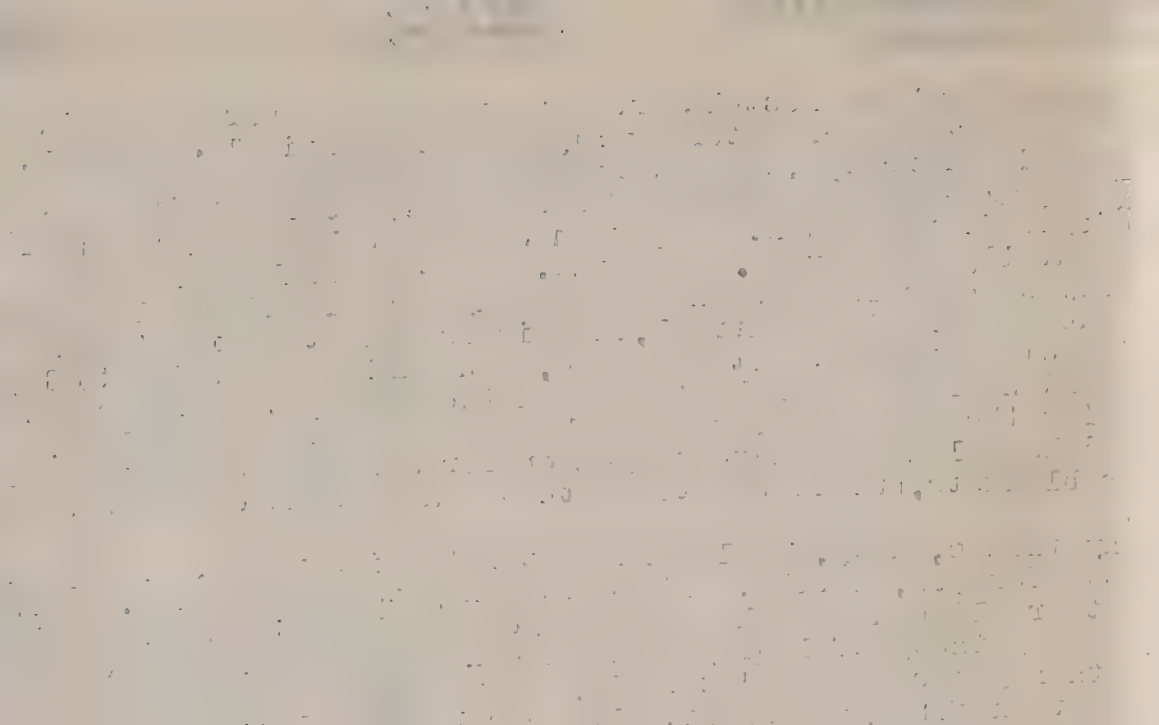
this year, and all of our hostels and dormitories are already full. I will be increased on Saturday night by the arrival of Hunter, whom I knew in Princeton, and a very nice fellow he is also.

My vacation in the "Hills" has been very satisfactory on the whole and I enjoyed it very much. I got in some good ticks on the land and incidentally had a very good time. I met a number of nice people, had plenty of exercise and in a good many ways found the life much to my taste. The scenery is beautiful, the air is like the air at home in the beginning of September. It was nice, even during the rains to lay out at night and hear the rain beat down on the corrugated iron roof. I enjoyed for the most part, my midnight gambols with the chollies. I should have liked to have stayed on for a couple of months more but under blankets, but it was to be that I must come down and sleep something.

Many thanks, Daddy, for looking after the insurance. I hope to turn it out for you, shortly. It costs money to have babies. I am beginning to realize how much I owe to you for bringing me into the world.

It is very thoughtful of you and I don't know as I ever thanked you before, but then you see I didn't really know about the midnight prom- which you took for my benefit. You can hardly blame the French for staying out late for not wanting their sleep interfered with when at home.

Well I must stop now, for I am dripping wet. Your Loving Son,  
Ernest



My dear Papa and Mamma,

We are back at work and have been sweltering in the moist damp heat that has been surrounding, enfolded and embroiling us. The rains have been slow in coming and the wise say that if rain doesn't come pretty soon there will be another famine sure. Yesterday it was very hot and sultry, and as we went about our teaching, we had the feeling that our clothes were sticking to us. Last night in the heat and moisture, Dr Edwards and I played football with the students. I have never in my life sweat like it. I never knew that the streams of water could flow like that and continue to flow, until one was drenched, just as if he had fallen in the Ganges. This morning we are very grateful for a gentle rain which is falling. It doesn't act like it had come to stay, but every little bit helps. The cholera is getting very bad in the city, and one of our High-school boys has it. Dr Ewing and Mr Jordan and the Dr went over and pulled him out of his room, fumigated it and put him on a bed out in the yard. They got at him in time and he is pulling thru'. Mrs Ewing thinks that if we could get a good hard rain that would thoroughly clean out the city the disease would go away. So you see we have reasons for wanting it to rain that the West can't understand.

Laddy, on the same boat with your letter telling about the failure of the shoe order, came the shoes, which Dr Ewing had purchased in N.Y. They fit me very well and are generally satisfactory. I hope that the other pairs have not been sent. It seems that your letter was forwarded to Dr Ewing in time and that he had time to get them in the city before sailing. I am very glad to get them and have been wearing the white pair all of this week. Thank you for all of the trouble you took.

Helen and Margaret seem to be keeping well in the Hills. Helen is gaining in weight very slowly however, but Margaret says that she is otherwise quite well. She now weighs a trifle over eight pounds, and is still gaining. Margaret has been having some trouble with her native nurse, called the "Ayah". (You might as well learn a little Hindustani, for purposes of convenience to us) The one we first had was very good, but when we moved from the "Hills" to "Upper Woodstock Cottage", the nurse could not follow. The new one is not satisfactory, and gives M the creeps when she has the child. He is looking for a new Ayah, and I hope that she will be able to find one who will be altogether satisfactory. I had hoped that they would come down on the 25<sup>th</sup> of the month, but the Dr says that it would not be wise. We have had a great deal of the cruel separation in married life, and I had hoped that it was all ended, but such is life.

I think that I shall like my work very much this year. Now a good many of my students, and I am beginning to understand something of the way their minds work and don't work. I surely like to teach and still think that is where I am especially fitted to work. I should like to get into the district work for a year or two, for purposes linguistic. The college is no place to learn the language. Too many people speak English. Goodbye. Give my love to Marts and Jack.

Your loving son,

Ernest.





My dear Mother,

This is mail morning, and so I have the privilege of laying  
down to one side while I talk to you for a little while. I did not  
hear from you the last week but trust that you are well and happy, and that  
nothing has happened to the lawn or the chickens or to any thing else, which  
in any way mar your pleasure in life. I have not time for the luxury  
of a long letter, but I often think of you and Theodore, and wish that "We  
Three of India" could drop in on You Three of Arkansas, and that we might  
be merry together. Uncle Port is in a sense right, for he holds or did  
hold that these family separations are not the things and that the Lord  
did not intend them to be. Under most circumstances, I agree with him.  
I really do I agree with him, now when the queen of the India branch of  
the world tribe, together with the heiress apparent, are still in the Hills,  
and am alone on the sweating plain.

Margaret has had a merry time avoiding the cholera up there.  
One of the Presbyterian houses in the Hills, was adjoining the  
school for girls. Cholera broke out in the school, and three Indian servants  
and an American nurse died. The School had to be broken up, and they had to  
send the hundred girls away, so they sent up to the cottage where Margaret  
was staying and asked for the use of the cottage. The other people in the  
cottage were fleeing for the plains-it was too close for comfort. Margaret  
was puzzled what to do. I telegraphed her to come down, but meanwhile  
J.R. Dwing had taken her in, and so she is comfortably located in a  
house fittingly called "The Retreat". She shows no signs of obeying my  
advice as yet, and it is just as well, for if one is avoiding cholera  
one is not the place to come. One of the students died of it a few  
days ago, and our water-carrier also succumbed in about two hours after the  
cholera struck him. The old part of the city, i.e. the Indian part, is said  
to be well stocked with the cholera. We have had good rains this week and  
think that it is all passed, or will not at least get any worse.

Helen seems to be well and happy, altho she is not growing  
very fast. Margaret says that she is the picture of health, but still  
like a miniature picture. She has the abominable habit of turning  
into nighttime, and keeping her mother awake a good part of the  
night. Then she proceeds to sleep most all of the day, when she should be  
playing tennis or climbing the mountains. I shall severely rebuke her  
when she comes down.

The mail-man has come for the mail and I must needs stop and  
say to him, or you would go a week without any mail from India. I  
am not to that feeling, but you are not, so I will stop now and send this  
letter. I am hoping to hear from you this week, even if I did not last  
week. I never lose faith in my dear parents, however much they may try to  
mislead them very much. I claim that a son should like his parents  
and be true to them, and that in return, they should write to him  
often.

Goodbye,

With lots of love for you both,

Ernest



Edgehill - Bandown  
May. 15, 1900

Dear Watson + <sup>to</sup> Father - Well  
Ernest, I suppose  
has sent you posted in  
word to my doings: but  
I wouldn't be at all  
surprised if you haven't  
been able to keep track  
of me. To have lived in  
four different cottages  
in the course of a few  
weeks, is hardly the  
usual thing, is it  
that has been my record.  
I think I shall just  
review for you my wander-

ings. Leaving "The Fins" when Ernest  
returned to the plains I moved to  
"Upper Bradstock" in order not to be alone.  
I had been there only ten days when  
cholera broke out in our vicinity  
and we were compelled to vacate  
on a couple hours notice. I sent  
my packing without knowing just what I  
should do. In the midst of the confusion -  
for two other families were moving out  
and there were coolies galore standing  
around waiting to carry our luggage - a  
message came from Mrs. Leving & Salore  
saying they had room for me at "The Retreat".  
So I took up my abode there. But at the  
end of one week, Mrs. Leving was taken  
ill with enteric fever and it was necessary  
for me to move again to make room  
for the nurse and a married couple  
from South India, who were summoned  
to me. Again I packed my goods and  
stattle and returned to our old quarters  
"The Fins". Here I was all alone in the  
cottage - on the edge of the cliff, with



no near neighbors.

Now the dreariness of the hills during the rains is impossible to describe. It's bad enough when one is with other people, but alone it is almost unbearable. The rain pours down almost constantly & we do not see the sun for days, sometimes for weeks. A heavy mist hangs low over every thing shutting out the view of every thing beyond fifty or a hundred yards. One is simply shut up in doors.

Clothes that merit in  
constant use, grow  
moldy and mildewed.

Well, when Ernest  
heard of my latest move  
and that I was alone  
he thought I had had  
vicissitudes enough and  
wrote that he was  
coming up to take me  
home to the prairie.  
With a glad heart, I set  
about packing again. I  
had almost finished on  
the evening before  
Ernest was to arrive,

when Dr. Brown, who had somehow  
gotten wind of my plans, appeared on  
the scene and said I must not  
think of returning to Aligarh  
just yet, that the sudden change  
of altitude and temperature might  
do harm to the baby's life. Then with  
tearful eyes I said; but when  
I must come next morning at  
ten o'clock the news was broken,  
and instead of taking us back with  
this or that as our own home to Edgely  
a nice boardinghouse. He himself  
returned to Aligarh the same  
day in the midst of a pouring rain.  
I had been a long, hard, not, expensive  
trip. Still we don't consider the 60  
rupees spent on it, wasted exactly.  
In the sight of each other again  
even for a short time, did us both  
good. We are settled well with  
the two ladies-miscellaneous; and a

trying to be content and  
happy until we can be  
with our hubby and daddy  
again - probably the 1st of Oct.

The "cruel separation"  
which is inevitable  
almost every summer, is  
one of the hard things  
about life in India.  
It is particularly trying  
this summer since it  
is the first separation  
into upon me all the  
responsibility of bringing  
up and caring for Hub  
& little daughter. She seems  
very well except for attacks  
of ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> but somehow or

other, was just reversed  
matters. Sleeps all day  
and is awake all  
night. For two weeks  
at least, I have had to be  
up with her anywhere  
from 12:30 till 6:30 A.M.

I have an ayah who helps  
take care of her. But  
these native women  
aren't very satisfactory.

is dressing in third  
one today and taking  
on a new one tomorrow.

Alan is a very much  
admired little lady  
Every one speaks of her  
perfect body features.



the hair hasn't rubbed off yet. She still has plenty of it and it's actually beginning to curl. Her eyes are very dark - they may be brown after all, instead of blue. She weighs between  $8\frac{1}{2}$  & 9 lbs. now. She weighed barely six pounds when she was born. She is beginning to see things; when she is awake, she sits up and takes notice like a grown up.

The hillsides are lovely now during the rains, covered with wild dahlias of all colors. Most of the trees are covered with a thick growth of moss, out of which our old oaks grow innumerable delicate ferns.

My sister Mary has a new baby - little Jimmie, born on July 2nd.

Baby Helen seems to be  
wanting something  
to do for, in this time  
you coming  
Margaret.

Allahabad, Aug. 11, 1910.

My dear folks,

It is some warm tonight in India. It rained last night and was cloudy all day today, but not the cool and cloudy days that we have at home. No, indeed, not that kind, but the kind that makes you go around with the back of their coats all wet. It looks like I had fallen down on a slushy day at home, to have the shoulders all wet with perspiration, and the front of the knees. I have always thought that a right royal sweater, but I am nothing compared to Dr. King and the men out here, named Hunter. They are wet all the time. But it is real to see such sweaters on a sticky day out here.

I mentioned in my last letter that I was going to the mountains to bring back my darling to me. Well, I went, but I did not bring her back. It was not my fault. I left on Saturday, per schedule, and sailed along on a good fast train called the "Punjab Mail". I left at eleven and arrived there at the end of the line on Sunday morning at five. I was not kept in my usual quiet way. I took a carriage and drove down. It was raining. It was not raining it was pouring over a dam. I came down in five gallon cans. When I arrived at Dehra Dun, I had a cup of tea and much to the surprise of the Englishmen, who were waiting around to clear off, I mounted my horse and started up the mountain to rescue the wife and little child. I had not gone a hundred yards before I fell. I had the cat that little Tommie Green thru in the well. The usual time made for going up that mountain is from three to four hours. I came down in one hour and forty minutes. I was in the arms of my wife and child. But much to my surprise, they were both crying. At first, I thought that they were crying out of sheer joy in seeing the chief of the tribe, but I was disillusioned, for I found that our Dr. Brown had told Margaret she took the baby down to the plains, the child would probably die. I did not like to go down after that, for fear something might happen. The men in Allahabad were telling us that it would be all right to take the child. Then I went over to see the Dr. and cursed him out and told him to butt in, but he was firm and continued to say that it was not safe to take the young child down into the heat, and that there were no children's hospitals in India, because of that than any other cause. Dr. Brown also got Margaret and began to knock vigorously on my table, the landing down. He said to her, "Margaret lost her nerve and I don't blame her. She said she would take her down and nothing went wrong, she could never forgive herself." So we decided to listen to the Drs. and let the child stay up. She could not remain in the "Punjab" alone. I found her a beautiful house where there were a lot of other folks, and there was a lot of company. She is much happier here. I had with me a contrivance down the hill that was to keep the queen and the attendant. It is called in technical language "Jandi". It is a cross between a ball roller and a pair of gymnastic parallel bars. There were men to carry the contrivance, and two others to spell them. It was so that I kept reasonably dry. It was very humiliating to be going along on the shoulders of men who were no better than I was. At last, I started my home journey and reached Allahabad at three o'clock on Monday. I had travelled five hundred and seventy miles to have my wife with me. I had spent about twenty dollars. But you, it was worth it. Margaret and Helen will remain in the cold



very till the first of October. Then it will grow cooler here, I hope.  
On last Friday night, Allahabad Mission lost one of its good  
members. Mr. Anders died, after a short illness. He had a bad case  
of pneumonia. I liked him very much. He had been sent home last  
year and came back, before he was entirely well. He was really a  
good man. He had last year a bad case of the enteric fever, and he  
came in a very nervous condition. His wife and her two children will  
soon return soon to America. She is anticipating settling soon in  
America and educating her two bairns. Isn't it very sad. The Americans  
have been hit hard this summer, having lost three. Miss Williamson, Miss  
and Mr. Anders. The first two of cholera and the last one from  
water of troubles, peculiar to the East.

Your good letters which you wrote at the receipt of the news of  
her arrival came this week and were much appreciated. I too wish  
you might see her. Everyone who knows Bessie and has any native  
intelligence says that she is the prettiest child that they have ever  
seen. I hope that she will keep her nerve up and grow strong. The  
attention from her dad is of course hard on her.

I envy you your visit to the old town that we children must  
call home. There is no place that I would have rather grown up  
in than Marysville. The more I saw of it the more I liked it.  
My best to all of Aunties and Aunt Lane, and to all of the Luten.  
I stop now and write to my family.

Goodnight. With lots of love,

Your devoted son and brother,

Ernest





My dear parents,

One month ago today, college opened again. Things are going along nicely. We have a good staff of teachers and they are love with the work. I would be very happy in the work, if I did not have those awful examinations hanging over me, which I must take in October. I have not had the time to prepare properly, for the college has taken up much of my time that there is not very much left for my studies. Most of the progress I have made was made in the summer vacation, and then I had a good many interruptions. The arrival of the young lady was not calculated to encourage me in looking for Persian, Sanscrit or Arabic roots. I have covered most of the work required however, but will not have the chance to review it properly. The man who was here before me simply did not try the language exams, saying that he did not have the time to do it. But it has been done however by other men who were working in the college. Those men had special gifts for language study. I am not worrying much. I have been faithful and have not loafed on the job, and if they think that I do not have the proper qualifications, why it can't be helped.

No letter came from you last week. I expect that you are exhausted by the big showing that you made the week before, when you had received the news of the infant's arrival. I am still hoping that I will have better luck this week.

Margaret is located in a cottage called "Edgehill". There are many others in this cottage, and they are very kind to her and thoughtful in helping her with the baby. She is much more cheerful there than she was in the "Firs", when she was living there all alone in the daytime and few visitors breaking in on her loneliness. The little girl seems to have the unhappy habit of turning the day into night. She sleeps in the day-time and gets in splendid form to give her mother a night of it. She usually falls asleep about two or three in the morning. Margaret has tried to keep her awake in day-time, but it seems hopeless. It is as hard to get her to sleep as it is to keep her awake, when her mind is set against either operation. Margaret has been having a little tennis up there, and she says that it has done her good. It rains so much that it is pretty hard to get it in.

We also have been having some rain. It has cheered us up wonderfully. It looked for a while as if we were not going to get any rain, but it came at last and in time to save this district from a famine. If it keeps on, even for another four weeks, all will be well, they say. The air is full of dampness. My shoes grow mildew in a day, and all of my leather backed books must be wiped off frequently or they will get into the same condition.

There will be special meetings here, beginning on next Monday. They are for the deepening of the spiritual life of the Christians. We are hoping that we may be richly blessed. If we only have an awakening here such as Korea has had in the native land, even in spite of the caste system, we might see great things. Hasn't it been wonderful how the kingdom has grown in that land? Seven years ago, in Korea, there were signs up at the cross-roads that any foreign Christian should be killed, and that if there was found and native reading a Christian book, he also was to meet the same fate.



[illegible]

There is being special efforts made in our college to reach the non-Christian students. We are having outside speakers come to address the students on some religious topic. He comes on a Saturday and remains over till Sunday and addresses them again on Sunday, as many of them as will come, and tries to drive home to them their need of Christ. That is one of the sad things about it, for they do not seem to realize their awful need. From what little I have been able to learn, there seems to be little in their own faith which will fill the normal desire to know truth and God.

I am remaining in good form on the plains, and am getting a good deal done. I have just a little too much, and it keeps me on the ragged edge all of the time, but it is not much too much. It is, as it has always been with me, the outside things which take the time. Y.M.C.A. work and I am editor of a college paper, and the student's athletics take some time and interest. It seems as if I was born to do the little things on the side, that nobody else wishes to do. Still, everybody is working up to the full, and the weather is not very conducive to hard work. It has been somewhat cooler here however, during the last week, and today was quite bearable, for we had a big rain last night. The whole thing is "a man's job", and is worth the best that a man can put into it.

It is getting late and I have several other letters to write, so I don't stop talking to you. I will not get to bed till three A.M. I am sending this to Marysville. I wish that I was going with it, and that I could stay long enough to have a good powwow with you, then I would be willing to come back and get to work. Give my love to Mokie, Auntie, May and Aunt Dane. Tell Aunt Dane that I think that a trip would do her good, and that we would be very happy to have her pay us a visit.

Yours lovingly,

Ernest -

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1900



My dear papa and mamma,

Do you think that your youngest son is entirely devoid of humor? Let me tell you something: He is not. It may be a crude and indelicate sort, but he surely has it to a remarkable degree. Can you see things to laugh at when all of his friends fail. Do you think he is devoid of a memory? He is not, only with regard to his debts. Do you think that the humor of the present situation does not make a very tremendous appeal to him? It does. He can see the father standing on a street-corner, in Marysville, and saying: "Well, boy, you must write to us, for your mother's sake". Then the brother saying, "Write to me whenever you can but write to the folks every week". Then one night as Mamma and I were talking the thing over, she said: "Of course you will write to us every week and that will make it easier. The last thing Aunt Lucy said to me, as I told her goodbye at Auntie's, was: "Be sure and write to your mother". Uncle Port and Daddy gave me this machine which I enjoy so much that; "You can write us good long letters". I have done my darndest. I have got up early, I have gone to bed late, I have shirked and shunted other things, but I have not missed one week since I left home, not one. Is the joke? Why here it is---I think that you must average about a letter in three weeks. You have time to build chicken-coops, and grade land; buy houses and sell houses; just sitting around waiting for the want relatives to die off and leave you large and copious fortunes;; you won't invest five cents in sending a letter to your loving son and daughter and grand-daughter, oftener than once in three weeks. "Son, write to us". "Yes, dear parents, only you need never answer".

Another week has gone like lightening. It has been a very busy one, but a pleasant one. It has not been as hot as some of the others, but it has been hot enough. It was this cool one night, that I got up and found the punkah-wala (Fan-puller) was working quite busily (it must have been that which woke me up) and that I really felt a little chilly. I reached down and pulled the sheet up as far as I could. I told it around and all made a note of it in their dairies. It is very rare that we use even a sheet to cover us. The weather is going nicely, in the college. It takes too much time. I bet that you will learn that language so that I dare preach in it to an intelligent audience. Well, such is life. I am mighty tired tonight. We have been having special meetings this week and they have taken extra time and money. But they have been very fine meetings and have done lots of good. I closed tonight. I think the reason why I feel so punk, is that I have not had any time for exercise for a full week. In this country, a man should take some exercise frequently. Then I am working night and day on my examinations which are to come in October. I hope that I will not disgrace the family when they come off. When I get in bed tonight, I begin to set English sentences for myself and try to put them in Hindustani. Two nights ago, I could not sleep, so I talked Urdu to myself almost all night. Next day I felt as if I would not care if I never heard another word of the language. I suppose that I am progressing but it seems pretty slow. I think that the most progress I have made in the last weeks has been made in understanding what is said to me. I heard and understood quite a good deal of the sermon. But the preacher was an American. It is harder to understand a native, when they are rattling on about forty miles per hour.





It looks here now as if we would remain in Allahabad another year. Mr Avey who has charge of the Technical department is going home. There is a man here who is to take his place in the shops, but it will probably fall to my lot to take over the Leper Plasm which was Higganbottoms' when he was here. Dr Ewing said "It looks now as if you would have to stay here whether you want to do so or not". I told him a couple of times that I should like to get into district work until I had learned the language and the people. It seems to me to be most necessary to do this. It is so hard to learn to speak the vernacular where everybody speaks English as they do in the college. Well if I can once get to the point where I can have more agency in the language, then I might take on some vernacular preaching and do some practical work. I can get that here, besides the regular work. In the districts, one has to learn to speak. No one knows English.

One year ago tomorrow, Margaret and I were married. It has been a very short year, but a lot has happened in that short time. I am all for the marriage state, even tho' one sometimes must be separated from one's better half for so long a time. Margaret and the little girl seem to be getting along well and seem to be reasonably happy in their new place. I think that Margaret will be back in the "Firs" in another week. Then it will be only a short month before they will dare to come down. Will I be glad to see them? Does the fish like the water? I hope that Helen will like to sleep at nights in Allahabad better than she likes it in the Hills. She can sleep like a top during the whole day, but when night comes, she begins to make the night hideous and keeps Ma awake until the wee small hours. Otherwise she is a model child and is much admired by all the intelligent. She is most beautiful and has her pap's sense of humor.

This week, I looked out of my room and saw a big alligator about fourteen feet long swimming quietly along in the River Jumna, about a hundred yards from me. It is the first one I ever saw. If I had had a gun, I could have shot him easily, and you could all have had new suits made from his pelt.

Well, dear parents, goodnight. I am going to get to work on the heathen, barbaric tongue. Please write to me when you feel like it and always remember that you are the only parents that I ever loved, therefore I am interested in you .

Your Loving Son,

Ernest.



Edgehill

Bandour, Muscovie  
India.

Aug. 25, 1910.

Dear Mother & Daddy Well-

I have  
time for only a short  
note today before the  
home mail goes out;  
but want to enclose a  
couple of snapshots  
which one of the young  
ladies in the house  
took a few days ago.  
Haven't our baby a good,



big smile for a 10 weeks old child.  
We had to keep her so bundled up  
that you can scarcely see her in  
the one picture.

I am sorry the full length of the  
ayah doesn't show. But this will  
give you some idea of her costume.

We have been playing tennis  
these days when the rain would  
permit; also badminton, a  
favorite English sport. The  
exercise is doing me good, and I  
am feeling so well, but am  
tired a good deal of the time  
because baby keeps me up so much  
at night. She is growing rapidly;  
and looks very wise & knowing.  
It is killing to watch her efforts to  
get her thumb into her mouth. She

can't quite manage it  
yet, but I am sure she  
is going to accomplish  
the first one of these days.

Tomorrow is our  
first anniversary; and  
to think we can't  
celebrate together! It's  
a shame, isn't it?

Love to you all,  
Mildred.

Allahabad, Sep. 1" 1910.

Dear Theodore,

Another hot month has gone and brings us one step nearer the much longed for cooler weather. In a couple of months the nights will be quite decent and sleep will be more refreshing. I wish that you might be here now and see India. It is not to be wondered at, that the old East India Company used to give such glowing accounts of the Gem of the East. Every thing is green and beautiful. It seems to me that the beauty can't last all of the year.

Margaret writes that the baby weighs eleven pounds and is 23 and a half inches. She is said to be, by the critics, a long baby for her weight. I think they say "long" until the child can stand on her little feet and then they say "tall". I am learning a great many things about babies which I never knew before. I suppose I could tell you some things about babies that you have forgotten. I am very anxious to know how they are getting along up there and so Margaret writes every day, and as she expects to receive as much as she gives, she expects me to write every day and I do it. Isn't that being some for me to write to anyone, even a wife, every day? I have not missed a single day since I came down.

So the Goldmans are cutting down expenses. Poor fellows, we expect that they are in a pretty bad way. What do you expect to do? I wouldn't do anything that is not congenial to you. You ought not to undertake anything that would be too confineing. Still, I know you well enough to know that you will be happier doing something. Do you get work with the Wholesale Grocery? I hope that you won't carry over it. I think that you have too much sense to do that. If you could command some capital, I should like to see you give that rice business a whirl. I believe that rice ought to revolutionize that section of Arkansaw. It may seem strange to you, but India is watching Arkansaw's rice growing efforts. I have seen the last year's output of all Arkansaw in the statistical reports of an Indian paper; the most prominent paper of this providence. The reason is this; India is supplying a great deal of Europe's and England's rice. America is a few weeks nearer. If the South of U.S. would get very busy on the rice problem, India fears for her trade. Arkansas's advance last year was very great. She attracted the attention of the rice-raisers here because she is a new field, not that her output compares with the colonies. I have been thinking that there must surely be a lot of money to be made, if Arkansas really does have the soil and the climatic conditions for its raising.

I am working hard on the language work these days. I have not much time now in which to prepare. I don't know whether I will be able to make it or not, but I am going to try hard. I am doing a good bit of night work now, even in spite of the heat. The weather has been very bad here this last week and we all feel a little tired. But it can't last always. The rains here are not as great as they should be. There are two crops a year here. The first one may be O.K., but they are afraid that there has not enough rain fallen to insure the second. In three weeks the rain will all be over for a long time.

Your letters came. One from its dead-letter office. I forgive .

Your loving son, Ernest.





My dear Mamma,

I have just a few minutes to say a word to you. I just finished my lesson in Hindustani, in which I was amazingly. I think that I will be the death of my teacher, for he works over very hard and tries to make an Oriental scholar out of me. It is the same old story; "If I had the time". I surely should enjoy going to these things. Still I know in spite of my periods of discouragement that I am learning something. I ought to be thankful that I am no less than I am, for there is a few people connected with the Mission who are having a worse time than I am even. You can hardly believe how difficult it is to get the old English idioms out of one's head and use the Oriental tongue with all of its volubility. There has just been an interruption. A "sweeper" who worked for me a month ago thrust himself in on me and says that I owe him four cents. Now what do you think of that. Of course I argued it out with him, for I never miss a chance to practise. Then the moral effect is bad on the rest of the crew, to give in on a big thing like four cents. I finally persuaded with the help of two other servants who butted in, that I did not owe him the money. It was a great victory.

Now I must stop and get to work for I have not prepared for teaching for the day.

With lots of love, Ernest

Nothing positively distasteful to me. Well by the time that you receive this letter you may conceive of me as pacing the floor at night with a baby in one hand and a Hindustani book in the other. The exams are on the tenth of October.

Among other duties that have fallen to my lot is to edit the college paper called "The Bulletin". It is a good paper since I have taken hold of it. We have a great variety of news in it. The thing that I must fight shy of is political news. The government does not welcome discussions out here which would throw any discredit on the throne. I think that this would be a poor place for Hearst to edit a paper. He would be out of filler the first day. The second day they would put some in and the third day they would lock him up. This is a strange country and very hard for Americans to make much out of. The English think that we Americans are somewhat bughouse anyway. I think that they are so infatuated with themselves that they are living in the dark ages and don't realize it. Well it takes all kinds of people to make a world like India. India surely has them. Caste, Caste. The Sweeper Caste or the Outcastes. Then the Merchants, then the natives (native) then the Brahmins, then comes a quite large class of people who hate the natives and are cordially hated by them. They are half-English half-Indian. They talk about "these people", meaning the natives and pretend not to know any Hindustani, altho' most of them learned before they knew English. Then we Anglos come in who are either from the colonies or from places England would like to hold as colonies. At the top rung stand the heaven-born. I don't mind them so much now how to take them, from my Beirut experience but they are a trial to some of the Americans. Goodnight. It is very late.

Your loving son,

Ernest





My dear Pa and Ma,

Once more I take my pen in hand to write you a master-  
I am tired tonight and have that feeling that doesn't care  
er school keeps or whether it leaves out, but if there is a balance  
ing it is in favor of the dismissal of the same. These are  
ous days for me. I am doing lots of college work and am trying to  
t ready for the bloody examinations which are soon to come. My  
or Hindustani teacher instead of flattering me in the customary  
ays that "Ap zurur fail karenge". Which means in a Christian  
e, "You are sure to fail". I am afraid that he has the better of  
argument. His consternation is not for my sake for he immediately  
s: "Mera nam beshukh ho jaega". My reputation will all be gone. He  
Moslem, and it is not good to argue with a Moslem and tell him that  
foreign folks know ways of passing exams that are passing strange to  
Oriental mind. He knows nothing about the all night before and the  
towel. I hoped that when I came to the mission field that I was  
with that towel but I must dig it out again and wet her up and see  
can be done. It seems as if I never have time to do any thing de-  
y and in order.

We are both well. Should I say that we are all well.  
ret and I are looking forward to the day of reunion. These days  
paration are not what they are cracked up to be. That old song  
Edwards sings frequently: "My wife has gone to the country, Hurrah"  
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Your loving son,

Ernest



U. S. 813 011

*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

10th of October

FILE NO. 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-104

Edgemoor  
Danbury, Vt. 05566  
India.

Sept. 13, 1915

Dear Mother,

The package  
with the things for baby  
came a few days ago.  
They are so lovely and  
precious - all of them.  
Thank you so much. She  
has had a number of  
pretty gifts from home;  
and you cannot imagine  
how much I appreciate them.

American baby clothes are so  
much prettier than English, and  
of course the latter are the  
only kind we can get in the  
hospitals here. In fact, I don't see  
any English clothes in anything.

Theresa is growing so fast. She weighs  
a good  $11\frac{1}{2}$  pounds now and is 24  
inches long. The garments you  
sent are just the right size - none  
of them too large for her little  
round head just fits the little  
face perfectly and she does look  
summing in it. She is sleeping well  
at night now and is happy and  
bright during the day. I have been  
so pleased that I am able to nurse  
her nicely. Not many mothers in  
India are able to do that. In fact



hoping that I shall  
continue to have  
enough a nourishment  
for our women we go  
back to the plains!

She is getting so strong  
of back and neck and  
is herself well aware  
of the accomplishment  
for when she is awake  
she insists upon  
sitting out upright.  
She has such a  
amazing dark blue eyes

and when she  
sings and coos,  
she is too dear for  
anything. People there  
come and ~~ask~~ to see  
"the wonder baby  
~~they~~<sup>we</sup> have heard so  
much about - the  
sweetest baby in Oandou."  
She loves music.  
We often have her in  
the drawing room  
when we are singing,  
and she is always  
perfectly angelic then;

and even trees to keep along  
with our soft little lovings.

Ernest and I thought we  
were perfectly happy, indeed; but  
the baby has <sup>added</sup> added heaps to the  
joy of our household. Oh, I so  
wish - I could be an, mother  
herself. She is such a pet.

The rains are nearly over in  
the north now and the weather is only  
rawback - that the "shib" is  
not here; and we are eagerly  
looking forward to the time when  
we shall be a united family again.  
I'm hoping to be able to go down  
by the first of October - that it will  
still be very warm over there.  
Much love to you all,  
Margaret.



My dearest papa and mamma, Theodore and Matilda,

We have had a good shower tonight which has cooled things off quite a little and makes living very possible and even enjoyable. Tonight, after work, Edwards and I started off in the carriage to play a tennis match over in the English community, but we had to turn back because of the rain. We got back in time to see the college win a foot-ball game in a very handy style. They played right on in the rain, altho' they got soaked. After a while the field got so wet that they could hardly keep their feet. The boys, for the most part play the game in their bare feet. They can kick the ball half way across the field with the bare foot, in a way that seems marvelous to us Occidentals.

Well, parents mine, it is just one year ago today that your son and daughter bade farewell to their native heath and steamed out of New York harbor. I can see Mike, Port, Jean and Dana yet as they stood on the pier and waved their farewells. That sight will always stay in my memory as long as I can remember anything. But not more plainly than a certain farewell that took place on Auntie's porch, or another that took place after the wedding. After all the year has been short and very enjoyable. The most enjoyable in my life, altho' in some ways it has been the most worrissome. You know what I mean. You have both been married and have both had children. Well it is only seven years before we will be back. Those years will pass before we realize it. The first one has seemed like a month and the rest ought to seem more than a year at the most.

The examinations are approaching and will be the date of my Waterloo. I am working all of the spare time that I can give to them. It is pretty hard to get up nine subjects on three hours a day. If I can get thru one or two of them which worry me more than any of the others, then I shall not worry.

Margaret and Helen are reported well and encresasing in weight on the fine mountain diet. I would like to see them for a few minutes. In a month or less they will be coming down. In less hope. This separation is not what it is cracked up to be.

I am keeping in good health considering the weather. It has been very hot here. It is a trifle cooler here now but is not hot to brag on yet. We surely do drip. When I come in from playing foot-ball with the students, I am just as wet as if I had fallen in water. My little foot-ball panties hardly get dried from one another. I am very thankful for my training in Allahabad and for teaching me to play that game. It is very difficult to play well, and espeically when one comes to it as late as I did. Yet this is my seventh year of it now as I had three years of it in Boston. I am getting so I can play with the students and not have to feel that I am a great drawback. It surely is wonderful, how they play the game. It is the exercise that saves me this weather. If there were not for that I think that I would keel.





We got such a good letter from Martha last week. I almost answered it on the spot, so great was my pleasure. A good letter also came from you people and did me lots of good. It came from Mama and was written from Marysville. The mail also brought a good letter from Harry Southard. It was good to hear news of the Dutch Company. I wish that Margaret might have had a camp with the Dutch for at least one year. It is surely is a good crowd, and I have always felt as Dwight Scott once said, that I "had come into my own" when I got with the Company. I surely did enjoy them so much. There is no place like Marysville for one who has grown up there, but it is not much of a place for an outsider to come into, for the Dutch do not respect mannerisms not our own. Perhaps I am wrong about this but it has seemed to me to be the case.

A couple of weeks ago, Mrs George Scott sent on a cap for Helen, which arrived in good form. They have a little girl which they have called Margaret, and she is just two weeks older than Helen. George, is going to preach someplace in Virginia. I think, deep down in his heart that he feels deeply his regret that he was not allowed to get to the foreign-mission field.

I must go and get to work. I enjoy rambling on thus and breaking all of the rules I lay down for the construction of good English, for when I come to write to you and lay aside the cares of a teacher, I am glad to break all rules. Goodnight,

Your loving son,

W.E.W.

P.S. Please send me some Gillette blades. I am out and am desperate. The razor I bought in Germany can hardly be called a success. I wish that I might find a good razor like that old Magnetic that they used to sell on C.B. & W.

W.E.W.

to me to do the case.  
I am glad to break all rules. Goodnight.

Dear Mr. [Name],  
I am glad to break all rules. Goodnight.

W.E.W.



My dear Pater and Mater,

I am reminded that another week has come around and the home letter is to be written. You see, I am so systematic about every thing and always have a time for everything that that accounts for my being able to get so much done. There is nothing like the system that some of us men have who make the world go round. Do you recall the story of the Jew who was kicked down three flights of stairs by three different men and kicked out of the door by the fourth and went out rubbing himself and exclaiming, "Holy Moses, what a system"! ?

It has been cooler today. Yesterday we had a very hard rain after a very hot day and today it has been cooler and even pleasant to work. We are hoping that this is a beginning of the end, but it is not customary for the cool weather to come until the last of October. Then it gets cooler at nights, so that we can sleep with a certain degree of comfort without the punkah. Welcome the time. It would not be so bad if the punkahwala would keep awake, but the idiot goes to sleep, and as soon as the punkah stops, the mosquitoes nose ~~xxx~~ around and soon begin to bite us into small-pox specimens. We then awaken and light on the poor fellow and tell him what we think of him and his ancestore. He is a fine specimen of physical anatomy but he is blind. He is supposed to sleep all day and pull for us all night. It is 'nt what you might call an exciting life is it? Well he sleeps most of the day and as soon ~~ax~~ as we are asleep, he lies down on the stone floor and proceeds to join us in bye-lo-land. Edwards doused him with water the other night, and he never said a word. He knew that he deserved it.

Margaret writes that Helen is flourishing like a green bay tree. She has given over her bad habits, of her Dad of turning day-time into night-time, and now has been known to go to sleep at ten and stay asleep till seven, but that is abnormal for her. She must not have been well that night. Margaret likes her very much, and says that she prefers her to any of the other children, so I am content that it is so. I hope that they may be able to join me here in the college in about three weeks. Just think, Margaret has been living off of the shelf in the Hills for five months. She is very anxious to get back home again and see me and "Butterfly". Butterfly is flourishing and dos'nt take anybody's dust that we meet on the road. She breaks the harness up sometimes in her enthusiasm to get home to the stable, but she means no harm and the harness is not as new as it might be. She does not get the use she ought to have, when Margaret is not here. These days when the examinations are so close I do not go out very much. Mrs Ewing borrows her occasionally, and I am always glad to have her used. The Ewings have two horses, but they are on the go so much that it takes three horses to keep them supplied at times.

On Tuesday, I went across the Jumna River to see the Loper plume. It seems that if I am here next year (after annual meeting which comes in three weeks) I am to have charge of that department of the work. It surely is a great work, and Higginbottom has enthused over it a lot. When he comes back, he will take charge of it again and run it and the Agricultural School both. It is hard to visit





and come away without being saddened. There are over a hundred of them there, in different stages of the disease. As we were walking along among the people, Mr Avey pointed out a little child, who had been born there I believe. At an early age he was taken away and put in the Home for Untainted Children which the mission and the Government are running, but after awhile the disease showed itself on him and he had to be taken back to the Asylum. It is not much of an outlook with which to start life, is it? He was a nice looking boy. They are well fed and well housed by funds supplied by the Mission and the Government. Those who are able have work to do in cultivating the field which are connected with the Asylum. When the Agricultural Farm gets going they, who are able will be put to work to some advantage. Each one has his or her little plot of ground, which they take care of, raising flowers and vegetables. I noticed one plot that was much more beautiful than any of the rest and found that it belonged to a Christian woman who was taken with the disease not long ago. At first she was very rebellious, but when she got accustomed to it all, she took her Bible and went to work. Much as she was to be pitied, she soon found that there others who were more to be pitied than she, so she teaches the women about Christ, and does a great deal to make their life bearable there. She has been a great help to the teacher who is in charge there. There are many Christians among the others there.

Well, I must go to the work. I am reading a very solid book on the Hindu faith, on which I am to take an examination shortly. It will be a relief when all of these examinations are over, for they have been hanging over me all year. Of course, there will be another next year, but that is a year off.

Your good letter came to me on Saturday last and did me the customary "Lots of good". You are doing much better these days. I will make you good correspondents yet, if I keep at it. It is a great sensation for me to be able to criticize anybody for not writing regularly. You can not imagine how much pleasure I get out of it. It does you no harm and it does me lots of good.

Your loving and devoted son,

Ernest

ago he was taken away and put  
in the hospital.

is a lot of young, white, and  
a vegetable. I noticed one shot  
at the front of the house.

There others who were more to be  
seen to the woman at night, and  
last life he was there. He had  
to be in of a house. There are  
many of them.

on the 1st of the month. I am  
on the 1st of the month. I am  
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on the 1st of the month. I am

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on the 1st of the month. I am  
on the 1st of the month. I am

from loving and devoted men.

Allahabad,

Sept. 29" 1910

Dear Papa and dear Mamma,

I am sweating some, as I sit and write to you my weekly bulletin of news. Yet it is getting some cooler, but a stranger might notice it in the middle of the day. Yet to us old stagers, it is not apparent, and we often comment on it. We are at least on the edge-stretch, and in one more month, the pleasant season of the year will begin. In ten days, I will be joined in Allahabad, by my wife and child. Needless to say that I look forward to that time with a great deal of anticipation. This is a cruel life and it takes a good deal to live it and not get soured. I am the above and am therefore cheerful as a setting hen, who has been routed from her nest.

This is letter night, and as I write, I hear the sound of Edward's Underwood going in the next room. One of our teachers bought a new model Remington, this week. We have a lot of fun teasing each other about our different machines. Edward's is the new model Underwood, and has a back-spacer which mine lacks, and does run a little (a very little) less noisily. He tells me that he can not hear a thing in his room when I am writing. I come back at him by remarking about the size of his type. His type are the smaller size. I tell him that he ought to send a magnifying glass with every letter. In the office, there is an Oliver and another English machine, called "Yost". After having used this machine, I would not care to use any one of them except under protest.

Tomorrow is a holiday, and I am very glad. We have no exams on Saturday and a little teaching of an hour or so, and then have a rest for a couple of weeks. The rest is ideal for me, for it comes just before the language exams. I will work long and hard to get into some sort of shape for them, for I am not in very good condition. Hemphill, has done very well in the language work, but he had had a couple of years of experience in Arabic (written) and has had much more time for studying than I have had.

Last night, as I sat reading a Hindustani news-paper, a snake came up on the porch and called in to me. I asked him what the confusion was, and he said that a full-sized snake had died at his hands. I went out to see it. It was not a cobra, for it had no hood. It was only about four feet long but quite thick. I told the servant: "Is it a dangerous kind, or not?" He replied, "No, it is not, there is nothing to save". It had died at his hands in the back yard, about forty feet from the steps, and much nearer the servants' quarters. I was glad it had died. I was glad that Margaret was not here, for sometimes people in this land get so that they are looking for them, and it gets on their nerves. In your answer-letter do not say anything about it, for I will not tell her of it. A week or so ago, Mrs. Ewing's servant killed a cobra, which was in the stable with the horse. But altho' there are a few, yet the thing is not over worked, and the liver is infinitely more dangerous in the city than the snakes. Yet the returned missionaries never talk about the dangers of the liver, at home, but it is always adding to the al-



...the first time...

I am interested in you, as I am with  
of course. But it is not in your  
...the first time...

...the first time...

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ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Allahabad,*

190

ready difficult social position of the poor snake . A missionary lady told me that she had been in India for thirteen years and had never seen a snake. That might be possible, so you see that there is very little danger. Yet I must admit that this lady probably did not go out very much. April, a year ago, Higginbottom killed a bad sort in our dining-room. I am glad that this one died at his hands. To have had the snake stay on, is apt to interfere with one's appetite.

It is now almost midnight, and I must seek my downy. Think how I love my parents, to stay up so late to write to them. I don't suppose they make sons that like their parents any better than your sons like you.

Your dutiful and devoted son,

W.E.W.



2. 100,000 ft. 100,000 ft. 100,000 ft. 100,000 ft. 100,000 ft.

INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION,

Jhansi.

Allahabad, Oct/ 6" 190

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I have just a few minutes to get this letter off/ it is on a borrowed machine, an Underwood, but it has its period where the oblique ought to be and vice-versa. Therefore in this letter always call / a./ I have come up here during the few days of vacation which we have, and have been attending Presbytery and have been getting a lot of good Hindustani practise and have been much edified/ Jhansi is a nice station and I like it and the Formans very much. I rather think that I should like to come and work here if the need of the college were not so great. Mr Forman has shown me the whole works and I should like to come, but I think it very probable that I shall be returned to the college this year, for the college is going to suffer great losses in the way of men. Avey goes in January and Edwards will probably go in June much to my sorrow for he is the salt of the earth in every way; very able and congenial and generally satisfactory!

My language examinations begin next Monday and I suppose that they might as well come for I might as well have them over'. I am sure of passing some of them anyway and perhaps I shall pass them all, who knows. It will be a great blessing when they are all over and I shall start work next year with a clear conscience. In language work one should not be hurried and that is what has happened to me, for I have felt recently that I did not have all the time that I needed for the work, and hence have tried to cram. Cramming is very bad in language and very disastrous.

Tomorrow will be a great day for your little Willie, for his family are coming back from the Hills, and he will see them again. It is strange how one's family gets such a strong hold on one in such a short time, but it does. I am very anxious to see them and they both assure me that it is mutual. I can understand how Theodore must have looked forward to getting home when he lived in Arkansas, and how delighted he must have been to come home and find his family back of the door. Then was great days. Little Ernie could not figure the idea of having his poor tired dad, after a long and arduous day's labour, not able to find the wife of his bosom and his three live kiddies, so he calls out; "Here we are". Wasn't that sweet of him? I remember it all as if it were yesterday.

A fine letter came from Mike not long ago. It was good. Martha and Mike to limber up after such a long time of inactivity. Martha must be a jim-cracker to support her husband with her painting. I am going to suggest to Margaret that I take a Dr's degree and see what she says. She is a fine woman and much to good to waste on a man of my way. I reckon when Mike becomes President of Killbuck College he will tell the simple impecunious students how he worked his way thru' college and post-graduate school, and after hard labour at last attained doctorate. Well they will enjoy looking back on those days of material intellectual feasting with a great deal of pleasure. In words of our friend Vergil (not Shellhart) Fortisam nos memnisse placeat. I do not know what that means but it makes the page look learned, and I had a hard time recalling it. If you have any trouble, let Jean to correct it and to translate.

Dr Ewing and I gabbed till high on to two o'clock. He is sleeping. I may join him, but I wish to assure you first of my affection and love.

Your Youngest, Ernest.



Jimna Mission  
Allahabad, India  
Oct. 14, 1900

Dear Mother + Daddy,

it fast we are

a united family once more.  
Mrs. Bress and I could stand  
the hills no longer and last  
week just as soon as we heard  
that a break in the P.P. due  
to the heavy rains had been  
made, we set forth on our  
trip down country. The first  
part of the journey, 7 miles  
down the mountain side we  
made in litters. The carriers  
had gone ahead with our  
injury, 2 mounds - 4.000. 7.10  
2.40 I this was mine. I  
had almost everything in one  
very large heavy trunk weighing  
about 200 lbs. I had sent for

two coaches to carry it down hill out of  
one man took it in his back till about  
distance the men are paid by the  
number of mounds they carry. as I could  
very well to take as much as could be  
done, too much it would slide in there  
down it. Perfectly tremendous mounds  
one was being carried up and down in  
the mounds of small, but, at times,  
Buckley Bayport in about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours, or  
took a trolley, drew two wheeled cart pulled  
to accommodate with passengers, and  
and were driven seven miles to the  
mine where we stopped in a few  
minutes to visit with Mrs. Tice, one of  
our missionaries stationed there.  
then went on to the station arriving  
several hours early in order to reach  
the good compartment on the train.  
The trip down was, with warm; still  
there was a good breeze blowing from  
the car which made things quite  
comfortable. But were sad to reach  
home at night. The train was a couple of  
hours late and we were tired & lost.

The lady drove the trip very well. We felt



the best a mother can first  
couple 4 days, but has often  
admitted when not doing  
about as well as usual  
except that she keeps very  
little during the day. When  
she makes up for it  
at night. I have a good  
Christian girl now &  
free perfectly safe in  
leaving the baby with her  
when it is necessary.

The boys are of our pleasant  
entertainment the evenings  
nights. I have not found

the best at all trying.  
We used the bunkbeds in  
our old room for two  
nights, but have since dis-  
cussed with them all over  
the house.

And very sad thing happened  
to our bunkbeds when a couple  
of days ago, we had come  
in the morning as usual  
to find our old room  
bunkbed in the night But  
before his work began,  
he was taken sick and was

three and shells of tomatoes. At Edwards  
we saw some medicine which  
seemed to mean much, but it was very  
weak and so on the second day we  
went to a doctor of low skill. He would  
not or could not leave, so there  
seemed nothing to do, for it was now  
getting cold, but he had to leave.  
However we were awakened several  
times in the night by his groans  
and at last had to get up to give him  
water. He now seemed to be in a  
serious condition in the morning  
as soon as possible I sent him  
to the hospital in our carriage. That  
was our consternation when word  
came to us in the evening that he  
had died in the afternoon of Sunday.  
Well, we had some dissection at once  
and put the body from under and sent

that's about as close  
as I come to it to the  
disease.

Ernest is working day +  
night on his examinations  
this week, has gotten along  
very well there & he will  
soon get the papers haven't  
been shops to any means.  
I haven't been able to do my  
systematic studies with  
them, so am not taking  
them this year.

Ernest & Mr. Edwards have kept  
house very well in my absence  
but they seem to be glad to  
turn over the reins to me now.

Much love to you all  
Margaret

We are all well and happy  
Allen is growing like  
the weed and we are  
trying to be true to  
her. She has good taste  
a good strong voice, a  
large appetite and the  
power of appreciating  
differences between new

and things - I think  
we are a pleasant  
if the correct meaning  
means. After a more  
interesting meeting.  
One gets down with  
all the other measures  
in this district.  
The measures of the  
district are - that  
change the Bureau's standing  
in the schools - the 4 changes -  
the 5 changes - The 6 changes -  
the 7 changes - The 8 changes -  
a lot of things a very  
good one.



and in all but one  
feel that I have  
done well - I have  
one other left, but  
do not hesitate -  
how different  
I will be. The  
examiner does  
me that I had  
done well in  
the conversation.  
It surely is  
a great relief  
to have them over

4. talk of affection and the  
which is put forward to  
persuade her to go to school  
The first she likes, the last  
she does not care for  
We are having a fine  
new and enjoyable  
association and attending  
the work of the others.  
Yours Truly,  
Edwin T.  
Kendon has the.

There are two people located at the airport, and the first person from the plane is a girl of about 18 years of age, who is a member of the Air Force. She is a blonde, and there is a girl with her, who appears to be a very capable young lady.



Allahabad,

190

Last night I was a little sick, but today I am in the  
office again. It has been a good change and I feel much more  
like working than I did some weeks ago. I have a lot of  
work which has piled up while I was recovering from the illness.  
The weather is mighty pleasant these days. The days are still  
very hot, but the nights are pleasantly cool and I sleep under  
a quilt and a steamer-rug last night.

Daddy, your good letter came last Sunday, and did me  
a lot of good. I hope that the father's health is better  
at this time, for I don't like to have his visit. He is such  
a good mother that she does not deserve to be sick at all at  
all. I hope that they will keep you on at the bank until  
January, and then you can go into your book-keeping work. I  
am glad that you have not accepted the job with the father. I  
think that the father is all right, but I am not so sure of the  
mother. I have always liked Mary Blakely, even in spite of  
her sporting tendencies. I surely could not tell you  
in that for you do not need to worry over it at all. It  
is the best source of great worry for you. Now in the rice-  
fields coming on in which C.D.O. is interested.  
We are all well and hope the same can be said of  
you. I would like to see you and so would Margaret and so would  
John and so would the whole family. I am sure that  
the father's household. I hope Mary likes it at school.

Your loving son,

Ernest

This pen is not working  
very well. - This is the one  
you sent out a Parker.





Allahabad,

Nov. 3rd

1892.

My dear Parents,

Another week has gone, and we are all in the run-  
ning, and kicking. Margaret and the little one both have  
coughs, but I think they both are on the mend. At this time  
of the difference between the high and low temperatures, it is  
almost impossible to keep them taking colds. The average  
winter degree, counting the sun temperature, is 40 and 60.

I have now taken my full work in the college, and  
am not at all. I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning, and feel that  
this is the expense of the college work. I cannot say that  
I am doing right but there is no other way of doing this college  
work, besides giving it one's attention. I have two classes  
of English reading, daily, and the classes of English and  
Latin. Besides, I am the chief editor of the college pub-  
lication; Secretary of the college Anti-Slavery Society, and in charge  
of the Sunday School, and a few other things which take time.  
Margaret is a great help to me and I don't see how I get along  
without her, before she came on. So you see that I am very busy.  
For Margaret, she has taken a couple of classes in the school, and  
teaches daily from two till three thirty. With the care of the  
house and the infants, she has thought to keep her legs. Let us like  
the work and are glad we came.

No word came from you last week, but we are hoping  
to hear from you this week. It seems a long time since it was  
of your letters, but we are waiting for it. As your last letter, I  
think the biggest was not quite all and we are especially anxious  
to hear this week.

Word came to us this week of Annie's going to her-  
itage. We are very glad that this has come to pass for she is  
very bright and might easily have been a great help to the  
college's seminary. I have heard of her going to the college  
and living with her. I don't know what she will do, but  
I am hoping that she will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that she will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that she will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that she will be a great help to the college.

There was a place out here which called for Will  
and his abilities. But it also called for more, it called for a  
man who was a large intellectual and who was a great help to the  
college. I have heard that he will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that he will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that he will be a great help to the college.  
I have heard that he will be a great help to the college.



had that training. It seems that most mechanics prefer the sort of work. Well there is no accounting for tastes.

Edwards is in his room playing the violin. I wish you could hear it on days. He is not so brilliant as Carroll White, but he has a touch that brings tears from the most stoney-hearted. There are times when I rather wish that he would not play for it is not good for some of the blues, to hear him play. When I think what he might have been, and gave it up for the work in India, I take heart and work a little harder.

I must stop now and go to the law library. I have taken a lot of time, especially as the work is new to me. Next year, if I am here, I shall be in charge to put more time on the language and outside interests.

With lots of love from us both, I am,

Your loving Son,

Ernest

good because we were afraid you would not. In this was your offer to send us long nice letter we sure of it. The number was not stated, so will you please send us some magazines. The number was not stated, so will you please send us all of the popular magazines which have lots of light fiction and very little meat. Margaret wishes the Rack and Tip Top Library, but I think we ought to have something heavier than these. I think she would like to have the Ladies Home Journal, but she hates to ask for it for fear I would not enjoy it. Now that is a right smart expensive, and so if you think you had better stop there, why it will be O.K. with us. If you feel flush after taking a lot of Goldman's good money, why send me McClures or Everybody's, I don't care which. I don't know about postage but it might be worth while to have the magazine sent to you first and after having read it, bundle it up and sent it on to us. We don't mind out here if our magazines are a little stale. It was mighty good of you to think of it for we haven't taken anything this year, and have felt the need of it. Yet Edwards takes The Outlook and the Swings take the British Weekly. Yet it will be great life to have a magazine all of our own. The MacGregors take Harpers, which we can see when we take the trouble to look for it.

The "Pioneer", our best daily of this province, has just been brought in by Edwards in which it tells of the landslide which the Democrats are making in the State elections. It looks as if we could probably have a Democrat ~~Republican~~ President. Personally I am glad for it seems as if the Republican party needs a lesson. The name but it may be Woodrow Wilson. It surely is in his favor that he gave me a Master's Degree.

We are all well and happy. We are working hard these days and are enjoying the cooler weather. It has been raining for the last two days. It is quite unusual for it does not usually rain until





Allahabad,

Nov. 10"

1910

Dear Home-folks,

This is a close of a busy-day, and I am a little weary and do not expect to write a whole lot tonight. I began the day with a very difficult lesson with my Hindustani teacher, and then we had a guest for breakfast, and then I worked like a slave to get ready for my classes for the day. Then I had four classes and then had lunch and then worked on the preparation for another class, and taught that. Then I came home and prepared for my first Hindustani talk I have ever given. It was to the shop men in the Fork-shop. An evening meeting is held there every evening and is conducted by the teachers. I have long been daring myself to take one of these meetings but could never get up courage enough. It did not go quite as well as I had expected but I was pretty badly scared. Yet I am very glad that the ice has been broken. Then I changed my clothes and went across the city and attended an hour lecture on Hinduism. Got back at eight and we had dinner. Then I came to my machine to tell my dear parents what a hard worker I am. Is'nt it fun to tell folks hard we work. It seems to do us so much good and we seem quite righteous in our own eyes.

Mamma's good letter came last week, and did us so much good because we were afraid she was quite sick. Then we got such a long nice letter to sure of it. In this was your offer to send us some magazines. The number was not stated, so will you please send us all of the popular magazines which have lots of light fiction and very little meat. Margaret wishes the Duck and Tip Top Library, but I think we ought to have something heavier than these. I think she would like to have the Ladies Home Journal, but she hates to ask for it for fear I wouldn't enjoy it. Now that is a right smart expensive, and so if you think you had better stop there, why it will be O.K. with us. If you feel flush after taking a lot of Goldman's good money, why send me McClures or Everybody's, I don't care which. I don't know about postage but it might be worth while to have the magazine sent to you first and after having read it, bundle it up and sent it on to us. We don't mind out here if our magazines are a little stale. It was mighty good of you to think of it for we haven't taken anything this year, and have felt the need of it. Yet Edwards takes the Outlook and the Wings take the British Weekly. Yet it will be great life to have a magazine all of our own. The MacGregors take Harpers, which we can see when we take the trouble to look for it. The "Pioneer", our best daily of this province, has just been brought in by Edwards in which it tells of the landslide which the Democrats are making in the State elections. It looks as if we could probably have a Democrat ~~Maximilian~~ President. Personally I am glad for it seems as if the Republican party needs a lesson. The name but it may be Woodrow Wilson. It surely is in his favor that he gave me a Master's Degree. We are all well and happy. We are working hard these days and are enjoying the cooler weather. It has been raining for the last two days. It is quite unusual for it does not usually rain until





*Allahabad,*

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December, when it is the custom to have two or three days. It is nice to have the dust laid. Little Helen is doing nicely and is getting quite a young lady. She was weighed on her five-month-birthday and weighed sixteen pounds. I am the only original baby-charmer for I have got her bluffed. She is afraid to cry when I have her. She has reason.

Margaret sends her love .

Your beloved son,

W. Ernest

Date	Description	Amount
1/1/19	To Balance	100.00
1/2/19	By Cash	50.00
1/3/19	To Cash	25.00
1/4/19	By Cash	75.00
1/5/19	To Cash	100.00
1/6/19	By Cash	50.00
1/7/19	To Cash	25.00
1/8/19	By Cash	75.00

Allahabad,

Nov. 17<sup>th</sup>

1920

Dear Papa, and dear Mamma,

It is letter night again and I am going to have a little talk with you before we eat our evening meal, known out here as "chut". Mamma, your good letter came last Saturday. I hope you do not take my remarks seriously about the infrequency of your writing. The joke was on you, and I just thought that I would let you know that I was next. You ought to be very thankful that I could see that side of it, and I surely thought it behooved you to look at it that way. I surely was glad to get your letter and hope that it will be repeated soon.

The days roll along and Christmas will soon be here. Winter has been in session just four months today. It seems as if he has just begun. I am very busy these days preparing lectures for the economics classes daily, and studying the language some. I got along much better tonight in the shop meeting in Hindustani. I talked on Rice-cakes, and tried to show the men that I meant a big thing to be taken again. They listened very attentively, and were wondering what I am going to say next. It was full time with me to hear their language so clearly. Let me say very courteous as to not laugh in my face; which I probably would do if the positions were reversed. I hope that it will be a little easier each time for it is a great strain. If you don't believe it, go and see how the cotton trade is in Germany. They will understand about as much of these shop talks as understood of what I said.

There are preparations being made here in Allahabad for a great exhibition, which will be the finest thing of its kind ever held here. It is to be held in one of the buildings of the large exhibition sort, only on a smaller scale. The American Harvester Company will exhibit here and have a man on the job, who arrived this week. I did not meet him, but he told me that his home was in Ohio. Friends have already begun to send me the old one, thinking it over the city, where one may get some information for the small sum of some fifteen rupees or so. Five dollars may be a big price in India, where the scale of living is much lower than it is in America. We expect to open the exhibition at the first of the month. I'll be glad to have you attend. We could get you, or this, or some way or other.

The nights now are delightfully cool. I feel after I get up to pronounce with the intent, my feet actually get cold. The people of India see the cold rather cold on with great horror. I have lasted a couple of months in winter free air, but they are not used to such the weather. Most of the houses are built of mud and most of them are all riveted and sother. I am all very well. Helen is sitting on the floor and listening to the clock, over the keys. The keys are almost as large as Jack's and are of a dark blue hue.

Goodnight, With Lots of Love,

July 11<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Mr. A. N. P.

Dear Sir

100

"

"



Allahabad, Dec 16" 1900

Dear Mamma and Papa,

I have just time for a very short note this morning before the foreign mail goes bounding away to Bombay. Yes, just one right another week has come and gone but where it has gone is not known to me, for it has been quite a week, filled with manifold duties and efforts. We are all well and growing, either tall or thin, fat or wise or foolish. We are not standing still and we are very glad of that, for we feel that we ought to be going some where.

The Leper Asylum has come into my hands and I have begun to look into the system of book-keeping a little bit. It is quite a system, but it has the defect that it is quite complex and there seems to be a separate book for every entry, and after all it is not a life entry. I am not sure that we could draw up a balance sheet if we had to do it. Perhaps I can simplify them some but when I have figured them out. The Lepers have quite a number of letters from home. Some of them had sent out just for that purpose and one else sent out a photograph from Virginia. Then a Society in Scotland will send out some money with which we will buy clothes. They are very well looked after and the cold there here is less than they have in their homes. A Leper Asylum is a great blessing. Yet when then it is a sad sight to see those poor people in their helpless condition.

Last evening Margaret and I went out to a garden-party at Miss Stanley's and enjoyed it very much. Some of the houses are so beautiful. There is a game played all over India called



Allahabad,.....190

Examination, which is a very long one for ladies and gentlemen. It consists in knocking a feathered shuttle-cock over a high net. It is called Racket Tennis and I have not had much trouble in getting the ladies of the college, to a limited extent, to that in a word I am now completely fed up with playing. The English play it very well but here, as there have been no ladies in India have played it so much that it is like eating to them. When we come home in July we will introduce it in America.

The Exposition out here has been flourishing and great crowds have been flocking there to see it all. I have not yet had the time to go out but those who have been there have said that it is very much worth while. The city is crowded with visitors and refreshment stands and many have come with - I don't know - and are sampling out in the open fields that they can find. Margaret is going today and will take the ayah and Helen.

I must stop now and write another note. Your letter came C.A. on Saturday and did us good.

Your Loving Son,

Ernest



MINI ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD.  
W. E. WELD,  
Superintendent.

## MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, Dec 23 " 1910.

Dear Parents,

The mail-man will be here in about ten or fifteen minutes and I have not much time to write to you. This has been something of a long one, but this is the last one for this is the last day of teaching before the vacation begins. The vacation will be very acceptable to me for I am a little weary with the strain of five months teaching. We have eleven days.

On tomorrow night we have the whole Allahabad Mission and friends into Christmas dinner. There will be about thirty all together. Margaret is taking it quite seriously, and I suppose it is serious work to entertain thirty hungry missionaries. We have entertained a good deal since Margaret came down from the hills and we have a lot of people whom we have eaten off of several times and have never shown them any substantial appreciation of their hospitality. Tomorrow night we are going to hang up thirty stockings over the fire-place, in which I have been thinking. In each sock there will be some trifling toy or remembrance. In each also there will be a beautiful bit of poetry which Edward, Margaret and Ernie have or will compose. I wish you might be here for we feel that you would contribute a great deal to the general enthusiasm. I have always felt





MAINI ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD.  
—  
W. E. WELD,  
Res. Superintendent.

# MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 191 .

celebration better than most people. I don't know what  
we ever got it and the folks could almost feel for they  
always take a lot of Christmas. I hope that you will enjoy  
hoping  
you day and I have been thinking and praying that the  
~~the day~~ may be a very happy one for you. Mike and I may  
not be with you in body but we are in spirit and thoughts.

No mail came from you last week, at least no letters.  
There was a raft of Christmas presents from different places,  
which got here ahead of time. I got a bright red necktie  
from Dad Elder, two beautiful handkerchiefs from John Home-  
maker (there was no card in the box, and John has his word or  
name on the box, so we had to give him the credit of it) then  
there was a box from Aurora for us which had a number of  
interesting and instructive things in it. We could not wait  
till Christmas so we opened the boxes a week ago.

Avey left yesterday for Amerique. He has been  
here for five years and has not been home. He is the salt of  
the earth and just as good as he can be, and we are all very  
fond of him. It is one of those fine starchy potatoes  
which they frequently raise out in Iowa and Minnesota.

I must stop and get to work. I love you C.E. but  
I am mighty busy. Hence the wide margin on the left.

Your Loving and Devoted Son,

Ernest.



MAIN ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.

W. E. WELD,  
Hon. Superintendent.

## MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, Dec 29, 1910.

My dear Home-folks,

Christmas has come and gone. We had a good time. The largest was suffering from a cold and was not very well. She stayed in bed almost all of the time, but in the evening she felt better. I think the strain of getting a big dinner was very great, for she has a very serious illness. I did myself on Saturday. The children were very busy with stockings and socks, and we filled them with oranges and foolish presents. Helen was in such an appropriate room. Some of the poems were very good. (I wrote most of them) One of the boys was very good, and we were very busy for the table. We ate much. The only drawback was Margaret was so tired that she did not enjoy the festivities very much. She has not recovered from the cold and is still feeling very ill. Helen was interested in the table, and looking at which she received, and when her gift was not worth it, but she will play with them and grow quite cheerful.

I have been spending a good part of this week in getting acquainted with the leper hospital here. Things are quite bad here, as near as I can tell. The lepers are in a great confusion. We are starting a little better, but of course, and hope that this will settle a good many of them.

For our Christmas dinner we had to  
substitute duck for turkey and some  
the other was home eatables, such as  
cranberries, apples, candy etc. - we had  
still it was a very nice meal for me  
we had a little home-made candy; so  
we do miss having a taste of good  
chocolate bonbons once in a while such  
Allegretta, or soufflés. nuts we can get  
gutteneers, beauties, very walnuts & etc.  
& we eat a great many of them.

Ernest has written you about the  
reproduction. It is attracting many visitors  
to Ilchabod. The display of native hand  
industries is very interesting indeed.  
A splendid band plays every afternoon  
like to go to hear that as much as  
anything, for they play a great many  
American airs! There is even an  
air-ship here, & we have seen it a  
number of times from our rear  
veranda, sailing out over the river.

I had hoped to write you more of  
letter than this but the "express"  
is here to take them to the office.  
With lots of love to you all,  
Margaret



NAINI ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.  
—  
W. E. WELD.  
Hos. Superintendent.

Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 191 .

We are very grateful for the things which you sent from John Wannamakers. We did not know whom to thank until your letter came to us on Christmas eve. The boys, Edna and Margaret and Helen are charmed with the beauty of them. I am glad to hear that you have accepted the offer of the position. Nothing could be more desirable for they will cheerfully devote our interests all of the year.



at his father's house for dinner on Monday night. It was

nice dinner and we had a very good time. Little  
going will go to England for a year and then when  
they will be married. I think that she is quite young, about  
twenty. I think that the Lucases and the Swings are all  
glad to have this alliance between the two families, but in some  
the same house with the Swings.

Well, I am tackling some other work tonight, so I must ring  
off. This is quite a long letter for me to write.  
to hear that Daddy Weld had had a spell of sickness. I  
that he is well now. With love to all Weldses, I am,

Your loving and devoted,

Ernest

to Mother and Daddy Weld -  
Ernest says if I want to  
something to this letter I must use the same  
I will or so many as we will have to  
more on it instead of two + a half  
as activities out here don't last so  
as at home, and about the my signs  
the full tide now and the red tide  
we still have hanging about the  
Father sent me a set of them from  
and they made a very good 2nd decoration  
(over)

in Christmas eve as we opened the  
box from bananahera and several other  
articles from dear old U.S. I. things really  
looked quite Christmasy in our study.  
I thank you so much for the dress for  
Adele; it is a sweet little frock, and  
putting ring with the bells too. She was getting  
at comfort out of it until she threw it  
the floor one day and broke it. I'm not  
can mend it. The handkerchiefs are  
and a most acceptable gift. I know it  
but it wasn't take these I should have  
now to riddle them.

Felix was very nicely remembered by  
at home. One of the biggest surprises  
a dear little ring with a tiny ruby in it  
sent by your Helene friends of mine in  
I wonder if Ernest has written you about  
the package we are sending you thru Mr.  
who left for America a week ago. The  
shawl is for mother and the rest  
we meant for Uncle Forts.

While we didn't have a very big celebration  
still the little festival we did have  
and we up for a few days. I had promised  
to sing a solo at a special service at  
St. John's Christmas night but had to give it  
(I'm not sure)

MAIN ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD.  
—  
W. E. WELD,  
Superintendent.

## MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, Jun 5<sup>th</sup> 1911.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I have just finished three letters, but they were all in connection with the paper <sup>8</sup> plan work, and were business; it gives me great pleasure to talk with you and tell you that I love you in the same old way and that there are only a few of us left who love our parents in the way that I love you. It is a great thing to keep on loving, even tho' I have seen so many that the one has drifted before you have started another. I surely appreciate your kindness, in not ever leaving the postal department. In other words, I did not hear from you last week, but am hoping to hear from you very often tomorrow. It will be a great day when that letter arrives.

We are all well and hope you are the same. The vacation days are over and we are back in work. It surely keeps me hanging these days and nights. I am getting to bed at twelve o'clock these nights. From the lack of things, I will get to bed at ten P.M. tonight. Helen sends her love and so do I and so does Margaret. They are both well and happy.

I had a good letter from Aunt Fida the other day, thanking Margaret for a little book she had sent her. They are all well. I am afraid that Aunt Fida does not





SAINI ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD  
W. E. WELD,  
Hos. Superintendent.

# MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 191 .

know of Helen's timely arrival. I forget to write her  
at first and now I am afraid to ; I think that she will  
think that she ought to have been told six months ago.  
I think my friends agree that she is "William's" and I shall  
it into their heads to write them. I think that I will  
them, and say "recently a child was born". Recently  
my son five minutes ago or a year ago. They are inter-  
prets just as they wish. By the way, however, in telling  
me about a fellow in the village who had triplets born  
for him to support. He wrote to him to his brother, and  
his brother wrote back: "I like your spirit, if you can't  
convert the heathen you try to crowd them out".

Your loving son,

Ernest









Allahabad, ... 1901.

It has come that another week has come and gone and I sit to answer your good letter of some two or three weeks ago. I wish right here to say that I warmly respond to the regularity of your letters. It seems a lot to have a letter every two or three weeks. You have never failed us and we hope that you never will.

It has been pretty much the same old story with us here. We are frightfully busy and will continue to be so until the second and fourth years will leave us at the close of March. The University system out here is different from anything we have at home. There is only one University and many colleges. First the third class for the University, where the student has to get a degree for each subject for all the years in the different colleges. Then there is a final exam along the different colleges to see who will go through. This is especially true in the B.A. Last year our showing was nothing to brag on and we are hoping to do better this year. I should say that English is the greatest subject to the Indian students. They are well educated and well read. It is a great pleasure to the teachers to have them in the class.

We are having a great deal of company in and about the college this year. The students are the most intelligent and the most energetic of the students, and the teachers are the most



held at Falmouth next week, brings our people in this week  
of the week at this time. We are expecting to have in two  
or three guests on Saturday. There has been a few American  
tourists pass thru' here this year, on the trip around the world.

We enjoy seeing anybody from home and the people who  
have been travelling in strange lands for some months are glad  
to hear the Yankee talk and we are to hear them. I am  
very much afraid that we all lose something of our American  
spirit out here, for the English prefer to see the old American  
look to get infected. You would think that we should come here  
in Manchester to hear him talk.

Margaret has taken up a little zanana work. She is  
teaching a woman and her daughters in the palace of the Rajah  
of Benares. She is not the Pani, but the wife of one of the  
men who is one of the Rajah's officers. She is teaching  
the woman some of the Bible stories. The woman is a good  
woman, and she knows very little of the world, and is of course  
satisfied with Margaret's company. She all are delighted to have  
her come. I am glad that she has some work outside of the  
house and her school work.

God is well and sends you his love. With lots  
of love and devotion,

Your loving son,

Ernest



MINI ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD.  
W. E. WELD,  
Superintendent.

MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, Jan 27 1911.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I slept on the floor of a third-class rail-way carriage last night and so am feeling a little weary. I hope to get a nap sometime in the middle of the day. I had a fine time at the house at the recent conference of Mission workers. Next week I will tell you more about it. It was very much worth while and I enjoyed it very much.

We are all very well and happy. I was very glad to get back to my little family. Helen is getting to be a big girl and her good old mother is watching her grow. I am already beginning to feel the oncoming pressure of young men. George has been very good, but I am a little bit tired and not very happy. One, Helen, is quite cheerful over it.

One more month of very strenuous work and then my work eases up a little. I hope to have more time then to give to the leper's gladsome work. It has been a pretty strenuous year and next year should be less so. Still, I enjoy the work.

Mail-man is waiting. Goodbye,

With lots of love,

Ernest





Allahabad, Feb 27 1911.

Dear Mamma and Papa,

It has been two long weeks since I have had a talk with you of any proportions. Since that time I have been in attendance at a great Convention which was the greatest thing of its kind I have ever attended. There were 175 delegates and more than that number of visitors. The speakers are all men who knew what they were talking about and knew how to tell it in a striking way. It did us all lots of good and opened our eyes to the great need of good aggressive work to be done along these lines in most all of the countries where Moslems have made their entrance. The most crying need is Africa, here the Moslems are influencing the people by the million to their religion. I did not say convert, for it is really not that, but they at least become nominal Mohammedans. After that it is hard to turn them and it would be much better if we had first got their ear. The hope is to definitely oppose them in Africa, by throwing a line of Christian workers across the belt of Africa, somewhere south of the Sahara, and in this means try and oppose their progress. It is wonderful what great propagandists the Moslems have become. Another thing they hope to do is to establish a school at Cairo, where the Christian missionaries, who expect to give their lives to the Moslem work, can be trained and then enter their fields knowing something about the work they are expected to do. I attended the conference for four days and then came home. The conference lasted two more days. The Church of England seemed stirred, and took quite an active part in the programme. On Saturday of this week, we, who attended the conference, are invited to the Bishop of Lucknow's Lodge here in Allahabad, and talk over what we have learned. The crowd is, incidentally, invited to lunch with the Bishop.

For the last couple of days we have been having with us Prof Crawford, of the college at Beirut. He had come to India to attend the conference, and then came to Allahabad to see the work here. He is a very fine man and we enjoyed having him so much. He spoke to our students twice and they liked him very much. Mr Crawford left us this morning and went on to visit another mission. While he was here, he told me all about the work at Beirut and how every thing was coming on there. It seemed mighty good to hear all about the college and the people of Beirut, for I had three such happy years there. With us also, there was a Benham Club man named Uptegraff, whom I knew in Princeton. He is a very bright fellow and was mighty good company. Crawford said that it was as good as a furlough to be here with Uptegraff, for he made us laugh most of the time. Then there was another fellow named Lee, who comes from the South of India. On Saturday, a man and his wife called, who were on a trip around the world. He lived in Columbus, and had a letter of introduction from Harry Weld. It seems that he is related to Dr Southard by marriage, and is an acquaintance of Harry Smith.



We tried to keep the Cooks with us over Sunday, but they said they were leaving Allahabad that night. They stayed for an hour and had tea with us and went on to the Exhibition. I was very busy, so did not take the time to accompany them out to the Exhibition grounds, as I would like to <sup>have</sup> done. I have not gotten over my surprise yet of having a servant come in and hand me an unstamped letter addressed in Mike's not-to-be-imitated handwriting. These two were the type, slightly exaggerated, of the American tourist who were travelling like lightening and were trying to see all of the places that others usually see when they travel, and will probably remember Allahabad as the place they had a cup of tea with Ed Southard's friend.

The Ladies Home Journal came last Saturday and we have enjoyed it to the full. It was very thoughtful of you to send it. We have not heard anything of "Everybody's" yet, but hope to receive the initial copy on the next mail. I am hoping for a letter from you also, for it is the week for it to come. I am quite anxious to hear for I am worried about Uncle Port. I hope that he will be better at that time.

Goodbye, . With lots of love,

W. Ernest.

Hand to steel work - 100000



Allahabad, Feb. 17" 1911.

Dear Papa and Mama,

How are you all this beautiful spring morning? It is beginning to 'het up' in India, and we will soon be putting aside our dark clothes and taking to white and soon we will put the punkahs up in place, and soon school will be over for the year and we will have a little rest. I am perfectly well but am a little tired. I have been going it pretty hard for the last five weeks, and it is beginning to tell on me a little. Last night, I went to bed at one, night before at 12.15 night before about the same time. All week it has been the xx way. In a couple of weeks more it will be much easier for my Fourth year men will leave to prepare for the University exams and then it will take a lot off of the teachers who have them. I am not very proud of my class which is going up for the exams this year, about forty in all, for they are for the most part men who failed last year and came back to repeat the year. Yet there are a few bright spots in it all and I am hoping that some of them will do well.

I can not begin to tell you how much we are enjoying your magazines. It is like a breath of the old life. I read the lightest and most frivolous parts first and then all of the heavier parts and then the ads. There are some very good things in the Ladies Home Journal, altho I never admitted this to anyone before, and probably will not again.

Helen seems to be getting teeth. She has been feeling pretty punk for the last couple of days. I hope that they will come thru after while. She is a good child and likes



her parents . She is getting to be quite tall and Margaret thinks that she will be quite tall. I asked her from which side of the family she would get her height and she said that she did not know. All of the Elders are short and the Weldses have always been short since the flood.

Daddy, I hope that you are feeling quite well again. It must be pretty hard on you to go on working when you feel so tough. I am hoping that Port has entirely recovered.

I must stop now and read some Ureu. I am not giving t the language much attention these days, for I hav'nt the time. Later I hope to do better.

With all kinds of love to you all, I am,

Your loving son,

*Ernest.*



Allahabad, Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> 1900.

Dear Theo and Matilda,

It is a quiet Sunday afternoon and I am going to have a little talk with you when I have the time and am not worried about the next day's lecture. I do not enjoy letter-writing as much as one should, because I am always a little worried about what is going to happen next day in the class-room, if I give too much time to it. Yet at times I do enjoy talking on paper and especially to my own folks, who will understand if I misspell a word, and know that it is not carelessness but merely because I do not know how to spell the words. That is an honest fact, I never mis-spell a word thru' carelessness but because I do not know how to spell the word and think that I do. For this word "mis-spell", I had to look it up in the dictionary. Margaret is a great help to me for she can spell anything just as readily, as she can answer the catechism questions.

We are all well at our house. Helen confided to me the having her teeth until I would get rid of my Fourth Year and have more time to spend on her. We appreciate it very much. I am working early and late these days, putting economic knowledge into the Fourth Years, who are to go on for the University in April. We keep them in college until the fifth of April and then we tell them that "we have done the best we can for you, but failure be on your own head, do the work like Africans and turn the mid-night oil and learn what we have told you."





We have had Helen vaccinated the second time. The Doctor says that if it does not take this time that she is immune and we do not need to worry about her having small-pox at all. Margaret is thinking of starting her on the bottle tomorrow. She has an appetite which is the pride of the city. She is a very nice little girl with plenty of temper and plenty of life, so that ever old she is, she is never monotonous.

This morning at the Leper Asylum we had six baptisms: three men, two women, and one little girl. The preacher did not use the ordinary ceremony that Andy Ferguson used to use, but he asked them if they were really willing to become Christians, if they were to be baptised, if they would give up worshipping all of the old gods and goddesses they were accustomed to worship, if they would come willingly to the services which are held for them every day etc. To the which they all answered in the affirmative. Then a man appeared with the scissors and cut off the pig-tail of the boy (the men did not have any) and then the preacher baptised them. The afore-mentioned pig-tail is a sign and mark of Hindulism, and altho' many do not believe in cutting it off when they become Christians yet the majority of preachers believe in cutting the thing off. I do myself, but think that I would not make it a part of the baptism ceremony.

No mail came from you this week but a good long letter from Martha gladdened our hearts. Was sorry that Leabody has closed her doors on her old teaching staff. In some ways it does not seem



Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 190 .

a square deal. Still I am not worrying about Mike at all, for he is well able to look after himself, and will surely be better fit than ever to do rattling good teaching work. Does he hope to go to U.S.U. ? In some ways I do not favour his going there very much, for the work there will always be very hard. I think that he went either South or stayed in the East. I think that the boys have become a bit nomadic in their habits and may find it hard to settle down to one place. Yet I do not think that will be the case for they both love home too much to prefer crawling out for long stretches of time.

Tell Uncle not for us to take care of himself, and stop over-working. Ask him to get A.L. Stevenson's book of essays: ~~the~~ "Virginibus puerisque", and read the one entitled; "A plea for idlers". It is very good and very stimulating to sit down and rest a while and see the fleecy clouds go sailing by, and causes one to wonder why he has ever been in a hurry. No field will ever learn the lesson but it will not hurt us to know that there is something that we do not know.

This has strung out into quite a long letter, and I hope that you will be angry enough about it to retaliate. I noted your resolve to do better in writing and was quite set up about it. The Elers are the greatest family to write letters I have ever seen. Beside them we are a set of dophinks. I wish you great joy in your new resolve and hope you will be able to keep it. It is a great joy to us to know that the resolve was necessary. (Joke, Mamma)

Your loving son,

- Ernest -





Allahabad, March 5" - 1901 .

Dear Daddy and Mamma,

I have just a few minutes before the mail goes .

I have to tell you that last night as is my custom but I did not  
write which I thought to be important. It was not so important, but  
I thought it was.

We have had quite a week here. To begin with the  
baby was vaccinated for the second time and it concluded to have  
a little with a vengeance. Then Mary got cold and was  
sick for a few days, which was very bad. She had the feet  
of mine and he helped her. And yesterday, when I was  
for Helen's and got letter all at once, she argued to  
go to the hospital. We have had a couple of  
nights and all are feeling much better now. I have been  
trying to get my teeth fixed for the last few days, but  
I cannot. For this reason I have been in the  
city all this week. Then, for one of the nights, I  
went to the hospital, Helen and I went and her  
begin to feel the night and the night. I  
from the hospital now. I have been very  
great enthusiasm.

India opened up her hot-weather box a few days ago,

then concluded that it was too early and was  
to be in the end. I have been very  
to the hospital for the last few days. I  
to the hospital for the last few days. I  
to the hospital for the last few days. I



Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_

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will hope that it has'nt damaged crops a great deal. We talk about crops being cut off here, for it is in fact all. If there is a great crop of rice, the industries, and trade are not so much affected as in the case of interruption, but out here where nine-tenths of the people live by the soil, there is no breaking of the continuity of the food supply. The effect lasts over for two or three years. When crops are short, starvation ensues. Coming down from Lucknow, a few weeks ago, I travelled with a man from lower India and he said that he had never been able to get the cries of the children out of his ears since he left famine of '87. One evening he was sitting on his verandah, ~~in the darkness~~, and the children were gathered about the gate, crying; "Khalik, hum bhake main". "Father, we are hungry". He stood it as long as he could and then went in the house, for he had nothing he could give them.

I have another letter to write before the half-term comes on, so I will have to tell you good-bye now. Be good and keep up the good habit of writing every week. It is great to feel that the prohibition of that I shall hear from you every Saturday. Even if the letter does not come I have had the pleasure of anticipation.

We all send love to you all.

Your devoted Son,

W. E. Wood

alias "Ernie"



Allahabad, March 5 1901.

This is Sunday and the day is beautiful. It is a beautiful day this time of year, the sun is shining and the birds are singing. I am sitting on the porch and looking out at the garden. The flowers are all in bloom and the grass is green. I am feeling very happy and peaceful. I am going to have a picnic with my family in the park. We are going to have a picnic basket with food and a blanket. We are going to sit on the grass and eat. It is a beautiful day and I am enjoying it very much.

Margaret is on the mend, and Helen altho' not  
 yet, or well is recovering from her bad turn. Yes,  
 all the family are well and all are well.  
 He will be here all before you will have the privilege of know-  
 ing it, and we shall have the joy of seeing her grand-parents. Such  
 a time. I should like to see you soon. I will be  
 telling you what I am going to write in my letter and of the  
 things.

I must go now and attend some more meetings. I will come back and write some more shortly.

Later-I have attended a meeting of the teachers college at St. Paul, Minn., which was a most interesting and profitable one. The day was spent in the study of the Bible and the history of the church. The day was also spent in the study of the Bible and the history of the church. The day was also spent in the study of the Bible and the history of the church.





Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 190 .

I am still as well as I can, but on almost the end  
of the year. I am very glad to hear from you. I am quite tired.  
This year has been quite a year in my life. I have given the writing of  
new lectures on some subjects, on which I had never gone into very thor-  
oughly before. Yet, altho' it has kept me up till mid-night a great  
many nights, yet on the whole I have enjoyed the writing of the lectures  
and I have enjoyed giving them as well. There is much more to be done  
in giving one's own lectures, than in giving some other man's lectures.  
Now I think your son have gone to some of the other man's lectures.  
examinations begin. I will only have them one night, before the  
sessions. It is not a particularly brilliant class, and I am not ex-  
actly very much of a class, but I am doing for the best.  
Well, I must now seek my rest. Sunday is not a  
light day, and I have from the schedule I have given, not much to  
be done on Sunday for us. Sunday never has been a day, except  
at the college at home. Sometimes, in Princeton, I have enjoyed  
the fine Sundays, when I was not in the city or town. I have enjoyed  
your quiet enjoyment of the day.  
Goodnight, for this time. I may be able to add a line during  
the week. I hope you will rest well tonight and that tomorrow will be  
filled with great joy and pleasure.

Your loving son,

Ernest

Thursday.

Margaret improving rapidly —  
all well — Smile —

E.



MAINI ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.

W. E. WELD,  
Mn. Superintendent.

## MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, March 16 1911.

Dear parents,

I am very happy to sit down and talk a few nothings into your ears. It is a great relaxation to thus rid myself of all my thoughts and to recall the pleasant experiences of days gone beyond recall. Firstly be it known that we are all well and happy. Our Ayah has quit us and so Margaret is rocking Helen to sleep and singing her sweet lullabies. Helen is joining in the song and politely but firmly refusing to go to sleep. She is a very nice girl when she is good, but she has been a little cloudy for some days. We found that she was losing flesh and so we concluded that she was not getting enough to eat, so we have started to giving her some Mellins food in her milk. She is picking up rapidly and soon we will be sending her picture in to the Mellins family to be published on the back of the "Ladies Home Journal" along with the other Mellins babies.

We have had four days of vacation, which has rested us up in good style and enabled us to get some work done. I have about finished undoing some of the Leper Asylum tangles, and am beginning to look the world in the face with something like a normal amount of paleness. I surely hope that I shall not have to turn over to my successor as bad a lot of books when he takes up the work as I had to face. The Leper work is in some ways very interesting and I like it. But there are many complications which one must face and try to solve. Here are some of them: The other day I was called to the front door to find three Lepers there who had run off from another asylum in Central India, because they had to work there. They had loaded themselves on the train and when the ticket-collector came around they had waved their stumps at him and he went away and left them alone without demanding a ticket. What was I to do with them for they were runaways. Another thing, I find that one of the Lepers was living improperly with a girl in the untainted children's home. What to do with both of them? I find that the Supertendant was short some Rs/90 in his accounts, and could not explain where the money had gone. Is he honest or is he not? I am afraid to answer, but he must cough up the 90. This week a case of small-pox shows up in the Asylum. What to do? I find (accidentally) that we have been cheated for some years in the amount of interest we should receive on invested securities in the form of Government bonds. The man in charge is a Christian and will not admit the possibility of his having made a mistake and cheated us. Can we get the money and still keep his friendship, for he does us lots of good. Land we had purchased was deeded in the wrong name and the names must be changed, after two years of standing. How to go about it. Dead Lepers are thrown into the Jumna River, and we drink Jumna water. The holy-books of the Hindus forbid the burying or the burning of such. What to do with them and not offend the Hindu members of the Government Committee of supervision. These are some of the prob-





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problems which face the Hon. Supt every day and it is hard but I suppose it teaches one. Government is a crafty body in India and must be approached thru maze after maze of scarlet tape, and it a most curious and butt-in-sky body that I have ever had any dealings with. To read communication to a Government official is to hold ones American sides with laughter and when the breath has come back into the body with a great rush, it is to wonder "what's the use". We start in: "From W.E.Weld, Esq. B.A. M.A. Hon. Supt of the Naini Leper Asylum (Near Allahabad) To F.W.Brownrigg, Esq., I.C.S., Commissioner, Allahabad Division, Allahabad. No. 3262 dated 20th February 1911. Sir, I

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have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 11th February, 1911. Regarding which I beg leave to say: (1) " Now one is permitted to start in to write what he has to say. An American would have written three letters while we get one letter under way here in this country. Then at the end of the letter, in which we frequently cuss each other out in polite terms, we must say: "I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient Servant, W.E.Weld, Supt of Naini Leper Asylum" Then you write the date again and the letter is ready to be sent. Isn't that a lot of rot? Yet I have the greatest respect possible for the English as Governours, for they have a perfect mania for building governments and surely do it well. It is wonderful how they can systemize. Please recall that Jew, of whom I once spoke who was kicked down three flights of stairs by three different men and kicked out of the door by the fourth and while gathering up his suspenders and collar-buttons which he had been trying to sell in said building was heard, without malice to explain "Holy Moses, what a system". That is the way I feel about the Govt. of India. I have been systematically booted and kicked about this last three months but I am seeing something of the inside of one of the best governed countries in the world, and I too can say, without malice: "Holy Moses".

Yesterday, I spent in Cawnpore, attending a meeting of Christian missionaries of different societies, who are engaged in Education. It was very interesting and I learned lots about education that I did not know before. In this Province there are six mission colleges and thirty some high-schools. According to the statistics collected for this meeting, Government is only contributing one-eleventh of the amount spent. Just one year ago, I went to Cawnpore to buy a horse and acquired "Butterfly".

Must stop and write some business letters. Thanks for your good letters which came last Sunday morning.

With lots of love, Your son,

*Ernest*

[illegible]

ANI ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.  
W. E. WELD.  
Superintendent.

# MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, March 24 1911.

Goodmorning. It is about time for the mail-man to come, but I wish to tell you about a close call I had the other day. You need not mention it when you write to us, for I have not told Margaret anything about it. About twelve oclock, Saturday night, I was reading in the dinning -room, Margaret and Helen having gone to bed, and at last got up to lock-up. In our houses there are a double set of doors, the inside ones are glass, and the outside are of wood and are of shutters. I had closed one shutter, and had put one hand up to reach for the other shutter, when I casually allowed my eyes to follow my hand and suddenly took my hand back, for I had almost laid it on a <sup>karight</sup> ~~karight~~, a little snake about two or three feet in length, and more deadly than a cobra. My knees shook ~~but~~ I managed to get my walking-stick and kill the beast. Was'nt that a close call? My hand was surely going right at the little varlet. It reminds me of a line in the Church of England prayer-book: "From dangers seen and unseen, O Lord, deliver us". I have closed those shutters many a time in the dark. I am now reformed.

Yours,

W.E.W.





*Allahabad,* April 6" 1900 .

Dear Folks,

It is warming up with a vengeance. I am sorry that you are not here to enjoy it with us. Yet even now it is some below normal at this time a year and we are hoping that it will stay below normal for some time yet. There is only a week and a half regular teaching and then the examinations and then all is over. I shall be quite glad to get away for a while and get a little fresh air. One who has laboured hard is apt to get a little stale .

How is Harry getting along ? Will he win his degree this Spring ? I surely will stick out my chest when we have a Doctor in the family . It will be very much worth while, to be able to say "I have a brother back in the States, whom you probably have heard of, Dr Harry Porter Fild, don't you know". Then my acquaintance will say: "Oh certainly, but I did not know that he was your brother". Then I will say, "My friend, you see me as one who is the fagged travelling of a misspent life, but I indeed am from a noble and illustrious family". Then my friend will say: "Ah, indeed, I am happy to know you".

Everything is moving on smoothly here. The Leper Asylum is moving on nicely. I am building quite a good deal, and hope to have things in good shape by the time Higginbottom gets back. We have a Mr Anderson visiting us, and he is



CONFIDENTIAL

It is possible to work with a very small group of people and still have a very large impact on the world. The only way to do this is to have a very strong belief in what you are doing and to be willing to sacrifice everything for it. This is the only way to achieve true success.

Now is the time to get started. The only way to achieve true success is to have a very strong belief in what you are doing and to be willing to sacrifice everything for it. This is the only way to achieve true success.

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sitting at my desk. I have been much taken with him. He is a Canadian by birth and has lived a good deal of his life in the States. In central India Mr Anderson is running a large Leper Asylum and has come up here to see our Asylum and to talk over the Leper problems. He has had his problems. One thing I was noticing namely, that as he walked among our Lepers he could call many of them by name. Some of them had run away from him and had come to us. The Lepers are always on the move, from one Asylum to another. It is easy for them to travel, as no one waits to ask them for a ticket when he finds that they are Lepers. So, they generally move Northward ~~all of the time~~. We try to make rules to keep them in one place but it is very difficult.

About a week ago, I received word that <sup>five hundred</sup> ~~thirty~~ rupees which Government had promised us for building a wall about our new Cemetery, had to be collected that day, or it would lapse. I let my classes go and set forth to hurry the British Government. I put in all day at it, rode ten miles on my bicycle, and came home with the cheque in my pocket. I hope that I may never have to hasten the British Government again. It takes it out of one so. The Accountant General said "I can't see you today for we are extremely busy. I said: "I must see you for it is of great importance." After some delay he let me within the ropes. Then the fun began. I visited many men who said that it can't be done, but perseverance will do wonders.

Your good letter received Nanna. I am sorry Aunt Fida feels

hurt. I will write her.

Your loving son,

*Ernest*

•JOURNAL OF THE

1891

MAIN ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.  
—  
W.E. WELD,  
Superintendent.

MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, April 12 1911.

Dear Parents,

This is Wednesday night and is some warm. The real warm weather has not yet come but the thermometer was 101 in the shade yesterday and today seemed as warm or warmer. Yet the time is also passing and then we will fly away to the Hills and get a fresh breath of air. I am coming back about the First of June and expect to small some really warm weather then.

One more day of regular teaching remains, and then the examinations will come. This will last about ten days and then the worst will be over for this year. It has been a very short year, for we have been quite busy and have had plenty of things to think about. Next year, I expect to be busier yet for we have applied to the University for affiliation in B.A. Economics, and if this is granted, I will have a lot of reading to do, and I hope to re-write some of my lectures in the B.A. courses. I had to write them in a hurry this year for it came upon me suddenly, and there was nothing else to do, so I had to burn the mid-night oil and do it as best I could. It will seem strange to me to think of directing B.A. courses, for I am barely an B.A. myself, and pulled it out of Princeton without killing myself to get it. In other words, if there is anybody who is not qualified to teach this, it is Yours Truly. Yet I suppose it can be done. It seems it is in the bend of the back, as one stoops to take up a load of of this kind, and once you are well under, the moving forward is





MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 191 .

not so difficult . I hope that if the University gives it, that I will not mess the thing, for they give them with great reluctance and expect a great deal of those to whom the privilege is given .

We are all well. Helen had a bad cold but it is better now. We think that the teeth are really on the way now, but we are not sure for she has fooled us so many times before: we will wait until we see the ivory before we believe in any signs .

Daddy, I hope that you can get North for a little while at least . Yet it will be a real comfort to me as I swelter thru' June here on the Plains to think of you sweltering in Arkansas. I suppose we both will lose some of our superfluous ~~at~~ *at* ~~ard~~ *ard* *du* *poise* . I also hope Hanna will not try to endure much of the hot weather but go North and visit her sisters and show off her new set of teeth. I would like to see you Tiggee in you store teeth. I would like to see you also without any teeth . It was very brave of you to go down and have the old ones out. Yet, you always did have the nerve of the family. Do you remember the day of the operation ? I shall never forget that day if I live to be an old grey-beard .

When, I came from prayer-meeting tonight, a Leper was waiting to see me. He said that he has been fired from our Asylum because two others were fighting. It was rather cleverly put, wasn't it ? He is going to camp out until I give him justice. I am afraid he

... I hope that in the end, the things that we have done will be remembered as a good thing, for the sake of the world.

... I hope that you can see the things that we have done as a good thing, for the sake of the world. I hope that you can see the things that we have done as a good thing, for the sake of the world.

... I hope that you can see the things that we have done as a good thing, for the sake of the world. I hope that you can see the things that we have done as a good thing, for the sake of the world.

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NAINI ASYLUM,  
ALLAHABAD.  
—  
W. E. WELD,  
Hm Superintendent.

MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

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wants not justice but admission back in the Asylum . He may have a month's camping out in our front yard before he gets that. It is a real difficulty to know what to do with them when they become unruly . We must have some kind of discipline yet it is hard to know what to do with these poor folks .

ell, Margaret is asking to have prayers and then she will retire and I must write some business letters, so Goodnight.  
Love us a little, love us long is the burden of our song.

Your devoted,

W. Ernest.

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Allahabad, April 20" -1901 .

Dear Daddy and Mamma,

I am very tired tonight, but will take time off to have a short talk with you. We are all well and hope that you are the same. I would like to drop in on you, and see the cat and the weed-grown garden, and the little house, the plan of which you recently sent me. It looks like a nice little house in the plan: what must it be in reality?

Margaret and I were out to dinner last night at Canon Wallers'. He is an Englishman, but good enough to be an American. He was on Cambridge crew when he was in college, and is a very powerful man physically. We ate out of doors on the tennis-court, and we sat in chairs, after dinner, in the alley of the court. Nobody seemed to think it a strange proceeding at all and we all enjoyed it very much. (Mike will explain to you what the alley of the court is)

People like to hear Margaret sing in Allahabad and she has to refuse many offers to sing. But she does sing a good deal. Frequently she sings duets with Edwards, and then I stay quietly at home with Helen, who does not always stay quietly at home with me. We want a piano very much. I would give a lot if I could afford to buy Margaret a piano. Well I suppose it is one of the hardships of mission-life. I might add that it is the first hardship I have noticed. Mission life in India is not a question of physical hardships but it is a case of nervous hardship. One



and the

I am very tired tonight, but still want to write to

you. I am all right now. I am all right now.

I would like to stay in the hospital, but I

am not sure. I am not sure. I am not sure.

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Allahabad, .....

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works hard for seven days in the week and then one starts again another week of the same sort, and after one has done this fifty-two times, he begins again and repeats the process. If he be a stayer he may last three furloughs, and if he does he usually ends in slowing down a bit. Well, it is a case of "Go it while you may", so here goes, I am going to have some fun in India doing a lot of work, or know the reason why. If it were not for the work, we would take the next boat for Arkansas, but as we have not yet completed the work, still having a few odds and ends to get out of the way, we will stay on for forty years and try to do them.

Helen is a very nice girl. She is getting some good stunts and I am doing my best to make a real good girl out of her. She will never be a hot-house flower, if I can prevent it. We even now "wrestle" and pull hair and beat each other over the head and enjoy each other very much. The poor little kid is broken all out with prickly heat, but it is funnier than a goat to see her scratch. Speaking of heat, the thermometer is running up to 107 in the shade this week. We had a little rain this afternoon, but it did not cool things off very much.

Goodnight, I must close this letter before I go to sleep and fall over on the machine and break it. I hope you both will be true to me. Are you sure that Easter or Jack or Dana or some one has not stolen away your youthful affections.

Your devoted son and admirer,

John of Helen.

Ernest.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

Allahabad, March 23" 1921

Dear Mamma and Papa,

How are you all ? I wish very much to see you and tell you how much I appreciate you and your having been so faithful for the last two or three weeks in writing your weekly bulletin of news from Marianna. I have observed one thing recently, that Theodore has been sick quite a good deal, and I wish to say that I want that stopped. What is the use of being sick ? I suspect that Matilda is not taking the care of him that she should and not bossing him around as much as he deserves . If Daddy can't take care of himself and refrain from getting sick, why do not you take care of him, Mamma ? It is your duty . ~~When~~ you were bringing me up you never slighted a shadow of a duty, and now when you have been running Theodore for forty years you go and let him get sick at every drop of the hat . If I had him here, I would tell him a few things. My wife never lets me have the luxury of being sick, and <sup>thus get</sup> ~~have~~ plenty of sleep . She says that the Ayah is gone away and we can not find another and until we do, you have no business getting ~~xi~~ sick, for if you do who will take care of Helen ? I have ~~my~~ disease all selected, and will have it when I have time: I am going to have liver-complaint. It is easy to have that and it lasts a good while and has many other things in its favour . Yes, I will have "Liver".

The hot weather is holding off remarkably well this year. The nights are very cool and pleasant. This time last year it was sizzling . If it will only continue for a few more weeks, it will





Allahabad, .....

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give us time to finish our teaching and then we can take it easier, for the hot weather is not so bad if one is not working up to the limit. It is then that the hot weather tells upon one. I will probably go to Landaur with Margaret for the month of May and then come back for the month of June and tend the different institutions here about the mission-compound. Margaret and Helen will of course stay on in the Hills until the rains break. We had thought a little of trying to go to Cabhmere this year, but had to give it up because of Ash's sickness. I will probably stay on until college begins when once I am down, altho' I might run up for a few days just before school opens. Our vacation will begin about the end of the first week in May. We are both well and happy and are rejoicing that the warm weather holds off so long.

Mamma, you asked for details regarding Helen. What do you think I have been giving for the last nine months. Wouldnt you call those details? I will get Marge to write you the details, for she is great on details. Here is one detail: she was getting some thin so we are feeding her on Mellins Food, which costs 50 cents a bottle and we use one bottle a week. We do not grudge her such rich food tho' for we like her.

This morning, my Leper Asylum book-keeper eloped with one of leper women in the Asylum. Is'nt that jarring?

I love you, O my parents.

Your son,

Ernest

It is not the first time

to be concerned with letters for the purpose of

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in the letter is written.

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*Allahabad,* March 26" - 1921 .

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I have a few minutes to begin my weekly bulletin to you before I go to a meeting, so here goes . I had a good morning this A.M., going first to the Church at the Leper Asylum, and then riding out in the country about five miles to a Mohammedan village and having a chat with the head men in the village about the possibilities of starting a school there. They are very keen upon the subject, but we are not so keen, for it means a continual expense and Christian teachers are very hard to find . I got back about twelve, and ate my breakfast . Then after a bout with Helen and finally getting her to sleep, I also took a nap. It has warmed up wonderfully here during the last week and is now quite warm, but not as warm as it was this time last year. Then at three-thirty we had our "Tiffin" as it is called out here, meaning our lunch . Then I attended a prayer service at the College of the Christian teachers. After this I stayed with the infant while Margaret went to Church and during this time I read a book entitled: "The Decisive Hour", by J.R. Mott . After this we went to Katra, to see the Lucas family but finding them out we returned to our domicile. Then after dressing Helen and giving her her bottle I put her in her little bed . I can hear her now above the clatter of the machine, for she has finished her bottle and would like to come out and converse with her family. We are willing to have her stay where she is for we see a good deal of her now that the Ayah has left us. As yet





Allahabad, ..... -190 .

we have not succeeded in finding another <sup>(Ayah not Helen)</sup> I hope we do for it is hard on Margaret to do her teaching and look after the house and Helen at the same time. She is also studying the language ~~xxx~~ and so is a very busy lady.

This morning word came that some money was to be donated to enable us to make an extension of our Untained Children's Home which is run in connection with the Leper Asylum. We are very glad for we ought to enlarge that place.

No letter came from our dear parents yesterday. We were quite dissatisfied of course, but you have done so well lately that we hav'nt a word to say. It has probably has been delayed some place, and we will receive double blessings next week. I received a good long letter from Arthur Scott of Chicago, from whom I learned with great sorrow that Barrie Duffield has been placed in the Sanatorium without much hope of his getting better. It seems too bad doesn't it that such a fine young fellow should have such an affliction.

I have stood this year's teaching work very well, and have not missed a day's teaching because of sickness. I was very tired some weeks ago but am much better now. I am very thankful that I have had such good health when there has been so much sickness. I attribute it to the fact that I have been quite regular in my exercise. I take an hour off for exercise almost every night. It is very much worth while for I work much after dinner and if I did not exercise I would be unfit for the work. Goodnight.

Ernest-





Allahabad, June 22" 1911 .

Dear Mama and papa,

I am quite weary tonight after a very hard day. Yet I will converse with my dear parents and trust that I shall get some rested. I am at present occupying the most prominent place I have ever held, or will ever hold again. I am the Boss Dog with the brass collar and without any muzzle, who runs the show. The show consists of the main tent with three rings, and many little sides, for which no admission is paid. The three rings are (1) the building of a large boys dormitory (2) the building of three teacher's houses (3) the ship manager of the workshop. The side-shows are, the Deper Asylum, the Intainted Home, the Blind Asylum, The Agriculture, the repairing of the college and getting ready for another year's work, the charge of the Christian Boys Boarding School, which only has six boys in it at present. There are other things and the sum total enables me to while away my time without being too homesick. You would die laughing I fear, if you could see me in my dafter (office) repelling creditors 'boaxing the lazy ones on with a stick', signing papers which Babus have all prepared for my signature, saying to this one "Go and he goeth" and sometime he stays on. The whole thing partakes of the ridiculous and would remind an American of a king in his court on a busy day or a Rockefeller trying to save the trust. Yet we are here to make the Indians learn to do these things for themselves and they are on the way to it now. In other words, I am alone here, and the work was greater, and at nights I am tired as any one ought to be, yet I rather think that I like it. I am learning lots of things and am doing lots of practise in Hindustani.



*Allahabad,*

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Yet with it all I sometimes think that I will never learn the language, for a day among the working men, teaches one that there are idioms and shortcuts which one will probably never fathom. It is hard but I am afraid that it is true.

Well Helen has begun with a vengeance, by having three teeth come thru in one day. There are several more on the way. We were quite worried about her for a while, but we are hoping that she will feel better now that they are beginning to come thru. Edwin Kellogg who came out to India a couple of years before we did, lost his little child by having the teeth come all at once. Kellogg was a Benham man in Princeton, and I knew him before he came out and when he came back, I knew him better. He had to give it up because of troubles at home. Margaret writes that Helen seems to be much more cheerful now than she was and we are hoping that she will have her stomach more in control in the future.

I will get up to the Hills for a flying visit after about ten days. I surely will be glad to see them. Margaret sang today in the service held in honour of our 'Gracious King'. The Lieut. Gov. declared it a holiday, but we didn't take it here, for we did not have time.

I must stop and write some business letters. Goodnight.

Your devoted son,

*Ernest*





## ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Allahabad,

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ed with jack-arches . I must confess that we are using a great many third class brick and are using a lot of mud in place of lime. Lime is only used where there is an especial strain, but all ordinary walls are laid in mud. Dr Ewing, who considers himself quite a builder, says that a mud wall will stand fifty years and that is long enough for this country . You see fifty years will make Dr Ewing about 98 years of age, and he thinks that by that time he will not be concerned with buildings made with hands: whether they stand or fall. I see that you have inferred that I am not in favour of so much mud in building, and your inference is quite right, but I am new to India and am from a country where they would condemn some of the building we put up here, just as the roof goes on, as not being strong enough in the walls to stand the superburden of a light tile roof. Yet as you say, I am new to the country.

We are all well. Margaret writes that Helen's teeth threaten to make their appearance any day now. I expect by the time you receive this that she will have a bright and unbroken row as Emma's new set. Margaret is much better situated this year than she was last year and seems to be as happy as she possibly could when separated from her devoted husband .

Sunday, I preached twice to the soldiers; a regiment of the Royal Scots, who marched up to the Church, two companies strong to the strains of the "The cornets are coming", played on the drums and bagpipes . It was a stirring sight . The regimental orchestra

played, and it played very well. The singing was immense. I preached to them straight from the shoulder, without a manuscript and they liked to be thus dealt with. It is uncommon out here for almost everybody reads their sermons here. They have asked me to come back and lecture them at one of their social meetings in July or August. You bet I am going, for I like the "Tommy" and like to watch the quickening of the eye and the lightening of the Scotch faces, when he begins to get ahold of a new idea.

Well, I must stop and get to work. Your good letter came. We are interested in Jean and her man. I hope that he is worthy of her. If he isn't he had better go his own way.

Your loving son,

Ernest

Allahabad, June 29 " 1921 .

Dear Papa and Mamma,

It sure is hot today, and the Looe is blowing besides . I am sorry for Ish, who was, you remember, a very sick man for some long weeks. After he became strong enough to travel, he was sent up to Birla, one of the coolest Hill stations. Because of the pressure of the work in Allahabad, he came down to the plains and when he arrived he found that he had come into one of the hottest days that we have had all year . I hope that he will stand the strain all O.K. The change is very great for a well man when the rains have broken, but for a sick man, and the rains not well on the way it must be intense .

I am looking forward to a few cool days up in the hills next week, and I am naturally crazy to see my wife and child . It seems a long time since I saw them . Helen is growing better and more cheerful day by day, Margaret says, but she still has a number of teeth on the way . One of Helen's stunts is to "kiss" . When one offers to kiss her, she will from a distance smack her lips with great gusto, but her kissing does not require proximity at all. When she awakens in the morning and Margaret lets on to still be sleeping, she raises up in her little bed, and smacks her lips, and then when the young mother, appears to be awakened by the explosion, Helen is charmed with herself and the world at large.

There is much to do these days, but I have learned to look at the work philosophically, and believe that it will all come at some way or other . I do not think that I will be any heavier worked this year than I was last, and if I do not have to teach Political Economics, then I will have more time to spend with the men and more time to do direct Christian work . I am a thorough believer in the intensive method of Christian educational work, but Dr. King seems to have a different view of it, and so we go on and are taking more men than we can really impress or handle . It seems some better to teach ten men what Christianity really is, than to have three hundred a hazy idea of it all. The intensive method has been carried on in China with great success, and when I get a school or college of my own, I hope to adopt that method.

I am very very busy and must not write more this time. Please correct the mistakes in this letter and forgive the haste.

Your devoted son,

Ernest .



Upper Woodstock

Bandon, Massachusetts  
India.

June 29, 1911

Dear Mother & Father

I'm not going to  
be able to write much of  
a letter today, but want  
to enclose the pictures  
and I'm sure they will  
bear you our message  
of love. The pretty baby-  
book, came last week.  
Thank - so much. It  
is a lovely, dainty thing  
and I shall be proud of



Wire looking forward to baby arrives  
coming in a few days now. His afraid  
John + I will be able to go back  
with him. The awful heat and  
more teeth coming will be too much  
for him, I fear. If I suffer we shall  
have to stick it out all summer again  
at home. Wire having various notions  
for June. There seems to be a  
break in the rain.

I kill about one centipede a day  
in our house, usually on the walls.

to enter Helen's bodyhood  
events in it. Since  
those three teeth came  
through, she has been  
an entirely different  
girl - so well and happy.  
She talks an interesting  
rounding jargon and  
occasionally says some-  
thing intelligible.  
Everyone says she is a  
little coquette. She has  
wonderfully pretty eyes  
and knows how to use  
them most effectively.

other places, they have more scorpions.  
We gave a big treat one day last week  
to all our friends on the hill - about  
60 guests; and now have fulfilled our  
social obligation for the season.  
On the 22nd. we had an appropriate  
service in the church in celebration  
of King Henry's coronation. I was to  
have sung Tipling's Recessional, but  
I didn't find the music.  
John sends you a kiss - she does this with  
a good much. Much love to you all.  
M.

Isn't my writing atrocious?  
I have almost forgotten  
how to use a pen, and  
aside I am writing out  
of doors, and with a pen  
in my lap, and I never  
could write decently that  
way.

Helen is looking and  
feeling much better. She  
now has four teeth -  
three and some more, when  
on thinking of coming  
there - Her face has  
taken on more character  
since I went away. I sup-  
pose her month of suffering  
brought out the character  
lines. She hardly remem-  
bered me at first, but  
when I put her there

some stunts peculiar to us boys. She remembered, and now is as friendly as ever.

Yesterday, Margaret, Helen, and I went on a little picnic and had a fine time. Margaret & Helen went in a dandy, carried by four men. We walked. We visited an old estate which is vacant this year and has now bunch out under some great old trees. In + I read. Helen played in the dirt - we enjoyed it very much.



I have been wondering if Mamma  
has gone to Ohio by this time. Daddy  
I wish you could get away for  
a little cooler air. I know how  
chilling these cool breaths are  
even tho' they be very short ones.

What you told me about Mike  
worriss me a little. I hope he  
won't break his health. I  
am thinking about writing him.  
— You devoted Son  
Ernest.

Upper Woodstock -  
Landaur - Missouri  
July 13-1911

Dear Parents:

I surely have had a  
pleasant restful week up here  
in the Hills, and tomorrow  
I'll turn to Allahabad, and  
to work. School has begun.  
College opens day after tomorrow.  
The rains have not yet  
come. The "Chhoti Barsat" has  
come, but between the "little  
rain" and the Big Barsat  
there should intervene about  
ten days. The ten days have  
stretched themselves out  
into twenty this year and  
the farmers are getting anxious.  
Meanwhile on the Plains  
it is blistering hot. Yet  
if the rains were to come  
in the next three weeks, the  
famine will be avoided.

Mama, your good letter came to us day  
before yesterday. You too, are experiencing  
what that weather means. I hope you  
will not linger in "the South too long", as  
for the heat "does take it out of one", as  
the English say. Regarding the picture  
of Helen with the little girl lost, if you  
wish another, we will send it. We  
can find ~~it~~ another one.

We are all reasonably well. Helen has  
had fever for three days from her teeth  
but today she is much better, altho  
no more teeth are there. We have  
been attending a number of teas this week.  
As you probably know, I am not fond of  
teas. Yet, I have enjoyed them, after I was  
once there and in the spirit of them. Yesterday  
we attended one, where only Hindustani  
was allowed, as a means of communication  
an English word was used, one had to  
pay a forfeit. It was funny to hear  
a crowd of men sitting around  
and talking in a strange language.

Myself, Margaret and I are going out  
in dinner, and afterwards I gave  
a box of ~~toys~~ to the soldiers. My

subject will be - "Playing the game of  
life". One must make it appear to  
the flowing Atkins. of horrors -

The breakfast bell is ringing -  
must stop. I will try and write more  
next time, when I have my type-  
writer. It is so much easier for  
both you and me, when I use  
the machine

your devoted son

Ernest.

Allahabad, July 12<sup>th</sup> 1901.

Dear homefolks,

Your good letter came as usual to us on Saturday. It was read and enjoyed by me and then forwarded to Helen, and Margaret. I am glad that Mike has got his degree. It sounds pretty big doesn't it to have a Ph.D. in the family. If I stay in teaching work, I hope to continue my Economics sometime when on furlough. Yet that is a long way off, and until that time I shall bask in the reflected glory of Mike's hard earned titles. If he can pay expenses, I would like to see him spend another year there, for it will be worth all that it costs him. At least he won't be hard on Martha tho'--not having a home of her own, and living on the ragged edge. I suppose she feels that anywhere Mike is, that is home enough, and I suppose it is the right way to look at it. Isn't Martha a jewel? And just think, that if she had been reared in the lap of luxury, she never would have had the opportunity of showing to the world of what noble stuff she is made of.

We are now in the thick of the work again, and it seems like old times. I am enjoying the work, but it would be easier if it would only rain. It has not yet rained here to any extent and people say that if it should not rain in a couple of weeks it will be too late and we will be in for a famine. Yet the wind is blowing from the right direction and we are hopeful that it may yet come in time. It is mighty tough for a nation to be dependent on the monsoons as these people are.

On Saturday night, I am going to deliver a lecture to the



Scotch regiment quartered here . It will be about the "Hole"  
I had to turn down a dinner invitation to the house of an Indian  
friend, and so I am rather peeved about it . I could not get  
slides that I wanted, so I will have to get along the best I  
can without the slides .

Two years ago this time I was preaching in Milford.  
It seems a very long time ago, but in the passage of the time,  
not thought much about it . Those were mighty nice times that  
had in Milford, but they were after all simply preparatory, and  
now I know that my real work has begun .

Well, dear Tiggee and Theodore, keep well and strong  
our ladies . Keep up the good work in writing . I hope that  
effort it takes to write so regularly is not undermining your  
noble constitutions . We surely do appreciate it . I have  
heard anything about the Round Robin I proposed about a year  
ago . The Elder family keep a very brisk bird flying about from  
to Alabama, and then to Michigan and then to Seattle, and then  
to India . Of course the news gets some stale but it is right  
to us . We surely get lots of pleasure out of our reading .  
I look forward to the time of the month for my "Everybody's"  
with great pleasure and anticipation .

Goodnight. We are all well and happy to  
hear of you and hope for all the good that is in you .

Yours loving son,

W. Ernest.

Allahabad, July 27<sup>th</sup> 1901.

Dear Daddy,

Your letter with the money reached me on Saturday last. I am returning the money to you. I am not returning the money to you. I think that you had better have it. Thankyou very much for handing it at that end of the line. It is hard to do any business at the distance of 1100 miles, especially if you have no money. When you wrote that you could get 8 or 10 % for money in Am, I was sure at first for not having sent you the Rs 20 that we had been here at 4%. So you know that this is the first time in my life that I have ever had money bearing interest. It is only 4% but when you say interest it sounds like something.

I have taught five classes today in the evening. I have also read Hindustani for an hour and a half. I have studied for two and a half. I expect to get in three more before I can put my head on the pillow. Such is life. It is a great satisfaction to be free from work. I suppose that there are a great many people who have never felt it.

We are all well out here but we are so sure that there is going to be famine. We have not yet had any rain and the crop is almost sure to be a failure. Now 90% of the people depend directly or indirectly upon agriculture, the failure of the monsoon means only one thing; that there are going to be lots of empty stomachs and a lot of suffering. It sprinkled a little today and a little yesterday but there does not seem enough moisture in the air to let it rain. In India where it rains without much difficulty, you will not be able to

to understand how hard it is for it to rain in India . Sometimes there will be a big black cloud appear, and we say that it is going to rain if it might rain, but the cloud passes over with a little rain and a little dust and is gone and we are as dry as ever .

How is the dear Mamma ? Don't let her stay down in bed so long . Tell her she must keep in good shape to look after you . That the best way she can help you in hot weather is to get out of your way and go North and work up an appetite . How I want to see you all . Give my love to Jack and Mamma and Portia . I am so glad that I am thinking of answering his letter that he wrote me some time ago, thru his cousin Jean . Goodbye .

Your devoted son,

- Ernest -

It is some what tonight, and the day has been thick of  
troubles and worries. But, I am going to sleep now.  
I have a short chat with you before I retire to bed.  
The work of the day has consisted of one Hindustani lesson, five periods  
of teaching work, one business meeting, one shop meeting in Urdu,  
one meeting with a book-keeping committee of the Temperance Hall, one  
writing letter, one call on a sick man etc, etc. The troubles and  
worries have come about by our having cholera in the college. The  
four Christian students have this disease. One of them is very  
sick tonight, and we are quite concerned about him. The other  
three seem to have safely passed the worst stage of the disease.  
The one who is the least ill of the student hostels, and our students  
are pretty well frightened. We must sit on the lid of the  
college as if things were going to happen. It matters get such  
close to shut up shop, but we are not anticipating any more of the  
cholera is a bad disease. I would much rather have a patient, I  
think. There is less suffering, while it lasts, and I think that  
the patient is usually glad to slip away, if it takes on very long.  
It really kills in the end is the inability to urinate. The  
patient can become so poisoned in a short time, that recovery is  
impossible. We are not concerned, for there is not a single  
one of those who are not constantly exposed to the disease. We are  
very careful what we eat, and use our exercise and sleep as much as  
possible. The safest thing, I think, is to be as healthy as possible.  
The one who does not have the disease is the best. If we could only get  
a good rains things would be a little better. It is not  
later or too, but nothing really. We are not going to have a famine sure enough.

[illegible][illegible]







Allahabad, August 12<sup>th</sup> 1901 .

Dear Folks,

The last two days have been holidays, and it has been a splendid good thing, for we are all about worn out . I think I told you in my last letter that we had a couple of cases of cholera among the students. One of the boys got well quickly, but the other held on for eight days. They were both Christian boys, one a first year man named Thomas, who recovered . The other, a second year man was a strong young fellow, held on for a long time lingering between life and death . Sunday night we thought he would never pull thru' but he seemed to recover . It seemed that his special physique would save him, but it was not to be so . On Tuesday night, I was sitting up with him, and went in about twelve o'clock to feel his pulse . His mother was present, and being a Doctor, had been of much help in nursing him . His mother accompanied me, and as she took his wrist to get his pulse, I waited with my watch in hand for her to tell me when to begin to count, I waited and finally I saw that she was crying, and said that she could not find his pulse . She went out of the little tent, and then I tried to find his pulse, but his heart-beat was so weak that I could not count it at all . We then began to give him medicine to quicken his heart, but I knew that it was no use and I believe that his mother did also . We did everything we could think of to keep him going, but it was no use, and at eleven we lost one of the finest of our boys . I had played football with him a great deal and it seemed so hard to think of losing such a fine fellow and playmate . We buried him yesterday afternoon . I was so dead tired last night that I hardly knew what I was doing, but am better today .



Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ 190 .

The college has been about broken up, many of the boys have fled to their homes . I am not so sure that they were frightened as they let on, but rather think that they wanted a vacation . We have closed the Christian Hostel entirely . There is only one boy left in another of the Hostels and three in another . I suppose we will keep the College going on however . The cholera is a terrible disease, but is not as contagious as the plague . We have a case of it in the Leper Asylum . I hope that those poor people will not have any more diseases to bear, beyond the awful one they already have .

The report from the Hills is splendid . Helen weighs 61 pounds and Margaret tips the beam at 114 $\frac{1}{2}$  . We are all having weather that is too delightfully fine . There is no sign of rain really coming . We will undoubtedly have a famine . I am seeing something on the other side of the curtain this year . The sterner aspect which this great country can put on when she chooses . Helen has pushed another tooth thru' and seems to be quite proud of the fact . She has many stunts . One of them is to put her hand up to her head and salaam as the Indians do . Everyone says that she is the spitting image of me . Helen has my sympathy .

Well, have a vast amount of work to do tonight . I shudder when I think how much . Home mail night is always a busy time with us . We have anything of a business correspondence . I always write the headquarters of the Mission to Lepers in Edinburgh on Thursday nights .

Daddy, your good letter telling of your business plans was mighty interesting . The mine business sounds great, but weighty . The garage seems more feasible .

Your devoted son , *Emilia*





Allahabad, Aug 17 1921 .

Dear Mamma and Papa, Long

Another week has rolled by, and we have had no rain . A very little shower occasionally which contained every thing but water . Perhaps you have never seen showers without water . Well, I never had until this year . The clouds, the winds, the time, everything is quite right, and a little rain descends, but no one pays any attention to it, for if you were out in it all day you would not get uncomfortably damp . The farmers go on plowing, trusting that the morrow will bring them the needed rain and they will be able to sow their seed, the boys who are playing football, go on and do not seem to notice that it is trying to rain . We go about without umbrellas, and on our bicycles . This is the way that India acts when there is no monsoon . I am afraid that we are in for a regular famine . One crop is hopelessly spoiled with the drought, and if rain does not come soon we will have no crops at all . There will be lots of empty stomachs this winter .

We are all well, and happy . In one month and a week we hope to be an united family . Margaret now plans to come down about the 28<sup>th</sup> of September . We have been separated for five weeks now and do not like it at all . To us it is the only trial that we have yet met with on the Mission-field . There may be others, aside from the separation from friends at home, but they do not lie in India . The work is hard and at times discouraging, but we work very little harder than we do at home . When one can put all of his time in doing the things connected with the work . No beds to make, no breakfast to prepare, no dishes to wash, no shoes to shine, no clothes to wash or iron, no horse to harness, no garden



work to do, no errands to run . We can give all of our time to the work at hand . It might not be so wearing if we could have the luxury of doing a few things for ourselves, but we really hav'nt the time to do

Yesterday, the little girl of the twins, of whom I wrote you some months ago, died . The twins were the property of our bearer, Tulsi, is now with Margaret in the Hills . As I was coming from my teaching in the College, I stopped to see how our garden was doing, and near the garden gate, sat Mrs Tulsi with the little girl in her arms . The girl looked ghastly . I went over to tell Mrs Ewing, who informed me that Dr Sweezy was coming to see one of the boys in the school and we would show the child to her . About an hour afterward, before the Dr arrived, the little thing died . The weeping was great . Had it been the other of the twain, it would have been much greater . Tulsi was at first startled when the two came and told me at the time that: Woh ziadah main gharib admi hun . It is too much, I am a poor man . Yet I think the mother was really grieved .

Later- Since I last conversed with you, I have led a meeting of Hindustani, and played a game of foot-ball, had a good hot bath, shaved, and read a letter from my wife . This was all in two hours and a half . Now, I must write to the above mentioned lady and then write some more letters and then prepare my lectures for tomorrow . Your good letter came, Mamma, and did us lots of good . You are great about writing and we surely do appreciate it .

Goodnight . With love to you and Ports,

Your devoted youngest,

Ernest

*Allahabad,* August 20<sup>th</sup> 1901 .

Dear homefolks,

It is Sunday evening and I am going to follow my old college custom of having a talk with you before going to bed . It has been a fine day-- no not sunshiny--that is not a fine day in India in the month of August, but it has rained a real rain, and has been cloudy and cool and delightful . It begins to look as if the real monsoon had come . If it continues, it will not do away with the famine, but it will surely mitigate it . It rained so hard this morning that I was not able to go to the Leper Asylum, and it rained so hard that no service at the Leper Asylum or at the Jumna Church was held . We held a Sunday School for the boys in the boarding-school, but that was the only meeting of the morning . The rain slackened and then finally stopped at eleven.

Good word continues to come from the Hills . Helen has now six teeth thru . She does not seem to have any on the way at present . As a result, she seems to be quite well and enjoying life to the full . Her mother is quite well, but has a good deal of trouble with her back . She thinks that it is just nerves, for she has been working very hard at the language recently . Margaret, when she is at work is as calm as a summer sea, but inwardly she works with great nervous tension . Her mind works like a hydraulic hammer, and quite wears her out after some hours of continuous work . If the weather continues as cool as it is at present, I hope that she will be able to come down the middle of next month .

Next Saturday is our wedding anniversary . It will be two years . We have quite outgrown the feeling of selfconsciousness . I can talk

about "My wife" now without a tremor . It is a great regret to me that you never got to really know Margaret . Of course you know her, but she is not one whom people can know in a short time, and seeing spasmodically I wish you knew her as I know her . I have known lots of women , but never met but one Margaret . I owe a great debt to Providence for he led me towards her . This is not cant . I am not pious . I have taken two years to judge, and I know what I am talking about . If it were not so, I would not say it was: I would merely say nothing . Then, for Mike's sake I am glad of another thing I have discovered . I have learned a lot about the love of husband and wife being deepened by the coming of a child . Daddy, down at the wooden bridge, on that last Sunday afternoon, you talked of this . I do not think that the child detracts anything, but I do not believe that any man who really loves his wife, needs the advent of a child to deepen or intensify his love . Yes, I know that what I am saying is all rank heresy, and is altogether contradicted by the Elsie Dinnsmore books, but in my case is strictly true . As dearly as I love Helen, she is not needed as a long distance link to connect me with her mother . There may be a little difference in the intensity of affection, a little more carefulness of her health, but what I mean is that if the child was needed in itself to bring love and sympathy between the man and wife, the original was an imitation .

Yesterday at a Y.M.C.A. meeting with the students, the faculty competed with the students in athletic games . I vindicated my position by winning the hop-skip and jump, the leap frog contest, the slow ball race and overtook my man and passed him in the relay, as the last man . In the general results, the teachers had a trifle the better of it . I am not so very stiff today either .



Allahabad, .....

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Last night the wings gave a dinner . It was in honour of their 21<sup>st</sup> anniversary . We had a very good time . What is your anniversary ? Daddy, do you remember how hot it was in Wooster, on the 16<sup>th</sup> of August 1909 ? I wonder if I would have made the riffle and arrived on time if Mike had not been there to bring me out of my troubles . Heck Harrington leaves much to be desired when it comes to fulfilling the duties of a best-man . He needs a guardian himself, instead of pretending to help another man .

Well, it is quite late and I have rattled on here at great length and have touched I fear on a great variety of subjects . Sticking to the text as always been more or less difficult for me . Well, if you had the cold in your head that I have you would probably rattle about also . Yet, if we were to sit down and have a good long powwow, we would talk of a variety of subjects; why not do so when we talk on paper . I was reading an article on composition some time ago and the author said that in well written compositions, one idea should shade into another, and that one paragraph should introduce another . Yet, that is not the way in music, always, nor is it the way in painting . Half of the effect is obtained by contrasts . Yet, I confess that that Englishman Benson, wrote good letters and always stuck to his text .

Goodnight . Your letter came yesterday as usual and I have sent it on to Margaret . Daddy, I liked it and laughed over it, because I just how you felt when you wrote it . You did not feel like writing a letter at that time and had the decency to say so . If you had said so, it would not have been so funny . Your loving son,

Ernest .

Dear Mr. ...

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.

I am writing you a letter. It was in London at  
the time. I have a very good time. I was in  
London, and I was in London, and I was in London.



Allahabad, August 31<sup>st</sup> 1901

Dear Papa and Mama,

Yours for a few lines tonight . I have had my usual Thursday and the end is not yet . I am feeling quite salubrious, as the carkies say . Last night I was quite weary and went to bed and slept the sleep of the just and this morning I felt quite well, and after putting in a hard day, I am not as tired tonight as I was last night . August and September are the hard weeks for us . Last year, at the end of the month of September, which had been quite warm and trying, we were all pretty much fagged . I hope this Sept will be cooler and not so disintegrating . Teaching is nerve wracking business, and when the weather is hot and the prickly heat is on the run, it is pretty bad .

I am expecting Margaret and Helen down in about two weeks . I surely will be glad to see them . It is just seven weeks since I left them, and nine weeks is a long period of separation . Helen still prospers and Margaret is quite well . They have had a very trying ~~time~~ time of it up there recently . Mrs Holcomb has been very sick and as the doctor said that the altitude was too much for her, they moved down into "Upper Woodstock", which was somewhat lower . Dr and Mrs H are the senior missionaries of our mission . Since that time Mrs H has been several times near landing on the off side of the stream, but has swung back into the current again . Of course the suspense to those in Upper Woodstock has been something great . At present it seems as if she has a chance, but I am getting very much afraid of those who have a chance, for we thought that Joshi, the boy who died of cholera, had a chance . This lady is quite old and very charming . Her

is of course, very much worried and heart-sick . Poor old man, he  
be mighty lonely if he loses her .

Life in Allahabad is pretty much the same, during the working  
season . We have been having some good rains and at present every  
thing seems to be growing nicely . I stay on the job week in, and  
hardly ever away, except when I go over to the Leper Asylum . Yet  
the life is in itself interesting, and I enjoy it . Still, I wonder  
I ought not to get out of the Compound oftener and see someone  
and keep from getting stale .

I do not know where to address this letter . I suppose that  
Mama is in Marysville . I was very sorry to learn that Aunt Mary  
not feeling very well . Give her my love, and tell her that I hope  
that will soon recover and will be waiting to give us a hearty  
welcome when we come marching home again in a few more years .

Some Christian students have come to have a sing, and so I  
bring this letter to a close .

Your loving and devoted son,

*Ernest*

Allahabad, Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1901.

Dear Home-folks,

Another Thursday evening has come and I have sat me down for the pleasure of a short talk with you. We have had a fine shower today which has left the world bright, fresh and green. We needed the shower, and last night at about two it began to come and it rained a lot in a very short time. I think that I have hardly ever heard it rain harder. The old Jumna river is up pretty high and looks a good three-quarters of a mile across it. It is a beautiful body of water when the banks are quite filled up. I have seen the Mississippi much narrower at some places.

In six more days, Margaret and Helen will arrive in Allahabad. I am anxious to see them. It seems a long time since I saw them. In reality it is only about nine weeks, but nine weeks may be a long time if one is hanging by the neck or separated from the rest of the house.

Your good letter came on Saturday as usual. I enjoyed them both so much. I enjoyed Mama's description of Jack playing around on the grounds of the park. I surely should like to see Jack. I am afraid that Jack bears in mind the barn as a place for bawling, when he hears my name. Well, we were pretty good friends anyway. I am right glad that you have Jack with you, for altho' he is a lot of bother, it ~~would~~ <sup>must</sup> be a lot of fun to have him around and follow the periminations of his mind. How, I should like to drop down <sup>in Margaret's</sup> and have a look around. I should like to meet the Dutch and the old Gaurd. I should like to see Unkie's folks and Aunt Jane. It seems as if we

1900

1900

I think that I have been very much  
interested in the study of the  
history of the world. It is a  
very interesting subject.

I have been very much  
interested in the study of the  
history of the world.

I have been very much  
interested in the study of the  
history of the world.



ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE  
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Allahabad,*

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are a very long way from home . We have been away from home two years next week, I think . Two years is one quarter of our stay in India . That is not very much you say . Well, I think that is . If you had been here for two years you would think it was a quite a while . Yet the time has gone very rapidly .

We are all well . That Mrs Holcomb, of whom I wrote you last week seems to be much better . I guess that she will live a while longer, if she can keep from having colds or heart-trouble . It sounds reasonable to say that she will live longer, if she gets no worse, doesn't it . I am right glad that she got better, not only for Dr H's sake but for my own, for Margaret could hardly have been able to come down, if she had hung on the brink much longer .

I must hie me to my work . With lots of love,

Your youngest and devoted son,

*Ernest*





Allahabad Christian College.  
Sept 14" 1911

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Margaret and Helen arrived safely yesterday, and it seems  
mighty fine to have them home again. They are both looking robust  
and healthy, thereby advertising the bracing air of Landaur. Helen  
has grown a lot in the last two months and I doubt very much if I  
would have known her had I met her in a narrow alley. Since her  
teeth have left off troubling her, she has braced up wonderfully, and  
has taken on a lot of weight. She still has a couple of teeth on the  
way, but they are not troubling her very much just at present.

In another month's time we will know our fate as to where we  
are to be stationed next year. I am rather hoping that it will be  
Swalior, but I know that I will be very much disappointed if it is.  
I am very much in love with the work here, and shall hate to give it up  
sightily. Still, if the Mission wishes to send us there I will not  
fight with them. It will be something to be trusted with the most  
difficult mission in the whole of the N. India branch of the work. I  
am much flattered, even to think that they are willing to consider us  
as eligible. So, by the time you receive this, they will probably be  
deciding this question. I hope that you will pray that they may de-  
cide it aright.

Edmund Lucas, my old class-mate in Rooster, is to marry the  
youngest daughter of J.C.R. Wing on October 3". He is teaching in  
Allahabad Christian College, and has been out about three years. I would  
like to go to the wedding, but do not know whether I can get away.  
He is getting a very fine girl, and she is getting one of the finest  
men I have ever known.

We have been having fine rains again, all during the week.  
Allahabad is surely beautiful during the rains. When things begin to dry  
they dry up with a vengeance, and in about a month after the rains  
are over, the grass is all withered up. Today the rain came down in tor-  
rents, while I was trying to teach my classes, and I could hardly make  
myself heard. Today, I taught five classes, one right after the other  
in rain almost all the time. By the time the last class was  
over, my throat was sore to the throat. I surely enjoy my teach-



We are very much interested in what you wrote about the possibility of Jean's coming to India . I hope that you will keep us informed as to the progress of the situation . How hard it will be for the father and mother to let her go . Still it would be a fine experience for her . I hope she will come, for if she does she can surely pay us a visit .

No mail came from you this last week . It was the first week that no mail came from home at all in the shape of letters . There was "Everybody's" however, which I am always glad to receive . I am hoping that it was caused by Daddy's going North, and between you the letter failed to come . Perhaps we will get two epistles this week .

Margaret and I have just had our evening repast all alone . Edwards, our star boarder has gone out for dinner . He had a servant each to minister to our needs, and did not like the pudding, so we sent to the kitchen , the word that our cook was losing his skill, and we hoped that he would cook better in the future . While we eat another man kindly (for \$2 per month) pulls the punkah and keeps us from distasting our soup . Is'nt that eating in state ? What wouldn't we give however to sit down at Tiggee's festive board and eat everything in sight . I have written quite a long letter . I hope that you will not feel hurt about this . Goodnight .

Your loving and devoted,

*Ernest*





NAVI ASYLUM.  
ALLAHABAD.  
W E WELD.  
Base Superintendent.

MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

Allahabad, \_\_\_\_\_ Sept 21<sup>st</sup> 1911 .

Dear Father and dear Mamma,

It gives me great pleasure to address you with a few words on this auspicious occasion . I wish the word few to be emphasized in the above sentence . I have had a wearing day, a day in which we had to wear clothes and would have been much more comfortable without them but being missionaries we had to keep them on . I have done much work and have much to do yet, but hope to get some of it done . Helen is asleep, Margaret is studying the Hindustani language, and I am writing parents a letter . Of the three occupations, I prefer Helen's, and secondly mine, and thirdly, Margaret's'.

College closed tonight for a few days--called the Poushira vacation . I am right glad for it gives me time to try and get up one or two of the language examinations . I am right tired teaching anyway and will welcome any change . The weather has been warm, and the subjects hard, and the gait fast and we are all tired .

Werden left this morning for Scotland, where he will take a course in medicine . I hated to see him go, for he is a right nice fellow . He has served in this college for three and a half years . He is a Canadian . What is the next best thing to being an American inhabitant of the U.S. There will soon arrive a fresh shipment of Americans at this college and mission . I have not yet been out here two full years and the present College staff is made up of Messers Ewing, Edwards, Hunter, and Slater : Everyone of these men have been to America since we have . I feel like an old stager .

Good-morning . I have had a good sleep and hasten to pen a few highly instructive words to the letter already begun . I have two pages of lauba-ul-masuh this morning and have six yet to read that it behooves me to be stirring . But before I resume my pen and before the chaprosi calls to take this epistle to the post I wish to assure you of our good-health and devotion to our parents and our devotion to duty, wherever it may be found . It bids to be a warm day, and Helen's prickley heat will doubtless be called forth will doubtless incite the aforesaid Helen to give some vocal aid to the way she feels . Helen is a good girl, and has improved both mental and physical since her return to her daddy's stimulating companionship . I wish that you might know her, for she is well cultivating . She can speak a few words, most of them Hindustani . She can walk around with the support of my sustaining little finger . She is very fond of society, and generally collects a circle of idlers about her, and then begins to do her worst .

Tuesday last was Mrs Swing's birthday . We had a heap big at our house, in her honour . All of our station-missionaries and Hunter, a recent Princeton graduate, stunted . Hunter has a deer, which he is trying to civilize . He conceived the idea of bringing the little deer into the parlour, and introducing him to all guests here assembled . I had warned him, but he is one of those who will not listen to older and wiser heads . The deer had entered, lead by Hunter, when he began to ruin one of our choice plants and Hunter quickly led the deer away, and restored him to the outside world, where he belongs . We all most burst ourselves internally . Most of us have been under the doctor's care since . I had never heard of such things happening, but this was my first real one .

Your loving son,

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad

Sept. 28, 1911

Dear mother & father  
+ Nat, trying  
work has just passed!  
We have had little rain  
to cool things off,  
and without the  
"bank has" living would  
be quite uncomfortable.  
Ernest, I suppose,  
would call this cool  
and pleasant, but the

carrying - almost every evening  
and that cooks her off weekly  
tips her sleep well at night  
A week ago the McTregors lost  
their little son (6 mo. old) Mrs. Mc  
had come down from the hills  
the same time I did. The babe  
was a big, strong boy, the perfect  
picture of health. But he got

aby and I are hardly  
used to it yet. Helen's  
crickly heat is worse  
than ever but she is  
quite cheerful under  
the circumstances.  
She wears very few  
clothes except at night  
when I have to be  
careful that she  
doesn't get a chill on  
her liver under the  
reeze of the blanket.  
I take her out for  
a drive in the



disentery, and in two days was  
dead. It was a bad little ex-  
cession - just the Americans  
in the station - some of the  
Germans in the Y. M. C. A. where  
Mr. McTear is working - that  
wended its way to the present  
ill-kept cemetery at the edge of  
town.

Last night we  
dined with Mr. Sorabji,  
an Indian gentleman  
who has one of the  
most beautifully  
furnished homes in  
Bombay - very English  
in style. He himself  
has been educated in  
England, is a professor  
of Law in Muir College  
and a very interesting  
man. Among the  
other guests last night

and gay-colored turban, yards +  
yards of bright blue cloth  
wrapped around his head and  
allowed to hang down in one  
streamer on the back.

Ernest has gone to Fatehgarh  
today to attend Presbyter; will  
probably be away two days. He had  
been thinking some of going to  
Lahore to attend Edmund's funeral.

and some of the  
English missionaries  
Father Dubock a  
Catholic priest and a  
young Indian prince  
who is to ride with  
King George at the  
Gallie Durbar, that is  
he is to be one of the  
King's escort. He was  
an interesting young  
fellow, dressed in a  
very tight-fitting  
white coat & trousers

wedding next Tuesday, but has  
given it up as it's a long trip  
and he feels he must get in all  
his spare time in the summer  
these days. I too am preparing  
to take all the first year part of  
the second year examinations this ad.  
With much love to you all,

Yours  
Margaret.



Alloaavos Oct 5" 1911

Dear Mama! I have not written to you  
some days. Last week I was busy at Pres.  
and did not have the chance of writing  
I regretted this but Margaret wrote  
I knew that you would enjoy hearing from  
I have hard work writing with a pen  
I am woefully out of practice. My  
"underwood" is temporarily out of commission  
but I hope to have it in shape again  
soon. You must excuse haste and bad  
writing tonight as I have much work to  
do before I can seek my downy rest.

During the last ten days, Margaret and I  
have both been studying the Lerdan and Hindi  
languages until we are both red eyed &  
tired. Teaching began again today and the  
exams begin next week. I am not very well  
prepared as I have had my full college  
work to do. I do not know yet whether  
I can get all of the exams off or not.  
I surely will be glad when they are all  
over; both for Margaret's sake and my own.  
Your good letter came as usual. So you  
have returned to to my Arkansas.  
I hope you did not have as warm a  
September as we had. We feel that the  
cooler weather has really begun now  
however for the nights are getting a  
little cooler. We still sleep under the  
blanket however - because of mosquitoes.

You wrote us in one letter that Ida  
had called Jean to take charge of  
School in India. In another letter  
say that Jean shall have left before  
reach Mombasa. and you remark  
you do not know how her parents  
going to endure the separation we  
naturally conclude that Jean is com-  
ing to India and are delighted. In your  
last letter you say that Jean  
left for some mountains or other,  
name is not known in India. Our  
hopes are crushed. Alas. Please explain.

Last night we all went down to the  
Quay station to meet Eva. She is  
young sister of Edmunds' who is com-  
ing out to visit her parents for a time.  
was to have arrived in time for Ed-  
munds' marriage to Nancy Ewing but was  
delayed owing to the sailor's strike  
Liverpool. Alas.

I must stop and get to work.  
With all kinds of love -

Your devoted son,  
Ernest.

late for Edmond's  
wedding - Her father  
+ mother who had  
of course gone to  
be home at the wedding -  
did not get back  
is, all about until  
~~this~~ morning ~~after~~  
about eight hours  
after Evelyn landed.  
She is a sweet-  
looking girl.

Will be opened again  
later after the

finally became such a  
2. miscreant - that Ernest got a  
gun and killed two of them -  
)

Love to you all

Margaret



Ullalabod - Oct 13 - 11

Dear friends:

I am in the midst of the  
language examinations, and can only  
write a note. It is very hard to  
do the examinations justice, when  
there is so much to do besides.  
I have taken three and have three  
more to go to. Morgant is taking  
the first year examination and  
has taken five. She is pretty well  
prepared. I am depending on her to  
do the honors of the family this year.  
We are all well, but Sunday  
annual meeting comes next week  
we hope to get some rest then.

No mail from you last week.  
We hope to receive some tomorrow.  
Hoping you are well and  
happy and love your enemies  
as well as your granddaughter  
daughter. Love —

We remain —

Your truly descendant  
Wm. Morgan T. Evans



11. 21. 11 - 11. 21. 11

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Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side:

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*The above is a copy of the original manuscript.*

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1871. 1872. 1873.

Allahabad Christian College.

Oct 27" 1911

Dear daddy and mamma,

Time has rolled on whether the letters have or not .

I am afraid I have become a very bad correspondent,during the last two or three weeks . It has been a time of especial strain and stress . Now it is all over;annual meeting is a thing of the past and I returned last night;glad to get back . We had a very interesting meeting . Among the interesting things that proceeded from the discussions were the following: First,Margaret and I passed all the examinations that we took, Secondly,the mission voted to take us out of the college one year from now,and put us in Etah,to substitute for the McGaws while they are on furlough . We will be away from the college for two years . This was done when we expressed our wish to have this experience,and we could not be thrown into a more distinctly Indian community,for Etah is some sixteen miles from the rail-road . You may wonder that we wish to take two years out of our lives and give it to a work which is not the main issue . But facts are facts,and our work will always be more or less circumscribed until we get some of these facts first hand . Of course this does not come to pass for a year and much may happen in that time which will make it impossible for us to go,but we hope not . Thiraly it evolved that we are going to have a heap big agricultural school at Allahabad,which will be an annex to the college . There is strong talk of forming a "Mt Hermon" college here also,so that the poor Christians can work their way into an education if they wish . There were other interesting things emerging but these are the most interesting . One other thing: I have been elected to preach the annual

is the place where you are.

Goodbye, Your loving son,

*Samuel*



Allahabad, Nov 2

1921

Dear parents,

Helen is preparing for bed: I can hear her from where I write, over the din of the machine. She loves her bed, like mothers like a cigarette. She took six steps alone the other day, so that she may now be called a walker. It is a good thing to be a walker, but it means that we must soon be watching her like a hawk, or else she will be falling down the long flight of steps which lead up to our door. Do you think that a child could be sympathized with when they cry? Helen learned a few bad tricks the hills and it has kept us busy trying to get them out of her system. I am afraid that I do not sympathise enough with her, for when she cries "ayah" or "mamaa" at the top of her voice but she never calls for me. She loves me when she is in a good humour, and I doubt not, the reason that I love her better when she is in a good humour than when she is 'nt.

We both have been a little under the weather. Not sick enough to work, but have suffered a loss of appetite and we both have had a little attack of fever. The cause is thought to be "Liver". I am doing at present with liver medicine and think that I am some better. At least getting a little better appetite. It may be that the change of the season has something to do with it. Margaret is much better and I am on my feet, and hope that by the time this reaches you, to have forgotten all about it. I tell this to you so that you may know that I am keeping faith in telling you all that goes on.

This year has surely gone rapidly. In two weeks, there will remain one month till Christmas. We surely will be right glad to have a rest. We would like to spend this Christmas with you!

Daddy, your good letter came . Tell us more about your movement . I think that you have done wisely, in making a change . I think that you will soon arrive at the point that you do not care whether you do much hard work or not . Not that you are decrepit, but that you earned a rest if ever a man did . You must stay at home and hold the home . I should like that job myself, only if I hold Margarets' and I shall not have hands to go around .

Mr Edwards is expecting his piano to arrive tomorrow . He has to put it in our room . Margaret will be tickled to death to have it and I will be pleased because she is pleased . She has many invitations to sing, and accepts very few, because it takes it out of her so . On Sunday she refused two : one at the Central Y.M.C.A. and one at the Institute . I am refusing most of the opportunities to preach in the city on Sunday, because I am usually quite tired out Sunday evening . I do not understand that there are in the city a number of English churches . In the civil lines, there are the following : a Scotch Kirk, a Baptist, an American Methodist, and services are held in the Y.M.C.A. where non-conformists . Besides there is a Holy Trinity Church, and a Church of England which are of the Church of England persuasion . In the two latter I have never been asked to preach, and neither has any other non-conformist . They have preached in all of the other a number of times . They are not for the English speaking Eurasians, and partly for the English who are living in this country .

Well, I must close this letter and write some others . I hope you are well and happy . I like the tone of your letters . I trust you are not concealing the rocks of life and telling only about the good . Margaret sends her love . Helen is asleep . With bushels of love,



Allahabad. Nov. 9" 1901

Mr Parents,

This has been a strenuous week . We have had a student's strike on. Last Wednesday afternoon, the student's committee approached Mr Lwing asked for a holiday , the same holiday to be the following day, which is a Hindu feast-day . We do give certain holidays, but they are ones which are listed, in what is known as the Collector's list . This day was a local feast-day, and was not in the Collector's list . Mr Lwing refused to give it . The next day they all 'cut', that is, all of the Hindu boys, and it left the college quite deserted, for we have about 200 Hindu students . Well, we the faculty met and ruled that all of the students who had cut, would have their names struch off of the roll, and could not re-enter the college again until they had paid a new registration fee of one rupee (.33 cents). The students did not come back and organized a patrol and used suasion to keep up the integrity of the strike . We waited a couple of days and then passed the ruling that all of the students who had not returned to the college, who were living in the college hostels (dormitories) must leave . This was a serious affair . We told five men who were patrolling the roads that they did not have the privilege of re-entering the college . They wrote us up in the papers and did us all of the dirt they could, but they began to hear from their parents and guards . They then began to come back . Most of them are now back in college and we have won, but I fear that it is a pretty sore bunch of men. It was too bad that this thing had to come , for I fear that it has given us pretty much of a back-set with the men . Yet we feel that discipline must be maintained or there will surely be more trouble to follow .

[illegible]

am very busy tonight, as I must set a couple of examination papers  
must write speech for tomorrow and have other letters to write also.  
In connection, I must tell you again, and I hope that you will tell  
Mort, who also had a share in it, that I surely do appreciate my type  
writer. I write a bad and a slow hand with a pen, and I can write so much  
with the machine and make a so much more presentable letter, that I  
see in it from that point of view. Then besides, I have written vols  
economic notes since I have arrived and it means much to have them in  
able form. I do not suppose that you ever spent money in your life  
gave greater pleasure. Regarding the above speech, tomorrow is  
is called 'Old Boy's Day', and corresponds to our reunion days at home:  
day when the graduates and former students come back and make them-  
selves at home about the college. I am to make the address of welcome to  
the Boys. If I don't get some ideas pretty soon, I am afraid that  
it will be a pretty thin affair.

I wrote a good long letter to Aunt Lida the other day. I have been  
negligent about holding up my end of the correspondence, but I have  
now set to reform. There is a possibility of my going to Bombay at  
some time to attend the General Assembly. How I should like to on  
Chellore!

Mother is quite well and Margaret and I are both feeling much better  
than we were this time last week. I must stop now and get to work.  
With kinds of love and devotion,

Your affectionate son,

Ernest.

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Sumner Mission  
Tallahassee, Florida.  
Nov. 16, 1911

Dear mother & father -

We've been busy  
getting our Christmas  
home mail off. These  
last few days. Last year  
I think we were a little  
late with it, so we decided  
to take time of the  
overlook this season.  
You will be in the  
midst of winter and  
the Christmas festivities  
when this reaches you.  
I wish we could catch  
a little of the real



great man - words - every time  
the mother is excited mamma 'poken'  
and 'toast'. She weighs now 23 lbs.  
and is 21 inches tall. Her hair altho  
it looks rather stringy in the old  
Kodak picture really curls quite nicely  
on the back. Blue is decidedly her  
color with her very fair hair and  
dark brown eyes. She seems well and  
strong altho she has very little color  
on her cheeks.

Ernest has been working up to the limit  
since the middle of the summer and  
needs a good rest, but there seems little  
chance to get it as work was right on  
until Christmas. His throat has been

American Christmas  
spirit out here.  
That it won't be like home  
I suspect we will have  
some good times during  
the holidays, & as we have  
a good live crowd of young  
Americans in Allahabad  
now. I think we must  
have a Christmas tree  
for Helen, even if it takes  
the whole family to stand  
around and see that she  
doesn't pull it down or  
eat the ornaments off of it.  
She is making rapid  
strides at washing these  
up. With a little  
encouragement she will  
walk across the room  
alone. She is saving a

Troubling him in a week and today  
he has been having a severe headache.  
I think he and St. Edwards are planning to take  
a little trip down the river for a couple of days.  
It will do him good to get away from everything for  
a while.

We have sent a small parcel, bearing our  
Christmas good wishes. The pillow top is  
Persian work; the case is made of little  
sham silk in our mission school at Fairpark.  
We are all a very merry Christmas  
and happy New Year.  
With lots of love,  
Margaret.

Wouldn't it be jolly if Jack & Helen would  
come down to get him?

Nov. 16" 1911

*Allahabad, India.*

Dear Mamma and Daddy,

This is just a note to tell you that we are glad that you are still enjoying your customary good health . This will reach you about Christmas time, and I want to say to you both .  
~~MERRY~~ CHRISTMAS . I wish that we might spend it with you but it might make all of us ~~be~~ dissatisfied, for we would have such a good time that we would not be willing to separate afterwards, and go our different ways . But we will be thinking of you and hoping that you are having as good a time as we are having, and that ~~we~~ <sup>you</sup> are missing us as much as we are missing you . When one sorrows because of someone's absence, there is always a little bitter-sweet mixed up with it, and a little thanksgiving that there is someone to love and to be loved by . The older I grow the more and more thankful I am to have had loved ones and friends who care and understand . Perhaps living in a foreign country has caused this, for one can get right lonely in and with the millions of India . The cure for loneliness is hard-work . I am so glad that you both have been allowed to keep on working, for work is a right agreeable companion if you don't see too much of Him . I feel that I am seeing a little too much of him these days, for I am mighty tired . On the coming Sunday, I am going to retire to the country and take a day's rest . Sunday is no rest day for us .

Helen is getting cuter and cuter and we are growing fond of her . Goodnight.

Your devoted son,

*Ernest -*

... we are ...  
... this will ...  
... to you both ...  
... it with you ...  
... would have ...  
... to separate ...  
... different ...  
... are having, and that ...  
... there is always a little sister-sister ...  
... a little thanksgiving that there is someone to love ...  
... the other, you the more and more ...  
... we have loved once and friends and care and understanding ...  
... living in a foreign country, has seemed this, for one can ...  
... honestly in and with the millions of India ... the care ...  
... in a life-work ... I am so glad that you both have been ...  
... to keep on working, for work is a right agreeable ...  
... you don't see too much of him ... I feel that I am seeing ...  
... too much of him these days, for I am missing him ...  
... to return to the country and take ...  
... is no rest ...  
... is coming over and over and we are ...  
... devoted ...



NOV. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1911

*Mahabul, India.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Again I say unto thee, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year .  
This may reach you by Christmas, who knows ? It is almost sure to  
reach you by New Years . May it be the best New Years day you have  
ever known, and may the day be but a foretaste of what the year has in  
store for you . I have just received another good letter from Aunt  
Tida . She was telling what a good time they had at her 50<sup>th</sup> Anniver-  
sary . It was a great honour they paid her and I am very glad for her  
sake . Just think, fifty years in India, and great useful years at  
that . She has urged me to come and see them if I go to Bombay to the  
General Assembly . It is a thirty hour trip from Bombay to where they  
will be . I am afraid that it is not very feasible, but I am enjoying  
thinking about it . I wish that Margaret and Helen might go . If I  
should go, they may go toategark to visit the Hemphills . I do not  
know what day Assembly begins, but I am determined on this that I will  
not go away from my family before Christmas . Travel is so cheap in  
this country, if one is willing to rough it a little, that it is not  
brought into consideration except as to time . This will be my chief  
consideration when it comes to making up my mind .

We are all feeling much better than we did last week . Helen  
has something of a cold but she does not let it worry her a great deal.  
On Sunday, I had a grand day . Edwards and I went to the country and  
had a great sleep . Saturday night we went to bed at ten and slept  
till eight next day . That afternoon I slept from two till six . On

Monday morning, Lawaras and I went out with one gun between us and five doves and one pigeon . We saw a herd of haran, or small deer, almost got a shot at them, but they must of smelt us, for we were hidden, for they ran away and we could not get close to them again. It was the first time that I ever saw such large game in the wild and needless to say that I was much interested and some excited. We stopped in a lak-bungalow or government rest house, which are over India, firstly for the government officials who are touring the country on duty, and secondly for any travellers like ourselves who happen to be in that part of the country on pleasure . We came back in the afternoon, for Monday was a holiday in the College .

The strike is practically over now . Practically all our students are back and we hear very little about the whole trouble. We are glad to let well enough alone, for we have won a victory, but I do not like those kinds of victories, when the defeated is the stronger body . One student has been asked not to come back at all, for

Tonight at Hockey, I got hit on the end of the finger with the hockey-stick . It is bruised so that everytime that I hit a key with that finger it gives me severe pain . This accounts, I hope, for many mistakes I have been making .

Yesterday, I gave over the Leper-Asylum to Higginbottom, a regular man, who has returned from America . I was glad to get it over in some ways, and sorry in others . I was overloaded, but I must have made the acquaintance of the Leper work and the lepers . I am now to be able to put more time on the language work and my college which has at times run at loose ends .

I must stop now and get to work . I have a lecture for my Economy class . Love from us all to you all . Your son,



MAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Nov. 30" 1911

*Mahabad, India.*

Parents,

This is Thanksgiving day . I have just found it out by putting a graded question to my wife . She knows about all of these American fests, having spent two more years in that land than I have . I am interested in them all, but in Turkey or India, they do not have them, they give you so much to do that you are inclined to overlook them altogether if you are not married . Being married, one always remembers this or one is naturally inclined to be thankful . But I have spent a very busy day, having attended two committee meetings and taught five classes, and preached a sermon in Hindustani to the defenceless workmen in the shops . I also played a set of tennis and ran three times around the athletic ground . I intended to run more, but I got a stitch in my side and had to forego the pleasure of running the students off of their feet, who had had the opportunity to run with their Economics Professor . I am now sitting in my dressing room, clothed in my full-dress uniform, in which I was married . There is a concert tonight, and we Americans are going, for one or two are going to perform . He always support home-talent . It is very seldom that we retire from our houses after the sun has set, for we have work to do next day . Social affairs begin late here and last till later . After it is all over and I am safe in my downy little couch, I shall have both the time and inclination to be very thankful . It has been such a good year for us and has gone so nicely, that we have much to be thankful for . Helen is strong, and we are both well, and have passed all of the language examinations . Our students have done well, and they like us, and listen to us

when we tell them the old old story, and we believe that it is not  
effect. Then our dear parents and brothers and sisters and Uncles  
cousins and aunts have all been spared <sup>to</sup> us: so taking it all in all  
very thankful and hope that you are the same and hope that you love  
we love you. Then we have been cleaning house this week and had  
our walls repainted, and it is almost over and I will be able to get  
the dining room back to my study and I shall be very thankful for

I must stop now and write another letter, for my time is quite  
limited. Goodnight.

With love from us all to you all,

Your youngest son,

Ernest

Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> 1911

Alhabad, India.

Dear Daddy and Tiggee,

The King has come, and has gone to Delhi, and there will be a great blowout, called in this country a Durbar. He will be crowned King-Emperour of India. On the 12<sup>th</sup> he will be crowned and practically all the world will be there. There has been a six day holiday declared, and all of the Colleges and Government offices are closed. We are not as glad as you might expect, for it is getting near to examination time and we are beginning to realize how much is yet to be done, before that dread time comes.

Yet it gives me time to get some books corrected, and to write a lecture, and a sermon, and many little odds and ends must be attended to. We thought of going to Benares and paying a couple of days visit, but it was not convenient to our friends as they are having special ceremonies there in honour of His Majesty the King.

I am preaching in English a good deal these days. I preach next Sunday at the Baptist Church, and the following week, I lecture to the educated Hindus in the city on "The Character of Christ". This lecture comes at six. At eight-fifteen, I am giving a lantern lecture on Modern Palestine before the soldiers. We have a regiment here entitled "The Royal Scots". I have preached to them but I have never lectured to them, and my general impression is that one must be up and doing.

I am sending Mike some cuff-links which came late from Cashmere. I hoped to get them in time, so that they could be forwarded and reach him in time for Christmas. The same applies to your

drawn even more strictly in India than even in England. We had



stick pin lady . It is an amethyst stone, but mounted in  
The mount is so cheap that I fear that people may think  
to be glass . If you like, I wish you might have it removed  
gold and let me reimburse you . It is hard to get it done  
here and I did not wish to delay longer .

The programme of the "Old Folk's Concert" was much  
ated by us . Now we should have liked to have heard that  
Margaret and I concluded that it would have been a good idea  
have dressed as you did some thirty years ago . Perhaps  
do that however .

I am so glad that you like your work in the warehouse  
wish that you would be a little more definite about the  
the work .

We were might, interested in Bob Elder's new stant .  
hope that he will like his work as much as I did . It will  
like starting at the bottom for him, and it will not amount  
much unless he stays with it . I hope that he can work  
bank sometime . He has had some bankwork in Chicago .  
a very fine boy, and has some sterling qualities which will  
him a success there if he will only stay with it long enough .  
That is what counts down there . To wit, Walter Reed's  
Bob has Walter beat to death in some qualities and training  
my only fear is that he may wish to quit sooner than he  
give him my best, and tell him that the best I can hope  
is that he can hold down his job as well as I did .

Your loving son,

Ernest

MAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,  
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Dec. 14" 1911

*Mahabad, India.*

How are you? I have sat <sup>me</sup> down to the machine, and Helen is leaning  
my knee, watching my fingers fly. She stops me every so often, to  
me a "pise", as she calls it, and all of this does not contribute to  
letter writing. A pise is a small coin, equal to one-half of a  
in American money. Helen is running all about now, and altho'  
gets an occasional fall, she does not let this discourage her. A  
tola insists on being Hindustani. She can imitate the kutta,  
billi, the guddha, the gari, and buri larki roti hui, which are, the  
cat, donkey, the railroad, and the bad little girl crying respective  
ly. She has had quite a hard cold, but seems to be better now.  
We are all well. Time moves with great rapidity, and Xmas is al-  
most upon us. We are working hard these days, as we have begun to  
and whip our men into shape for the examinations. From this on  
about the first of March, there will be no rest for the wicked.  
Our work here has grown so that we feel the need of money. We  
enlarging, by putting in an engineering and an agricultural de-  
partment, for we feel that the Christian boys, who are low caste, must  
be trained to earn a living. The agricultural department especially  
 appeals to the people who understand the conditions here. Nine-~~teen~~  
tenths of the population of India are agricultural, and they only  
scratch the soil, with methods seven thousand years old. Dr Lwing  
has a scheme to get fifty individuals or groups of individuals to  
per annum plus, and has asked me to write to all my friends.

— of one who has smashed the social lines which have been  
drawn even more strictly in India than even in England. We had  
a good time and enjoyed it very much, altho' it was quite a task for  
Margaret, for our servants are not given to entertaining the high and  
mighty, and were very much concerned about things. We are having  
a few friends in tonight in honor of a sister.



If it is a church which makes the contribution, the \$100 must be in addition to what they have been giving to the Board in the past. I do not know what our church in Marianna is giving to foreign missions, but thought that I would write to you about it, and you might talk over with Uncle Port, and if you both thought it wise to put it to the minister there, I suppose that the Marianna church must be in the Southern branch, as I can not find it in the Minute-book of the General Assembly. There is undoubtedly wealth enough in the Church to be able to give that much, if they are not already overburdened. Please do not do anything about it, if you think that there might be a misunderstanding on that point. I understand.

Well, the King has come to India, and we have illuminated the College and all of our houses were illuminated with thousands of little lamps, and it all looked very beautiful. There have been sweeping changes made. The capital of India is no longer to be Calcutta, but in Delhi. Bengal, which was partitioned about eight years ago, is to be reunited; much to the delight of all of the Bengalis. Over Rs 500000000 are to be spent in education. Of course this will not go very far, but it is a move in the right direction.

I have about given up going to see Aunt Fida during the vacation. The General Assembly will come right in the middle of it, and it will not leave much time either before or after, for going to Maras. It would seem a pity to go so far and not have time to visit their different stations and see their work. At this time I cannot see Walter's and Charley's work at all.

Goodnight. With lots of love from us all to you all.

Ernest.

Allahabad Christian College .

Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> 1911

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Another busy day has come to its close . It was uphill work today: I do not know why except that I was tired . It goes that way sometimes, without any particular reason . Yet, those days do not come as often here in India, as they used to in Syria . Perhaps as I go on gaining in knowledge of how not to teach, they will come less and less frequently . Let us hope so .

Your good letter came last Saturday . We were glad to learn about Bob, and to find out that he was fitting in so well . Isn't he a nice boy ? Then, Mummy, I enjoyed your characterization of Jack . Is funny about his alphabet, and his arithmetic . I am so poor in Mathematics myself, and have learned so many alphabets, that it seems quite strange to me that he should be so forward in one and backward in the other . I surely hope and trust Jack will turn out to be a good boy . As you have raised two such good ones I am not anticipating that Jack will be any thing else but a good boy, but one thing is certain; he will never be good, good . I suppose that Bill knows that he is in good hands, and will get careful watching .

On Tuesday last, we had a big dinner party . We had as guests; Mr and Mrs Moffat of the Y.M.C.A. who are Americans . We also had Mr and Mr Alredge, who have come out recently to work in the engineering department of the College . Then we had Mr Sorabji and his sister , who are Indians, but are very up-ti-ups in Allahabad society . Sorabji is a barrister-at-law here in the city, but has been educated in England . He has by sheer ability made his way into English society here, and is one of the ringleaders . He is the living example of one who has smashed the social lines which have been drawn even more strictly in India than even in England . We had a good time and enjoyed it very much, altho' it was quite a task for Margaret, for our servants are not given to entertaining the high and mighty, and were very much concerned about things . We are having new friends in tonight, in honour of a Miss Hunter, who is in India an independent worker among the children . She is Scotch, but has been trained in America . She comes of a big family in her land



and is said to be very fine indeed . She was acquainted with Miss Mabel Griffith in America, and as this Miss Griffith is Margaret's best friend in Allahabad, she wishes to help Miss G. show Miss M. a good time .

Yesterday, we had the bazar Sunday School boys is for annual Christmas treat . They came 160 strong, in rags and tags . They were told to come at three-thirty, but they came, some of them at one . As I am in charge of this Mahallah work, it was up to me to look after them . We had them play many games, and play with foot-ball . We found that we needed two foot-balls, as my School was of such a low caste that the other three schools would not play with them . Yet the children of my school did not seem to be offended, and acted as tho' they expected nothing else . After we had tired them out, and after they had prostrated us, we took them around to our back porch and gave them sweets and a little present for each . The whole show cost us eleven dollars . Did you ever hear the like before of a big show being given for eleven dollars . One hundred and sixty hearts made happy for eleven dollars . After dinner, last night I made my way feebly to the bed and threw myself upon it to sleep, like a dead man till seven o'clock . Why? I think it is a job to entertain Jack, but 160 Jacks ! When tired heavily on your hands, try it sometime .

Friday morning . Our Christmas vacation begins tomorrow . I am mighty glad for I am tired some, and will appreciate a rest . I have a lot of work to do this morning so will close . Love to Morts, Jack, Bob and all the rest of the family .

Your loving family of your young

The End



LAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> 1911

*Mahabud. India.*

Dear Home-folks,

This has been a week of festivities, and we have been having a rest, if rest means change. We have eaten many things and are still alive to tell the story. Christmas was a very cheerful day; much more for us than it was last year, when we were getting ready to entertain the mission, and worked like slaves all day. At eight o'clock we revealed to Helen the Christmas tree which we had fixed up for her. At nine we went to church. Then we came home and read and slept and otherwise enjoyed ourselves. At three in the afternoon our old friend Eddie Lucas from Lahore came and took lunch with us. From four till six we had some good tennis. At seven thirty, or eight we went over to the Ewings where the station dinner was given. It was a good dinner. At the end of every course, and there were many, the men moved along the table, and sat beside a new lady. After dinner we had quite a hilarious time. I came home and read until two A.M. So you see that we had quite a good time.

Since Christmas, I have been working a little and reading a good deal more, and playing some tennis. Last night we went to Lucas's for dinner and had a very good time. Tomorrow night the Lucas family Junior are coming to dine with us. At the last of the week, Margaret is going with Mrs Ewing to Calcutta, to see the pageant, given in honour of H.M. King George. I am right glad that she is getting away, and trust that it will do her a good deal of good, for she has not been quite as well as I would wish. She has a good deal of trouble with her throat. It seems as if every little cold settles there. I will stay with  
Helen.

No word came from you last week . We are hoping that you  
will receive a double installment of letters this Saturday . In  
Saturday's mail, I received the sad news of Olink Schwenke's death.  
He died in Matteawan N.Y. of typhoid fever . He was sick only a couple  
of weeks, and was unconscious the last week . When I think of poor  
Edith, my heart fairly bleeds for her . Her life shurely has not been  
a very happy one . It seems very hard to understand "now", why a  
man of Schwenke's abilities and qualifications should be taken.  
He meant a great deal to me and I have thought about him a great deal  
past week . He died on Nov. 21 . Either Clara or Bertha was here  
at the last; I presume that it was Bertha . When a friend, Corum, told  
me he said that Edith and her sister were staying with the Hares.  
Well, I trust and hope that you all have had as pleasant  
Xmas as we have had . He will probably not have a more pleasant  
until we are together ; when all of the Hells and relatives are  
together in one place . It is only a matter of five or six years

I must stop now and write some other letters, so I trust  
will pardon me, if I bid you a fond and affectionate goodbye .

With love from us all,

Your son, Edith and Clara

Ernest

Jan. 4" 1912 . Allahabad .

Dear Mamma and Papa and Jack,

After another eventful week, I pen you a few lines .

Margaret has gone to Calcutta, and Helen is helping me write this and singing "Jai, Jai Masih, Jai Jai", which being translated, means Victory be to Jesus, Victory, Victory; the same being a line of a hymn much loved by the Christians of India . Sunday night I preached in the Scotch Kirk here . Monday, which was New Years, I spent in the dentist's chair and in attending two teas and had some tennis at the second one . I think that I must have got chilled, for I contracted a peach of a chill on the way home and went immediately to bed and stayed there, with some fever for the next couple of days . I had to have a substitute for my economics class on Wednesday, but today I started in and taught my five classes like a little man . I feel right fagged tonight, but think that I will feel better tomorrow . I do not relish being layed up at all . I think that it was malaria, so I tanked up on calumel and quinine . It seemed to cure me, for I feel like a new man today . Margaret gets back on Saturday, and I shall be very glad to see her, and I doubt not Helen will . I am sure that the ayah will, for she has the exclusive charge of Helen while I am at college .

Your Christmas presents came on Sunday . They were great, and much appreciated by us all . I really needed the stick-pin very badly, and was much pleased to receive it . The socks are surely great, and will be worn with my white dress-suit . In the warm weather, out here, we wear white dress clothes, for the black would be almost unendurable at that time . I still have the black silk socks that someone gave me at the sock-shower the summer that we left Marysville and U.S. In fact, I am still wearing a lot of the latch socks . In fact, I do not know that I have thrown any of them away . I could not tell from the dim writing on the thin tissue, which they were from which, but that does not matter much, for we know that the love of all of you could easily have given all of them, so we are content . For the magazines, also, we are very grateful . You will never know how much a good American magazine means to one in a



far off heathen land . It is like walking down a street in  
or Marianna . It is like having a swift of the zepher that  
Jane's pond . The little shoes are yards too small for Helen  
she enjoys playing with them. I think that they might be one  
of her favourite toys . She insists in calling her rubber  
bhalu, which is a bear . After all what is in a name, she is  
fond of it . Mike and Martha sent us a book, which did me  
good when I was sick . Robert will remember it, for it was  
containing a full account of the "Siwash" escapades , which  
in the Sat. Eve. lost . That fellow is so funny that he is

Well, I must draw this to a close and write some begging  
for the college . We surely were sorry that we could not be  
and assist in demolishing that Thanksgiving turkey .

Your loving son, J. H.

Ernest

Allahabad, Jan. 11" 1912.

Dear Home-folks,

At the close of a busy day, I am going to say a few words to you, for the foreign mail goes tomorrow. We are all well, and are busy, and so are enjoying life. I am feeling much better than I did this time last week. I am taking a capsule of quinine every night, and am eating much better than I have been for some weeks. It is a great relief, for I was getting a little worried about myself; I had absolutely no ambition, and all work was hard work. Now, things seem a little easier, and I soon hope to be back in my old form.

Some more of our Christmas came in the last mail. A cheque from Auntie's and Aunt Lucy for seven dollars. Aunties contributing ₨5 and Aunt Lucy ₨2. I surely was touched by their kindness for I fear that they will feel the absence of the money. We are going to use this money in purchasing a baby-cart, which the Gillams have just brought out from home. It is a beauty, and will fold all up and can easily be carted up to the Hills. Helen has taken to it like a duck to water, and seems delighted to ride around in it with her ayah pushing her. She even now regards the ayah as her particular slave and bosses her around with a high hand. We do not seem able to do anything, for the ayah likes it and accedes to every request. Of course Helen soon learns to tell her what to do. She is very fond of the ayah however. At the first of the month, we will have a new ayah, whom we hope is better in this regard. I must write tonight and tell Auntie and Aunt Lucy how much we appreciate the cart, which their money purchased.

Daddy, how goes the new Milling Co. I would like to look in on your institution. You do not seem to be overjoyed with your partner. Is he a Jew? Here's hoping that he is one of the good kind who play fair. Isn't there a Clarkson, who is connected with the Messers by marriage? Perhaps I am mistaken in the man however.

I am planning to start a little Mission down in the Lome settlement here in the city. The Lome caste is the lowest of the castes; their business being to bury the dead animals. Needless to say, none of the rest of the Hindus will have anything to do



with them . For two years, I have been running a S. School with  
in their community . The plan now is to get a piece of land,  
put up a little building on it, and run a Night-school, there  
Sunday-school which has been held in the street, will be held  
this little building . We hope to get some results for the  
out-castes, and are not so firmly tied to Hinduism as the others

Well, I have many letters to write, so I must tell you  
night now . Hoping that you are all well and happy and will  
be to remain so,

Your devoted son,

*Ernest.*

Jumma Mission, Allahabad, India.

January 11th, 1912.

My Father & Brothers & Sisters:-

You will be wanting to hear all about my trip to Calcutta, I expect, this week. It was a delightful week's outing, and it was really something of a treat to see streetcars and high (?) building (or 4 stories) again. Calcutta, they say, is very much like an English manufacturing city and I can easily believe (as I heard someone remark), that one could live there all one's life and know practically nothing of the Indian people and Oriental life. A glance at your geographies will show you that the city is situated on the Hoogly River, one of the mouths of the Ganges, tho a number of miles from the ocean. It is 514 miles from Allahabad, an eighteen hour trip. We saw the city in gala array, in honor of their majesties, King George and Queen Mary. The illuminations on the public buildings at night were beautiful. We arrived on the morning of the review of the troops, but inasmuch as we couldn't get tickets for that, we got a "gari" (carriage), drove down to the scene of action, climbed up on top of our vehicle and there sat for a couple of hours and waited for something to happen. Our patience was rewarded when finally the troops came marching past with the king at their head, followed by the queen in her carriage. The king wore military uniform and rode a handsome black horse. Had it not been for his prominent position in the line of march and his bowing to the people, it would have been difficult to distinguish him from any of the other mounted officers around him. We were not near enough on this occasion to see faces clearly. The troops were fine, English, Scotch, Indian - 16,000 were said to be.

One of the prettiest events of the week was a torch light tattoo; thousands of troops carrying blazing torches manuevering over a great arena. It was a dark night - we could not see the figures - nothing but lights. It was a real dance of the fairies. They looked like myriad sprites flitting about. At the close of this there was a beautiful display of fireworks. I don't know what wonderful things in this line America may be producing, but on special occasions we see some remarkable beautiful things out here. For the special entertainment of the king and queen during their stay in Calcutta, an oriental pageant was arranged. This consisted in a long procession of elephants and camels with gorgeous trappings; palanquins, oxcarts, hundreds of men riding beautiful horses, hundreds of others on foot, all dressed in the gay colors of the Orient, in styles befitting the various avocations they represented. Some of the elephants were drawing quaint cars, the conveyances of rajahs, who sat in them with their attendants, resplendent in jewels and gold and silver robes. The whole procession presented a life of ancient India in its various aspects, military, social, artistic, religious.

After the parade was over, their Highnesses drove around the arena close to the barriers, in front of all the people, and we had a good view of them. They look just like their pictures. The queen is fully a head taller than her husband and bears herself with a great dignity; in fact, I thought she seemed stiff; and while bowing to the people in acknowledgment of their cheers, it seemed to me it was rather stately than gracious.

... and a brother and sister:-

... that one could live there all one's life and know great things of the Indian people and Oriental life. A place of your good-  
all show you that the city is situated on the "happy" river.

... on the public buildings at night were beautiful. The morning of the review of the troops, but inasmuch as we at first for that, we got a "gari" (carriage), drove down the of action, climbed up on top of our vehicle and there sat

... when finally the troops came marching past with the king followed by the queen in an carriage. The king wore military I rode a handsome black horse. It is not been for his presence in the line of march and his bowing to the people, it been difficult to distinguish him from any of the other mounted around him. We were not near enough on this occasion to see clearly. The troops were fine, brightly colored, Indian - in color as said to be.

... one of the prettiest events of the week was a torch light parade of troops carrying blazing torches maneuvering over a road was a dark night - we could not see the figures - nothing but it was a real dance of the lights. They looked like myriad flowers. I don't know what wonderful things in this line

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... in its various aspects, military, social,

... to the barriers, in front of all the people, and we had a lead taller than her husband and bears herself with a great knowledge of their choirs. It seemed to me it was rather



The streets of Calcutta were thronged with people all the time we were there, particularly those roads leading from the Governor's residence and Government House. Running for a streetcar and hanging on to the back of a seat (there were no straps) made one feel quite like being in Chicago again.

We saw many things of interest in the city not connected with the royal visit. One day we took a trip by boat up the river to the botanical gardens, a lovely place covering more than 200 acres. In the center of the gardens there is a huge banyan tree, whose spreading branches completely ~~cover~~ fill a circular space the circumference of which is one fifth of a mile. That is better than California can do, isn't it? There is another remarkable tree in the gardens, called most appropriately the "crazy tree". Its leaves look as if they had been ruthlessly torn or clipped in odd shapes with a pair of scissors, and no two are alike in form.

There is a well known Jain temple in Calcutta, which we were glad to see. The Jains, you may know, are the only remnants of Aryanism still left in the country. All animal life is particularly sacred to them. Some of them wear a piece of thin cloth over the lips lest some little insect might fly in or accidentally be killed by their breath. Some of them always carry a brush with them with which to clean a seat before sitting down, lest an insect should be crushed beneath them. This temple is a very ornate structure, made of plaster closely inlaid in a regular design of flowers and leaves, within and without, with small pieces of colored glass cut in innumerable shapes. Inside there sits a life sized god or goddess, before whom the devotees bow and prostrate themselves in worship. Of course we were not allowed to enter the temple, nor could we even ascend the steps leading up to it without first having removed our shoes, putting on soft-soled sandals. I suppose the building is rather tawdry, if examined carefully, but it is a pretty unusual thing to see.

The postman has come for our mail. I will have to say "continued in our next."

Lovingly,

Margaret.





Jan. 11, 1912.

Dear Mother

Last week's mail boat

had a fire, and some of our letters were scorched. Mr. Edwards received some with all four corners burnt off. Whether any of our home mail has been burnt up altogether, I suppose we shall never know. Your Xmas package, however, came through safely on an earlier boat.

The little shoes are such cunning things, we are so sorry they aren't a little longer. Helen is a good-sized baby, for

most everything breakable, has already  
been pretty nearly demolished.  
one of my friends sent her  
a beautiful little gold chain and  
a basket. She trots around the house  
all day long. She gets unusually  
new folks for a visitor; ~~and~~ when  
she does occasionally bump her head,  
she isn't much of a cry-baby in it.  
She is getting to the sky age! She now  
likes to be with "Mamma"  
much of the time. She is very fond  
of candy. I have given her a little  
sugarment now & then, flavored with <sup>peppermint</sup>.

her age; still I don't know  
what she is above the average;  
but she has a long slender  
roast. You should hear her  
say "mew" (which she pronounces  
milaw) when she squeezes  
the rubber cat!

The blue silk hose for myself  
are beauties, quite "swell"  
in fact. He is so pleased with them.  
The comb I think was  
from Jack. Tell him  
the mascot thinks it  
is lovely, and he is a dear  
boy to remember her so  
nicely.

The baby received a good many  
toys, and she has been deli-  
gated with them all; but  
she seems to have rather a  
distinction nature; and at-

and almost the first thing she calls  
for in the morning is "chees" (her  
pronunciation of "chiz"). But where she  
got this name for it, I don't know as  
"chiz" means "thing". When we're  
having our tea + toast in the early  
morning in bed, she must have  
her "chhā" (tea) too, and so I write it.  
I wrote when I gave a cup for her too  
warm water with a spoonful or two  
of milk in it. I did a lovely little  
outing in Calcutta, but my writing  
all about it in the Round Robin,  
so you will see it there -  
Love to you all,  
August

Jan. 18" 1912 Allahabad Xn. College .

parents.

I am writing to you during working hours, but as I am going to be too busy tonight, I think I had better start now, lest I do not get it done at all . It is one of the pleasures of the week to sit down and have my talk with you, but it usually comes at the last of a very busy day, so I fear you have a false idea of my cheerfulness . I am by nature cheerful, but five teaching periods, a sermon in Hindustani and many other things too numerous to mention, leaves one a trifle concerned and worried about the eternal fitness of the universe to exist . Yet I like the work and the teaching . I am rarely ever tired in my classes, but it is the reaction which catches me, and pulls me out into the depth of pessimism . Satan is a crafty individual and tempts us as he did Christ, when we are weak with much watching . Yet I am glad every day that it is our lot to work for India .

How are you all ? I hope that the world is kind and agreeable . I hope that Jack is not making things move too rapidly for you . Does he still "go out to the barn and bawl" as he used to do in my time . Kindly send me Billy Maxwell's address . I want to write to him . I wonder what his attitude towards life is ? I wonder how he feels and what he thinks about . I wonder if he ever will marry again, and take Jack back to his own home . If he does, I will be both glad and sorry for you; on the whole sorry, for in spite of the trouble, I know that you get a great deal of pleasure out of his presence . Helen is somewhat trouble but think how much fun we get out of her !

Last Sunday, Margaret and I went down to the Mela at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges rivers . Of course this is one of the very busy spots of all of those in India . There is an annual Mela every year, and every twelve years there is a very great mela, and every six years there is one larger than ordinary . This one is the six year one and it surely was bigger than ordinary . There were thousands of people there, most of whom were there for the express purpose of bathing at the junction of the two rivers . There were fakirs there by the dozens . They were doing different stunts, for the purpose of attracting attention and gifts of grain and small copper coins . We saw one lying on a bed of spikes; there were two men who were suspended



from a frame-work of bamboo head-downward, and were slowly swinging over a fire . At each oscillation their heads would pass within a foot or a foot and a half of the fire . There was a procession of fakirs, several hundred in number, the first half of whom were naked . As they passed Hindu women would run out and eat the dust that they trod over . The whole thing was very sickening and tended to give a feeling of despair . Yet the Christians were there, and were giving and were giving away literature . One had the feeling of "What so few among so many ?" I noticed that those of my students who chanced to meet looked ashamed . I am sure that they see things differently than they let on .

Well, I must stop now . Thursday is my busy day--one of them . Daddy's good letter came as usual . You can not imagine how we value your letters. You surely ~~are~~ deserve a prize for your faithfulness.

With love from us all to you both, and my best regards to Robert,

Your affectionate son,

*Ernest.*

26" Jan. 1912

*Mahabad, India.*

Dear Loved-Ones-at Home,

Yesterday got by me, before I could stop it, and now the mail will be starting on its long voyage, in a short time : therefore it behooves me to talk fast, and not very long or you will be a week late in receiving your weekly bulletin of the doings of the India branch of the Cold family-tree .-for I'll say so.

Last evening, after my tennis with the students, I had a hurried bath, and then got into the carriage, and Butterfly whirled me away across the city to a Hindustani entertainment . The chief attraction was the singing of a little boy, whose name was Master Mohan, and whose age was six . His little bosom was covered with gold medals; one of which had been given him by the King and Queen . He sang before them when they were in Calcutta . It truly was remarkable; he was or seemed to be quite unconscious of the crowd, and sang his songs in a sweet piping voice in Hindustani and Bengali . Those who had a knowledge of Indian music said that he was absolutely accurate in his notes . I had a ticket given me by one of my students, who was interested . It was truly a remarkable performance .

I did not stay till it was over, but hastened home, as we were having some people in for dinner . These people were friends from home . Their name was Tucker; two sisters of the Tucker family of Orange . I had met one of them in Princeton, who had come up to visit her cousin Alec Thompson . I had also met her brother, her sister (another one) and her father . They are very wealthy people, and

are doing a great deal for missions . I think that Mr. Tucker supported seven missionaries during his lifetime . He made his money out of sugar . It seemed fine to meet them, and we enjoyed it very much . When one is far from home, an acquaintance is willingly accepted as a friend.

We are all well and happy . Helen is supposed to be free of the mumps, but she makes light of them and we frequently forget that the doctor said that she has them . He noted a swelling on the side of her neck and face, and as our mission doctor was here once we asked her about it, and she said that mumps were very prevalent in the city, and that Helen had them . One thing is sure, she did not have them as I had them when I was in Nashville, back in 1900 .

Last Sunday was my birth-day . It was a very enjoyable rest day . Luckily, I did not have any preaching engagement on that day, and so I made it a good rest day . Wednesday was Margaret's birthday . This recalls the fact, Mamma, that Ground-Hog Day will soon be here again . I thought of it a week ago, but neglected to mention the fact, that I am ever mindful of that day . I think that you were under the impression that we forgot all about it last year, perhaps we did, but that is not the rule . Many happy returns of the day . I wrote my customary letter to little Margaret Bliss, whose birth-day is also on the 21<sup>st</sup> of January . I must stop now and write another letter before the mail goes . With lots of love,

Your affectionate son,

Ernest



Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1912

*Allahabad, India.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I am sending you a report of the Station of Allahabad, which will give you quite a bit of information which I have never given you. It will have to serve for a letter this week as I have been so busy getting these reports off to friends at home, that I have not had time to write letters. I think that it is a very interesting report. At least, it is interesting to us.

As we were sleeping peacefully this morning, our bearer called us, saying that we had guests. The Memphills had come. Two days ago they lost their little baby from dysentery. Margaret wrote them that if they would like to come, we would be only too glad to see them. My heart is heavy for Mrs Memphill. She is quite a young girl, and has been sick a good deal since she has been in India. We hope that this blow will not prostrate ~~her~~ her again. Children mean so much to the lonely mothers in India; especially in the out-of-the-way stations, where there are few Europeans.

We are all in the best of health. Margaret has been suffering with an attack of dysentery, but is much better now. It can be a very difficult trouble in this land, and given a lot of trouble, and takes a large toll of lives.

I must stop now and write a note to Dr Llaer.

Your youngest,

*Emment*

Dear Mr. ...

I am sending you a report of the ...

... I have never ...

... I will have to serve for a ...

... have been to ...

... I have not had time to write letters. I think that it is

very interesting report. At least, it is interesting to me.

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Allahabad. Jumna Mission.  
Feb. 18" 1912

Dear Mamma and Papa,

I have attended five services today, and before retiring, I am going to have a quiet little talk with you as I used to do in College and seminary on Sunday evenings. In Beirut, I wrote on Sundays, but frequently wrote in the mornings. There is something pleasant about writing in the evenings, for the day's work is over and will not begin until the next morning, and one does not have the feeling that he should be doing something else less pleasant. Of course, one is usually a little brain-fagged, and is less apt to talk about ~~one's~~<sup>his</sup> work, but on the other hand there is a wider content, and more relaxation about it which one must feel at the other end. Yet, some of Laddy's best letters have been the ones stolen between the arrival of two customers or written to explain how much the trial-balance was off. Yet for me I enjoy writing just before prayers and going to bed: when I write to you there seems to me to be a close relationship between writing the letter and the holding of family-prayers. I may have spoken of it before, and I often think of it: out here in far away India, when I think back on our home-life, I always have somewhere in the fore-ground, a picture of our family prayers; especially on Sunday nights. This picture always brings up Mike and his well-worn verse (which has worn well in my chequered life): "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits". It makes no difference where I am when I hear that verse always call up the picture, and begin to brace myself to keep from yawning. I don't think Mike ever learned any other verse.

I am writing with my coat and collar off, and my sleeves rolled up, and the door of my study is open out on the river. The warmer weather has begun, and in a couple of weeks will be upon us. I hate to see it come, but in a couple of weeks, the hardest teaching of the year will be over, and I will have some time, I hope for language-study.

We have had a little romance going on under our noses here, and we are all mighty happy over the outcome of it. Edward, an L. who has been with us here, has succeeded in winning the affections of Habel Smith, a Vassar girl, who came out a year ago. She is Margaret's friend in India, and as Edward is my especial friend, we are natural-

ly very much rejoiced . The proposal came on the night of  
day . Margaret had a little dinner-party as she usually does  
evening of the 21<sup>st</sup> of January, and at its close, Edwards took  
Miss Griffith's carriage to go 'a piece' with her towards her  
As they were leaving our portecochere, I remarked to them that  
half intentioned to fasten a shoe to the carriage axle . Per-  
gave Edwards the idea, for he asked her to be his on the way home  
Shortly after she consented . They are to be married in June  
an old married stager, and to be best man . . Everyone was much  
surprised . They kept things very quiet, and then sprung it out  
at once .

No letter came from you this week, but we are not complaining  
for you do write so well . We had a good letter from Marshall  
ington and Elizabeth . I am going to send you a part of the  
You seem to have impressed him of your worth and reliability  
never understood the circumstances of his leaving, and have been  
able to get anyone to explain them to me . Did he leave under  
cloud of any sort ? I am, &c.

We are well . Helen is still having a little trouble with  
teeth, but she is otherwise well . We keep her outdoers as much  
as possible, and we think that it does her good .

Goodnight . I think that I will go to bed, as I have a  
busy week before me .

With love to all,

Your devoted son,

Ernest

Feb. 29, 1912.

Mother

We are busy writing church letters this  
one to Rochester N.Y. last Sunday and one to ...  
have saved a little time on a note to ... too.

As much as the Mothers Magazine, there are a  
few helpful things in it and I am ...  
not received any more some ...  
I know there in the city have received  
few numbers; nor have they sent us  
Dec. numbers & last in "Every body's" as  
commonly available.

Our weather is almost upon us. We have had  
last storms which usually indicate the  
end of the hot season and in the evenings  
the winds are ...  
is ... I think this ... during the  
months, neither ... nor I have  
... up ... is ...  
... of the hot weather - We are well  
... Mrs. Eldredge  
started a physical culture class for the  
new women in the compound. The  
... women ... near ...  
... special training in this work  
... a very good leader. We hope to ...





March 1<sup>st</sup> 1912 Allahabad, India.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

The worst of the teaching for this school year ended yesterday. The Second and Fourth Year men in the College have gone out from the College to prepare for the University examinations. The month of February is always a hard month for the teachers. It is a time of putting on the finishing touches and trying to buck the men up so that they may, by some chance, stumble thru' the University examinations. I am very tired, and am glad to see them go, altho' I fear that a good many of them are not so very well prepared. From this on till the end of the year, I will have just the Third Year men to teach in Political Economy and English.

It begins to look as if we were going to be allowed to go to Etah next October and work in the district for a couple of years. We are very keen on going, for we know that it will make us more efficient in our work the rest of our lives, both in the language and in the knowledge of the customs and conditions of the people. Mr. Medow, whose place I will endeavour to take will be in America for 18 months, and we will go some six months before he gets home to get broken in to the work, under his supervision. Mr. Medow was here with us last week and we had a good long talk over the situation.

The Hemphills have had a hard time of it. I think that I told you that their baby died. Mrs. Hemphill, who has had poor health before this has become broken down, and is going home this spring. Hemphill will stay on and work. If his wife improves at home, so that she will be able to come back, he will stay on, and she will return in a year or so; if not then he will leave India and go home to work. Isn't it sad? It seems that so many people have so much hard luck out here and then some of us have none. We have so much to be thankful for. There is a family out here whose name is Tracy. Some years ago, Mr. Tracy was asked not to return to the Mission work because of the trouble he got into. He and Mrs. Tracy went home and stayed some years and left a son and a daughter in India. Some time the daughter is a very fine lady who teaches in the Mary Lancaster Girl's School here in Allahabad. The son was teaching in the Punjab. Last winter the father and mother came back to spend their last days in India. The son shortly after their arrival left for his furlough in America. About a month or so ago, he came back to India. He shortly after his return, went off of his head, and has been sent home. The strain on the mother was so great, that she also went out of her head, and has been lingering near death's door. Jane Tracy has been compelled to give up her teaching and to look after her mother. Is not the whole thing tragic? This may just be the Griffiths. I am sending for Mabel may have to stay on in the Girl's School until Miss Griffith comes back from her furlough, but Mrs. Miss Tracy had to leave.



We are pretty well . Helen has a cold but we don't think that it is anything serious . Margaret and I, altho' some-  
times we feel a little tired, are well . We will soon have a chance to rest, for in a couple of  
the summer vacation will be upon us, and we will go to the Hills.  
There will be a lot of building here this summer, as there was last  
year, and some of us must be on the job . Therefore, I will be  
more than my month this year, altho' I expect to learn something  
about building . I am rather glad to have the chance . It is  
difficult to boss building work when one knows a little about  
I do . Margaret and Helen will be in the Hills for some months.

Margaret has also written you, so I will close for now.  
Whether I have time to write Harry or not , before the mail-

With lots of love to you, one and all,

Your devoted son,

Ernest

MAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,  
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

March 7<sup>th</sup> 1912

*Mahabad, India.*

Dear papa and mamma,

I have written Mike Weld a good long letter--that it was long; I am not convinced that it was good--and now I am going to have a talk with you. I received a letter from the Dr of the family, and will no doubt surprise him off of his feet by the promptness of my reply. I think that I ~~am~~ improving as a correspondent; it was always the physical end of the work that I disliked, for writing by hand is hard work for me and has always been so. The machine makes it lots easier and faster, and I fancy that it is much easier at the other end. It is a true thing that I say, when I declare that I have written more letters in the last two and a half years than I have written before in four years--barring business letters. I have written a lot of letters this year asking for money for our work, and they have not as yet brought in a hundred fold. Yet I am going to continue, hoping for returns later on.

Monday night, I went to Lucknow, to attend a meeting of the Missionary Educational Union. Tuesday, I attended meetings of this body for most of the day, and came back with Dr Ewing Tuesday night. Train-travelling knocks me out, and on Wednesday, I was very weary and lifeless. I am some rested today, altho' I have had rather a full day. I think I do as little running around as any member of the teaching force in the College.

Dr Ewing has resigned from the Treasurership of the North India Mission, and the Executive Committee has elected me to take his place until the next meeting. It will mean a lot of work, but I am right glad of it, for it will give me a chance to understand Mission finance, and it is very complicated. There are very few of the Missionaries who really understand the way the Board conducts its business matters, and I am very glad to be initiated. It means that the salaries of the forty or fifty missionaries, and all that they expend in their work, which is not raised on the field by themselves, will be handled by me. In salaries alone, will amount to about \$ 25,000. I surely hope that I shall be able to keep things straight.

It has remained quite cool here up to date. We are very glad. The longer it remains cool the better we like it. In a couple of weeks, it will doubtless be hot enough. Margaret and Helen will be going to the Hills in a few weeks; about the first of May. I do not know yet when I will get away. It will doubtless be for a short time only. I feel that I would enjoy getting out for a long tramp, near to nature. In fact I feel a little stale, but suppose that I will get over that.

Helen bids fair to be larger than either any of the Elders or Melas. She grows like a weed, and is fat as butter. She keeps very well, and gives us little chance to worry over her material well-being. She has a great appetite, and is constantly reminding us that she requires toast or candy or milk. She



has considerable of a temper, and bosses her ayah around in a high-handed fashion. Yet she is very fond of her ayah, but prefers her mother to any of us. I do not have a chance to see of her, during college days. When we awaken in the morning, our only chance that we have to commune. When the servant in the tea in the early morning, he takes her out of her room and puts her in bed with me, and we converse, while her mother getting awake and pouring the tea and buttering the toast. That the ayah takes her out doors in her carriage till breakfast time at ten o'clock. Sometimes she is put in her high chair at the table, and eats her porridge while we are eating breakfast. Then I go to college, and usually stay till three-thirty. At four-thirty she usually goes out in the carriage with her mother while I get some exercise. She goes to bed at seven-thirty. I do not have much opportunity to get acquainted with her. We are great chums, when we do get together. Sometimes when she is crying and I give the command: "Hanso", she will leave off crying and break into a peal of laughter, and then resume her crying.

I have had two requests in as many weeks from Mary for mission-letters. One from Mrs. Charles Kennedy for the Society, and one from Mrs. Lutrelle Henderson for a class of children she has under her guidance. I have written the former; the latter I must now stop and write. Goodnight.

With lots of love to you both,  
Your son,

Ernest

March 15" 1912

*Mahabab, India.*

Dear home-folks,

Allahabad Presbytery is in full swing, and I must mount my bicycle and ride three miles and join it. It is held in Katra. Yesterday there was a very interesting discussion on the floor of the mission growing out of one of the reports of the Indian workers. It seemed that he had baptised 10 people; Hindus of the lower castes. In every case he had not cut off the chutthaya, or the lock of hair that grows out of the top of the head, and is one of the marks of Hinduism. Dr Henry Forman is this man's chief, and does not believe in making it hard for the Hindus to become Christians. He says that the chutthaya is essentially a social custom, and not religious. The Indian preachers for the most part, and Dr Lwing argued that it is a distinction which can not be drawn for the social customs of the Hindus are religious ones; and when we baptise them we should do all we can to get them to cut loose from the old social and class and caste distinctions. I am personally inclined towards the latter view.

We are all in the best of health and spirits. Helen continues to grow like a weed, and is learning new things every day. Margaret seems stronger this year than she did last, and we are hoping that they can both escape to the Hills without being pulled down too much by the hot weather. The weather has not yet become excessively warm and the cooler breezes are continuing much longer than they usually do. We still sleep under light blankets, altho' the days are hot enough.

Mamma, your good letter came to us last week. What a time you must be having with the cold weather. What fun it would be to get one's ears frozen. I should like that fine. Yet our winters are delightful. If only the summers were not so beastly hot. I suppose that by this time it has become pleasant enough, and the Mill is running full time. I should surely like to see the mill. It must be good fun to boss a mill which is one's own. I am very glad that Daddy has bought it.

This has been rather a busy week socially. We have attended a couple of teas, a tennis match, and an entertainment. On last Sunday night, I addressed the Y.M.C.A. Altho' my teaching is much lighter now, there is so much else going on that I am kept real busy. The College is growing all of the time. We are going to put in a Normal School to train the teachers of the village schools. The management has been changed so that instead of being in Dr Lwing's hands, it is now in the hands of four of us: Edward, Lwing, Higginbottom and myself. Dr Lwing is still Principal, but the larger questions are to be handled by the Council. Higginbottom is quite sick at present, and we fear that he has typhoid fever.

I must stop now and go to Katra.

Your loving son,

Best to Bob Elser, Jack anderts.

*W. W. W.*

March 12, 1914

Dear Sir,

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the

of being born in this man's child, and

which is the most part, and it is in the position which can not be drawn for the social condition of

of the hot weather. The weather has not yet become excessively

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Allahabad Christian College

March 21" 1912

Dear parents,

Another week has gone and it finds us in the best of health and spirits . The warm weather is fast approaching, and I am at present clad in cool white drill and the very thinnest of underwear . We are very thankful that the hot weather was so slow in coming this year, for it has not as yet been able to pull Helen and Margaret down very much . It is surprising the way it gets after the English and American women . All the colour fades from their cheeks, and they look worn and weary . Margaret and Helen both seem to like India, and India seems to like them, and I am very glad . India can be exceedingly cruel if she wishes .

In spite of my lighter teaching, I am having busy days . I have taken over the books of the work-shop and am going to try to put them in shape . It is one of the most complicated set of books I have ever seen . I feel that some changes are badly needed but I hardly know how to go about it . Laddy, I wish you were here to advise me . Ash, who has been Manager of the work-shop will go home for a year, and a new man, Elledge takes the work over and I do not envy him his job . They employ about forty men, but they have such a variety of work to do, that it makes the whole system hard to run . My experience in Syria in the commercial department has stood me in good stead here . Yet, I do not wish to allow them to load me up too much with this kind of work . With the Mission books and the work-shop books, I will have my hands full . I have recently been chosen Moderator of the Juma Church . Sometime in the summer, I will take up my duties as acting Chaplain of the Regiment of the Scotch soldiers . I am looking forward to a very pleasant and profitable summer vacation .

Mamma, our good letter came to us on Saturday . We were very glad to hear from you . I trust that your cold is so much a thing of the past that you have forgotten that you ever had one . It is so good writing to console people when it will be some two months before they receive your condolence, and have forgotten all about their temporary inconvenience .

Mr Higginbottom still continues to be a very sick man, has typhoid, and they are making a fight for his life. He is a big man and inclined to be stout, and the fever seems to have a deal to get ahold of. Still there is hope and we believe they will turn out well. He when normal is the perfect picture of health, yet he is sick a great deal while in India. Some of the skinny fellows like Edwards and myself seem to get along much better. He was sick when he was home in Columbus. His little girl has fever also. Since they have come back, some four months ago, his other children had pneumonia, and pulled thru. They have more troubles than most people.

Daddy, keep me informed about the mill. I hope that everything will go well, after the weather gets decent again. I wish I might be there to see the wheels go round, and perhaps help in the work. It does seem such a pity that we have become so scattered. I think Uncle Fort once allowed that it was immoral or irreligious for people who were as fond of each other as the Welds are to be so far apart. The older I get, the more I am inclined to that view. I reckon that it is best for Mike and Martha to get a good rest this summer, but I am sorry that you will not have a union. I feel that it is a personal loss some way or other to get so much fun out of your enjoyment of each other.

I have many other letters to write. One must be to the friends of I believe, good friends, in New York, who are in Rochester which is supporting me. Another must be to the friends of Philadelphia. I bid you therefore a fond and affectional

Good-Night,

Your devoted son,

Ernest



Jumna Mission, Allahabad .  
March 28" 1912

Dear parents,

Tonight there is to be an annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. in the city, and a lecture on the International work, which I wish to hear, so I shall begin my talk to you now, and hope that I shall get the time to finish it later on. How are you both. I should like to have this Indian sun bear down upon Arkansas roads for about half an hour, and they would be in dust. The logs could then come in from the woods in a hurry, and the mill could have plenty of material. It is rapidly warming up here. It goes up to 103° in the shade, and the worst is yet to come. We will be putting up our pumans in a short time and using them in the middle of the day, and at meal times. In four weeks, our work will be over for another year. This year has gone very rapidly.

Daddy's letter came in good time last week. You must miss Robert a great deal. Robert is one of the finest cleanest boys I have ever known, and I know him very well, and still feel that he is worthy of every confidence. The Elder boys, David, Tom and Bob are all fine fellows. Yet of the three, I very much prefer Bob. I am very glad that you had the opportunity to know him even for a short time. Now, would you mind telling us all that Bob told you about his going away, and what his plans for the future are? You need not fear to betray his confidence, if there was any confidence, for we understand the situation. What I want to know is, how Bob stands in Marianna, and what his plans for the future are. You had better destroy this letter, and not pass it around. I hope that he will sometime go back to Marianna, and make it his home.

Now the day is over, night has arrived, and I have not yet had much of a talk with my dear parents. I am still hopeful however for the future. I had a good shop meeting tonight. I am beginning to get a better grip on the words I know. When we go to Utah, I will hear little else but Hindustani, and hope to learn some. How I long to be able to speak with some fluency. I can understand most of what I hear. Yet when one uses much Arabic or Persian in his speech it is pretty hard for me to get it all. I like the language study very much, and long to give a lot of time to it.

We are all very well, and are bearing up nobly. It will be great to get a rest from class-room work after another five weeks when our vacation begins. We get a little tired of the Hills, but are usually very glad to get up and get a fresh breath of air. The Hill-stations are beautiful; I wish that you might see them. This year, I hope to get in a good hard tramp, and get those kinks out of me. It may be that my duties with the soldiers will not commence until July. If so, it will make the summer months a good deal easier to bear.

I must close this now and eat my dinner. Margaret asks me to enclose these pictures. They are right good, altho' she is much younger than that now; she grows very rapidly.

Your loving son,

Ernest -

[illegible]

... and Jacob, who shot you dead in the end

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

April 3" 1912

Allahabad, India.

Dear papa and mamma,

How are you both . I wish that you might be here with me tonight . Margaret is going out on the river with a boating party and I am to stay at home with Helen . We could sit out on our big uncovered back porch, in the full-moonlight and listen to the music on the river . We could gather up the threads and fill in the many questions we wish to ask each other, but best of all I could explain to you at great length how satisfied I am with my parents and how I would not exchange them for any other parents in all the world . Won't you come . It is often that I take an evening off, but I will be only too glad to do it if you will come .

The weather is quite hot again . It cooled off a little here for a few days, but it was too glad to last . Our students are in the midst of their University examinations, and are of course working like dogs . I fear that most of them are really doing now what they should have been doing during the year . I find that students are pretty much the same all the world over, and work best under pressure . We are hoping for good things this year but we can never be certain . We are having now what is called 'Morning College'. Because of the heat, we begin at six-thirty and close college at eleven . This is a right good thing for it gives us a chance for a nap in the middle of the day . If we do not get it we are not good for much in the evenings . I usually get a good deal done from seven till eight and from eight-thirty till eleven-thirty . Usually I work, but if there is not much pressing I read .

Helen is not very well . Tonight I asked her what was the matter with her, and she said that it was "dent", which as you can guess means tooth . She has not been eating much for the last two days and has been sick in her little tummy part of the time . It may be only the heat, but I suspect that it may be the case that she has a tooth hurting her, for that is the way it acts on her . She is talking a good deal these days, and will occasionally use a few English words, but she does not seem to think much of the English language as a means of communicating truth, and almost always uses Hindustani . Margaret and I use Hindustani when we speak to her almost altogether, except when we are peevish at her and then we fall into English . It is no wonder that she does not care for that tongue .

Today, I have been working on the Mission Treasurer's books . They seem to be complicated, but hope to be able to master them soon . The most confusing part of the whole business is the multiplicity of forms which must be filled out at every turn . Yet it is good for me to know these things . The work-shop books are progressing slowly, and I hope to get them into shape soon . In my spare time, I am writing some letters, trying to push along the N.I. Pocket League in India all I can . I try to write one of these



April 27 1911

Now the two both. I wish that you might be here.  
The boat is going out on the river with a boat-  
man and a man to help him with the net. We could sit out  
on the river and see the boats.  
The boat is going out on the river with a boat-  
man and a man to help him with the net. We could sit out  
on the river and see the boats.

As I will be only too glad to do it if you will come.

The weather is quite hot again. It cooled off

last night and should have been going during the year.

The boat is going out on the river with a boat-  
man and a man to help him with the net. We could sit out  
on the river and see the boats. This is a right good  
time for a trip in the middle of the day. It is not  
too hot for much in the evening. I usually go  
out with some boys that are from the river. It  
is a very good time to go out there is not much to do.

John is not very well. Tonight I should not

John is not very well. Tonight I should not

John is not very well. Tonight I should not

*Allahabad, India.*

letters every day . I have written home asking for some money to do some printing . If it comes, I can work to a much greater advantage, and save much time .

High in bottom, our sick man, is on the mend . He still has some fever but he seems to be better . The fever is not so high and it begins to look as if he was going to get on O.K. We have had the plague pretty badly in Allahabad, but it does not seem to be increasing any .

Mamma, your good letter with Mike's enclosed came and did us a world of good . Mike is sending the Saturday Evening Post, and I enjoy it immensely . It has a wild and woolly story in it at present which I am enjoying muchly . Harry is very glad for the opportunities he has had and I am glad for him . I am quite sure that he has not made any mistake . I hope that next year he can get the position worthy of his attainments and get his debts off of his mind . I too feel the need of further work and hope that when I come home on furlough, I shall then have the chance to take up my subject and carry it further . I am now a regular M.A. teacher in Economics in Allahabad University . A good deal of the stuff I must teach, I have not yet read . It will keep me humping to keep up with the game . The worst of it is that the man I wish to study under does not live in U.S. but in England . His name is Marshall .

Well, I have some other letters to write so that I will have to stop now . I would like to see you very much .

Your devoted son,

*Ernest*

I have written before for some time  
and I am sure, I can write to a great extent  
the same thing.

My friend, our sick man, is on the mend. He still  
loves me as before. The doctor is not so  
good as he was. He is still in the hospital, but is soon  
to be discharged.

My friend, our sick man, is on the mend. He still  
loves me as before. The doctor is not so  
good as he was. He is still in the hospital, but is soon  
to be discharged.

My friend, our sick man, is on the mend. He still  
loves me as before. The doctor is not so  
good as he was. He is still in the hospital, but is soon  
to be discharged.

My friend, our sick man, is on the mend. He still  
loves me as before. The doctor is not so  
good as he was. He is still in the hospital, but is soon  
to be discharged.

ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Allahabad,* June 16" 1901 .

Dear Mama and Papa,

I am reminded that the mail goes this morning and I have not had the time to write you. Yesterday was quite a busy day and last night was given up to writing business letters. So I am up this morning bright and early, and writing you a little letter before the blistering sun has yet made his appearance over the Jumna Bridge. Have I ever told you, the sun sleeps just beyond the Jumna Bridge, and gets up a little after I do.

The monsoon has tried hard to begin, but is not making a great deal of progress at it. We have had a couple of little sprinkles which have cooled the air a trifle, but the rains are not yet. Altho' the thermometer has shown a decrease in the heat yet the beginning humidity has been somewhat trying. With it all the heat has not been oppressive this June and I am very glad.

Our work is moving on slowly. We are building a large boys hostel for the Highschool. I spend some time out there every day trying to make the men hurry up a bit. It is mighty slow work, and I would rather do the work myself than ask or make one of them do it. It really is easier. Yet I dare not for I would lose caste immediately, and they would not do what I told them, thinking that I was one of them and no better than they are. Of course this last is a mistake, for I know that I could lay a brick in the course of a day than three of these men do, and I have never laid a brick in my life. Everything is built in this country with steel girders about five feet apart and connected





*Allahabad.* April 11" 1912

Dear Mater and Pater, one to one

This has been a busy week, and this is the first night we have had at home. I love being at home at nights; I fear that I would not make a very good Club-man. I maintain that if a man has done a good days' work, he will be only too glad to stay at home, especially if he is living in India in April. It makes no difference how willing you are, you can not do as big a day's work, day after day, during the hot weather here, as you can do in the cooler weather. Yet I manage to get something done each day. We are up at six, and teach a couple of hours—Margaret in the High-School and I in the College. Then M has her Hindustani lesson, and I stay over at the College and work on the Treasurer's books till ten or ten thirty. Then we have breakfast. Then I work on the work-shop books till twelve, while Margaret looks after her household cares. At twelve, Helen goes to sleep, and we do also, if it is not too hot. After we get up, I usually try to work on the work-shop books until five. Then we play tennis. If we do not go out in the evening, we read or write letters. Such is the life we lead in the hot weather.

Margaret will go to the hills in a couple of weeks now. I will go after the auditing committee meets in Mainpuri on the twelfth, and will stay until the same date in June. Then I will come back to Allahabad and look after our building here. We are doing some fine building here. In July the work will begin again. It still seems as if we would be allowed to go to Utah for two years in November. If we do, our letters will doubtless take on the character of true India for we know little about India so far. The India that we know in educational work is much different from that which the most of the Indians know. If we do not get that experience, we will always be handicapped.

Today, four of the missionaries of the Mission left for their homes in America. Two Norman sisters left from Allahabad, and we went down to see them off today noon. The Bandys also left from Fatcha and Mrs Hemphill also went with them. Of course it is not the time for Mrs Hemphill's furlough but she has been ill, and the death of her husband has most prostrated her, so that it seemed wise for her to go home for a time. Her husband stays on. I am sorry for little Henry. He is a boy that needs a good wife to hold him steady. Then he is quite moody, and moodiness and loneliness do not make a very good combination.

Daddy, I was glad to learn that you had made £200 but sorry to hear that a 'Grand Larceny' had done you out of £64. Don't let it worry you; we all get bitten sometimes. By the way, I had one of the nicest problems in book-keeping come to me the other day. It is a long story, or I would explain it to you. I put a good hour in figuring it out. I think that I have got it right, altho' I won't swear to it. In brief, it was a complication in which two banks and three other parties were concerned.

A week ago, Helen was off of her feed, but she has come back by the aid of some pepsin and a mustard plaster. The hot weather has taken away her roses however. I have recovered from my bee-sting and am looking quite normal. It surely was agony not to be able to move during those days. It is no joke for me to get stung by a bee or a wasp. I swell up.

I must stop now and eat my dinner. It is 8.50 P.M. I suppose you are thinking of bed by this time instead of dinner. When I remember that we used to have supper at five o'clock, I wonder how we survived on such empty stomachs.

Your loving son,  
*Ernest*

*Allahabad* \_\_\_\_\_ *April 12* \_\_\_\_\_ *191* .

Good-morning . In last night's paper, I read of the grand over-flow in N.E. Arkansas in the rice farm lands, owing to a breaking of the levee of Golden Lake . It said that 2000 sq. Miles were under water and at least five towns . Altho' I know that you are not in that exact locality, I have been wondered how far south this extended . The telegram was dated April 10" from Memphis . Kindly let me hear all about it . I shall be a little worried until I hear from you . I expect this flood has taken place in the sunken land region altho' I am not very sure . I went thru this region by rail in 1909, and was told by a tall lank Arkansian that in this region, because of the malaria, it takes two men to live a year .

Yours as ever,

*Trusht*



The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to raise the  
 necessary funds to meet its obligations.  
 This is due to a number of factors, including  
 the fact that the government has been unable  
 to raise the necessary funds to meet its  
 obligations. This is due to a number of  
 factors, including the fact that the  
 government has been unable to raise the  
 necessary funds to meet its obligations.

April 18" 1912

*Mahabud, India.*

dearest papa and mamma,

The above heading reminds me of a little conversation I once overheard between an American Consul-General and his mother. He had evidently been saying something to her that she did not like and she replied: "Don't abuse me, for I am the only mother you ever had". His reply was rather sharp: "Yes, my choice has been more or less limited". That is the way, I do not feel. I say this so that you may not take any offence at the form of address I have used.

There is not much to write about. We discuss the weather mostly these days. Last Sunday the thermometer went up to 106 in the shade. That night, Margaret and I both had a wretched night, trying to sleep, for we both lay in bed and dripped. Helen slept but was very restless. I at last managed to fan us to sleep with a fan, and since that time we have been sleeping out of doors and have been doing better. We have not yet taken to sleeping under the punkah, for Helen's sake. She will not keep covered, and when the punkah puller goes to sleep and the punkah stops we of course get perfectly wet with perspiration, having awakened both ourselves and the sleeping puller. We are in danger of getting chilled and suffer with a bad case of fever, if we do not keep covered. This little daughter refuses to do so we have all three been sleeping out and are beginning to get accustomed to it and like it. In two weeks I will be a bachelor again and childless; for the women will be going to the Hills.

We are having a few days of vacation now for the third and first year men are preparing for their final examinations. Meanwhile I am doing all I can on the books of the Mission and the Work-shop. I am learning more about bookkeeping than I ever knew before. I am quite amazed at the system that has grown up for Mission finance in the last fifty years. It seems as if the forms are endless, but it is not useless red-tape but everything has a reason. I am getting more and more on to the system, and hope to be able to run it after a while without letting it consume so much of my time.

Tonight, the Iwings and Margaret and I went across the river to the Hudsons. Col Hudson is the Supt of the Central Jail here. He has, I believe, several thousand prisoners in his charge, and teaches them a lot of things. They have in the prison, shops, weaving looms, brick-kilns, agriculture and many other forms of amusements for the prisoners. He says that they are so well amused, that they are only glad to go to sleep when six o'clock comes. Yet he is one of the most progressive men I know of in the English service. I think that he does a lot of good. We go over there and play tennis. They have a beautiful lawn court and the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. Mrs Hudson plays a very good game of tennis, and we are able to beat Mr Iwing and Margaret after a hard set. Margaret is the makings of a very good player, but she has the disadvantage of not having played a great deal in her younger days. Her game has improved much since coming to India however.

GOODNIGHT,

Your loving son,

*Ernest.*



April 18, 1914

My dear Mr. ...

Thank you very much for the letter of the 14th inst.

received by me on the 15th inst. and for the information.

I replied: "I am glad to hear of your success."

I am sure the weather

is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

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I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped. I am sure the weather is very good in bed and draped.

Allahabad, April 26" 1912 .

Good Morning, Dear Friends,

Margaret says that I do not give enough details in my letters and Mamma has hinted at the same thing. My rule is when I find that I have been at fault is not to admit it, but set about rectifying it. Our floors are made of a red composition like concrete, which shine and show every speck of dust. We have no cat. Helen's nose looks as if it might be a little pug. I have a committee meeting in twenty minutes which will consume the time that I ought to take for home-mail. We sleep out doors now and like it very much. We gave a party last night and a very enjoyable evening was spent. There were twenty guests present. Margaret goes to the Hills in three days; Helen will accompany her. My Hindi teacher is sitting here waiting for me to read Hindi with him but I keep on writing. We are having weather which is some cooler. It is still pretty hot. All the mail which came last week was a postal-card from Mamma. I was sorry that the Sat. Eve. Post did not come because I am very much interested in one of Oppenheims improbabilities. In India, we eat no ordinary bread, but have in its place, Toast. In the mornings, we read from the N.T. and in the evening we read from the Book of II Kings. I am Moderator of the Jumna Church. At present, as Mission Treas. I have requests for money to the different stations to the extent of \$ 5000 and have recd no money from the Board. I began my work in this position by drawing a draft on the Home Board for \$8000. I will go to the Hills about the 12" of May to remain one month. We love our parents. I must stop now and write to Mr Day, who lives in 156" Fifth Ave, N.Y.U.S.A. We are all well and very happy.

Your loving son,

Ernest.

I have lots of other details that I can give if you wish them.

W.E.W.

[illegible]

خبرنامه: آبان ماه: ۱۳۸۸

—WOLF BECK, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, 1997

• • •



May 3" 1912

*Mahabadi, India.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Margaret has gone to the hills and so has Helen and I am down in the heat and dust working like a negro . If that were all, I should not care so much, but I must work like a white man, bearing white-man's burden . I am glad that they went when they did, for the heat was beginning to tell on them both . Helen fell off in weight and colour, and seem to be developing a case of nerves . Margaret also looked as if she needed the change .

I have been having my troubles as Treasurer of the Mission . The Home Board was late in sending us money, and so I drew on them for \$ 8000.00; this had to be collected in Calcutta, and took time, and the different stations were writing in and giving me the benefit of their impressions of youthful Treasurers . Thru' it all, I maintained what Thackeray calls a 'dismal composure'. Then Mrs H. Forman and son John were going to Switzerland, and were to sail from Bombay . When they got there, the money which I had sent there for them a week before had not arrived . We have not found that until yet; it seems to ~~be~~ have been lost in the mails . Night before last at eleven o'clock, I received a frantic wire from Bombay saying wire us money--no money has arrived . I had to chase across the city yesterday in the heat--some four miles--and wire him money . I hope he got it, altho' I am not sure . Such is life-- if they don't get it, then Mrs Forman and her son John can not sail, and I fear the boat is raising anchor, even as I write these few lines .

THE LAND OFFICE, LONDON.

It is a pleasure to me to have the opportunity of presenting to you the results of the work done by the Land Office during the year 1900. The work has been of a very busy nature, and I have been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year. I have also been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year. I have also been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year.

The work has been of a very busy nature, and I have been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year. I have also been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year. I have also been able to complete a large number of the cases which were referred to me at the beginning of the year.



*Allahabad, India.*

I am keeping remarkably well, altho' I am some weary . I am hoping that the four weeks I get off in the last of May and the first of June will give me enough rest to set me up . I am working most every night till about twelve, but I usually take a couple of hours sleep under the punkah, during the hottest part of the day . I am having a good many offers for preaching this summer, some of which I have refused, and some I have accepted . Some of them pay, and as I have so many needs for money, in the little forms of missionary effort I am making, that I am afraid that I am somewhat mercenary in my choice . We are not allowed to use anything we make in preaching or outside work of any kind, for ourselves . But there are so many little places to put money, and it is so hard to get that one likes to earn it, and spend it in the work . For the work of substitute Chaplain, I am to be paid Rs. 50.00 per month .

I am sending you a copy of the college paper, which I hope that you will read and pass along to Mike . I have sent a copy to Unkies . It is not particularly interesting, but it will give you some idea of how we are trying to run a college and the different activities we have .

You surely are having rainy times . We are waiting some anxiously to hear if you are high and dry above the floods of the St. Francis valley . What an awful thing a flood is ! I remember that when Mike was a youth, he had a debate on the subject of the relative disasters wrought by fire and flood, and as I remember

his disputations about the festive board, he made out a pretty clear case that floods were thousands of times more mortal and expensive than fires.

This must do for this time. I have prepared 200 Bulletins for the mail, and it has taken time, and I still have more letters to write.

Your devoted son,

Ernest

The Fire

Candour, Mussoorie  
India -

May 7, 1912

Dear mother and father,  
you see we are

back at the old address of  
two summers ago; that  
is, Helen and I are.

Ernest does not come up  
for a week. The railway  
journey was frightfully  
hot and we were glad to  
get up here into the  
bracing air of these  
mountains. But we have  
been plunged suddenly  
into the other extreme

We are feeling  
as anxious  
about you as  
I am about the  
mountain hope  
of the future  
of the world.

My  
suffering  
has  
been  
great

There are seven other children with  
their mothers in this cottage, so we  
needn't lack playmates. As soon as we  
get well acclimated and have our nerves  
stirred up a bit, we will probably feel  
better.

Helen uses the Hindustani language  
like an old-Timer; and issues  
orders upon the servants as if she  
were mistress of the house. In beginning  
to want her to talk English now.  
It will come naturally before long  
and she will likely be speaking both

of temperature. For a  
day or two we almost  
froze and I have taken a  
hot-water bottle to bed  
with me every night. Still  
it's fine up here and these  
snow-capped Himalayas  
are glorious. We have  
both taken cold this and  
have been feeling rather  
wretched for a day or two.  
Helen had some fever  
yesterday and all night.  
I do not notice any today;  
but she has lost her  
appetite and is consequently  
getting thin. She is  
coughing her eye and stomach  
teeth too; and that is pulling  
her down a bit.



languages with equal ease. She  
loves books & pictures and is passionately  
fond of flowers. Her little bright eyes  
see everyone as we pass along the  
roadside; and long before they have  
caught my notice she is pointing them  
out, screaming with delight, "dekho, mamma  
phul phul" - (See mamma flowers flowers)  
She also loves children, especially babies.  
But often she addresses a child as she, as twice  
as "nisch baba" - (nice baby, what time I have to  
spare these days in helping Mahal Siffath get ready  
for her wedding: hemming napkins etc. Has Ernest  
told you I am to be matron of honor & he is to be  
best man? There is nothing like keeping it all in the  
family. With dearest, best love to you all

Mainpuri - May 9<sup>th</sup> 1912

Dear Parents,

This is to be a note, (written under difficulties) to you, before the mail goes. We came here on Monday, arriving on Tuesday. Since that time we have been attending meetings - for there has been a conference on here. There is a loss of people in from the different stations and villages. The meetings were very good and stimulating. I was very glad to get as much of it as I did.

Today the Auditing Committee begins its work - I am here because I am the new Treasurer of the Mission and am to learn the ropes. I think I will only stay for a couple of days and then go to station by motor car (40 miles away) for one day. I wish to see the work which we may take up. On Monday I will go and visit Kasganj - another one of our Mission stations. Here in Mainpuri, the butchards and the farmers (phon) live. In Kasganj the same live. Kasganj is a new station we have opened up recently. Mainpuri has a boys' school, a church, a normal training school, etc. There it is also a center or village work. Kasganj says that it is quite old in the hills. There has been

change for the better since they left  
and the weather is not so very  
warm - so very hot - They must  
have stayed down longer had they  
known that, in less than a week  
I hope to join them.

Mama, your good letter came  
and warmed the cheeks of our  
hearts. I do not relish you  
having so much water. It seems  
unnecessary for, to have so much  
water in one place.

Goodbye -

Your Loving Son

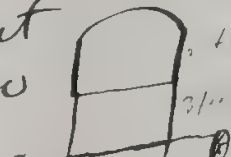
Amos.

Landau. The 4th

May 15 1912

Dear parents,

During the last week, I have been jumping about in a lively fashion. I wrote you last from Mamfuri; after the close of the convention, I spent three more days there with the Mission Auditing Comm. We finished there Saturday night at 7.30. At eight thirty I got in a top-story car - a camel-car, drawn by a trusty camel. The car - in transverse section looks like this: the car was about eight feet long so that I could stretch out and be comfortable. I then set my face towards Etah thirty five miles away. We travelled all night, during





more scope and room to grow. If he leaves  
we will doubtless stay on. I am dis-  
appointed, because I need that expe-  
rience for the sake of the language &  
my general usefulness. Yet, God rules.

To resume - On Monday morning at  
nine o'clock, I mounted in a little 2  
wheeled cart, drawn by a little Indian  
pony. having bade the McGaws goodbye,  
started for Kasganj - 19 miles away -  
I reached Kasganj at 1 o'clock and went  
to Lawrence's house. Kasganj is a new  
station. and Mr Lawrence has only been



which time I slept inter-  
mittently. I reached Etowah  
next morning at nine thirty  
having been 13 hours in  
going 35 miles. The ships  
of the desert sometimes sail  
very slowly.

At Etowah, I had a very  
pleasant day. The weather  
was not so very hot - about  
 $106^{\circ}$  - and I was able to see  
the people in the Church services  
and to see the Mission building.  
I was very favourably im-  
pressed by the work there.  
They are doing a fine work.

As regards to our going there  
to work, it seems some-  
doubtful - Dr Edwards now  
says that he would like to  
take up school work in  
one of our other Stations  
where there seems to be

them for a short time - as yet he has not  
been able to get any property, altho we  
have the money for it. (from the Kennedy  
fund). The probability is that from re-  
ligious reasons, they people will  
not sell to him. He has rented a little  
house there with four small rooms, and  
he with his wife & 2 children live on  
there hoping for better things to happen.  
I told me that in his district work  
he had been stoned three times in the  
last year. The British Government always  
has been a - - - - - it then report

such cases, but frequently  
the missionaries do not  
report them: preferring to  
fight their own battles  
with Love v.s. Violence.  
Some time ago, Mr M. G. Row  
was stabbed in the  
back, and did not report  
it. The British officials  
heard of it, but the man  
got off on the ground  
that he was crazy.

at four o'clock, I took  
the train for Barailly.  
which reached at 9.  
Having changed cars, I  
went on to Dehra Dun,  
arriving at 5 am. yesterday  
morning. Then I got into  
a tonga and went the  
usual way to Roorkee - I have

been studying Hindi - It is now  
breakfast time - I must stop -

We have not received the  
homemail of last week - Therefore have  
not seen your letter. Hope to get it  
on Friday -

With lots of love -

Your Son  
Ernest.

usually taken a horse from  
there and ridden up to  
Lundam - The distance  
being 8 up-hill miles -  
This time I concluded to  
walk. It was a pretty  
stiff walk and hot at  
first, but I came thru  
OK - climbing the 8 miles  
in 2 hours & 15 minutes.

It was good to see my  
wife & child again - Beka  
climbed up on my lap &  
stroked my face and  
said - "Nee papa, nee  
papa".

This morning I have





The Erie - Candour

May 30, 1912

Dear mother - father -

A week ago today

E. + Mr. Humphreys left on  
their tramp<sup>ing</sup> trip  
through the mountains -  
I haven't heard from them  
only once - The 2nd. day  
out - through a coolie  
that I had to send  
after them with some  
business messages. I  
do not expect to hear  
again until they <sup>return</sup>

There was a "jharon" shower  
for the bride-to-be yesterday.  
The word "jharon" includes tea-towels,  
dust-cloths, cloths for the cook  
to use in the kitchen, the bearer  
to use in cleaning the lamps,  
the eye to use in plucking the  
carrage etc. We buy them in  
the piece by the dozens and  
every housekeeper uses 2 or 3 doz. of

as they do not pass  
any postoffices on the  
way. The rain has  
stopped at last, so they  
are having fine  
weather for the  
outing.

The social season  
has started rather  
early up here. The  
wedding of Mabel Griffith  
& Dr. Edwards comes off  
in less than two  
weeks now - and all of  
us are thinking and  
planning about that.

them every week. I give out 2  
a day for (the dishes alone.  
The reason I don't allow them  
to use these two more than one  
day, is that, they get too dirty.  
Dishiness is not one of the  
noticeable characteristics of our  
servants. As for the pharons  
that are used in the kitchen  
by the cook in cleaning his pots &



pans they actually  
become so filthy and  
black that I don't  
touch them at all. The  
cook has to make  
his own arrangements  
about giving them to the  
dhobi for washing &  
getting them back again.  
Well, this has been  
rather a long digression.  
I get back to the  
show - The whole  
room was decorated  
with garlands. There  
was an umbrella  
made of the same  
hanging from the

like this. "Be still toby. don't  
cry Arthur. A big bear will  
come". yesterday she gave him  
my bunch of keys to play with.  
He proceeded to put them in his  
mouth and again + again Kelly  
would pull his hand away each  
time becoming more vehement  
as she commanded "Don't put  
them in your mouth". all this,

ceiling and the bird  
was draped in a  
crown of roses with a  
gharoon veil.

You will remember  
Helen celebrates her  
second birthday next  
week. I have a pretty  
doll for her for  
the occasion. There is  
a nine months old  
baby in the house  
and Helen is very fond  
of him. When he is  
crying, Helen's remarks  
to him are something

in Hindustani of course.

There are awful scrawls.  
I would write more but  
haven't given myself enough time.  
The mail must go now.

Much love

Margaret.

The Firs - Landaur -

May 22 - 1912

Dear papa and mamma,

Tomorrow, Kempbell and I hope to get off on a walking trip into the woods - I surely look forward to it with much pleasure. H. came today and is living in a vacant room in The Firs and is boarding with us. Mrs H. is about five and is so sorry arriving home now. Poor people. I am so sorry for them. This house is full of children, and I think Kempy must miss their own little one. Then it must be hard to be separated. I do not think I should like the separation - The Heggembottoms left today for Cashmere. Mrs H., who has been sick with typhoid fever, is mending rapidly.

Today, I bought a little red sweater for Helen. She looks very cute in it.

Our mail from Allahabad has not come yet, with the exception of Harry's Thesis. I have not read it all yet, but I expect to do so. It looks very imposing and bids fair to be very interesting. I hope you are not so drowned out that you can not write.

Helen has not been so very well. She has had a time with her teeth. She seems some better today, and she has had a couple come thru since we came up here. There are only two more to come thru and the deed is done. She has taken her teeth very signously.



We were very much relieved to learn that Aunt Jane is better. She hangs remarkably well for a woman her age.

On June 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup>, I have <sup>been</sup> asked to make a couple of addresses at a big Convention in Mussorie. I am hoping that I can do some good. It will do me good to make these addresses. The Convention is held "for the deepening of spiritual life". I do not feel worthy to speak at such a conference as this, in which some of the very best and most spiritual men in India participate.

We have been having rain too. On Sunday morning it rained & hailed until the ground was covered with hail-stones. How it did come down!! Margaret and I managed to get to Church twice in the day however and heard two good sermons.

Well I must stop now, and share, presently to going out. I should like to see you all first class.

With love to Love -

Your devoted son  
Ernest.

The Tire  
Randam, Muscovie,  
India  
June 6th, 1912

Dear Mother

Another week  
has rolled around  
and this is the day on  
which the rainy season  
is predicted to begin.  
However just now it's  
sunny and clear. But  
it doesn't take long  
for a rain to blow up.  
Mrs. Ewing and I are  
hoping they <sup>(the rains)</sup> will be

sleeping under the stars and seem  
some "beautiful wild, rugged,  
mountain scenery.

We are <sup>now</sup> in the midst of the  
"Convention for the Deepening of the  
Spiritual Life" held every year at this  
time in the town hall, museum.  
It is attended principally by  
missionaries - those who are here  
for a rest during the summer -

delayed until after the  
8th. at least, for on  
that afternoon we give  
a reception for the  
bride and groom (Mabel  
Sniffith & Dr. Edwards)  
The wedding is to take  
place on the eleventh.

Ernest and Mr. Hemphill  
returned from their  
trip last Saturday  
foresore and a little  
weary, but having had a  
splendid time, tramping  
through valleys and  
over mountains,  
crossing unbridged streams

one of the speakers this year - the  
only young man among the  
other four - five men of much  
greater experience. He led the  
noon devotional hour yesterday  
and gave an address at the  
evening service. He speaks again  
today. I felt proud of him. He  
did well, and many spoke appreciatively  
of his helpful message.



This is Helen's second  
birthday. It is the  
custom up here to  
celebrate all the birth-  
days with parties. But I  
am not having one for  
Helen this year because  
of the meetings of the  
convention and also be-  
cause I am busy getting  
ready for our reception!  
But I have a nice  
doll for her; her "Great  
Mabel" gave her a  
wooly sheep, and Miss  
Leavett, one of our

first couple of nights. She is very  
fond of giving advice. A few nights  
ago, she remarked to her father  
when he was about to go out for a  
little walk in the evening, "Bālar  
na jāō, papa; hawa chalti hai"  
(Don't go out, papa; the wind is blowing)  
We think she does very well indeed

for a two-year-old  
You asked about the church papers  
which we see. I don't believe Ernest

missionaries, who also  
is celebrating a  
birthday today, gave her  
a little ~~of~~ hair. & she  
is happy. I wish you  
could see her in the  
little red sweater  
which her daddy bought  
for her a little while  
ago. She certainly is  
fascinating. I bought  
her a new pair of shoes  
about a week ago and  
she was so proud of them  
that we had to let her  
wear them to bed the

has answered that inquiry - it. we  
get the Presbyterian, the Assembly Herald,  
Thomas's Work and the Westminster  
SS Teacher.

We are glad to know the waters are  
needed. You must have been very anxious  
for a few weeks. Ernest has been so  
busy attending convention meetings and  
preparing his speeches that I'm afraid he  
won't be able to write to you this week.  
With dearest love to you all  
Margaret.

Allahabad, June 13<sup>th</sup> 1912.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

I have just come back from the Hills today. It seems most hot after the cooling breezes of the Hills, but I suppose that I shall soon be used to it again and not mind it very much. That is the only trouble with the Hills; one must come back again to the plains. I often think of Jesus after the glorious time he had on the Mt of Transfiguration, he came down on the plains and found that his disciples had no faith and were very perverse: so he had to cast out the devil from the young man himself. I have had a fine time in the Hills, but must come back and find many of our workers who need watching, and I must cast out many devils from them and from myself.

Helen was not well when I left, and it was harder to come away for this very reason. She contracted a very hard cold, and it seemed to settle in her throat and perhaps her chest, and made breathing difficult for her. I was afraid of croup, and so we stocked up on all the remedies which might be useful if she was to have an attack of the same. I would have stayed longer a while, if the work had not been so pressing, and the Doctor told me that she did not think she was in any great danger. Margaret seems to be quite well.

At a tea which Margaret and Mrs Lwing gave in honour of the bride and groom, we found out parcel accidentally, that a class-mate of mine in the Seminary, had come to Mussoorie for his vacation from Aroba; it being his nearest hill-station. His name is Calverley. I sent word to him, and the next day he and his wife came up and took breakfast with us. It was quite a treat to see him again, altho' in the Seminary we had never been very close friends, altho' we belonged to the same club.

Well, Howard and Mabel Griffith have been married. Margaret wore her wedding dress, and looked just as she did three years ago. Some strangers present who were not long on marriage ceremonies seemed to have



some difficulty in telling which was the bride .' She surely has stood  
the three years of India in good shape . Mabel looked very nice  
and stood up like the lady she is and took Edwards for better or worse  
till death do us part . I was 'best man', and got out my Prince Albert  
and stripped trousers and wore my best smile and stood up along side  
Edwards, and at the signal being given by the preacher, passed the ring  
out fumbling it, and after a double pass thru the preacher and Edwards  
made a touchdown on Edwards' bride's finger . The teamwork was perfect  
After the wedding, we had a breakfast at Upper Woodstock, where all were  
merry together . At three o'clock, the bride and groom started on their  
months camping trip among the mountains . I am very glad for them  
as they are a fine couple and very well suited to each other . At  
wedding, I mean, reminded Margaret and me of her sister's marriage to  
Michael some five years ago, where Margaret was 'bride's maid and I  
best man .

Daddy's postal came this week . It relieved our minds, but  
general rule I do not approve of postals . I am not in a position  
to complain however as I did not write to you last week . I had an  
excuse however, as I was speaking at a Big Convention the next day  
to prepare . This was by far the biggest thing I ever did in my  
line, and I only hope that the people got one half as much good  
as I did . I needed this Convention . I will send you a card if I  
find it .

It is late now and as I did not get much sleep last night  
the train, I guess that I had better bid you a fond goodnight .

With lots of love,

Your son ,

Ernest

June 21" 1912

Allahabad, India.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

It is blistering hot this morning, and I have more to do today than six men and a boy could accomplish, as it ought to be done. My typist has not yet come, and before his arrival, I am going to use this little chance of getting a word off to you. The thermometer has been crawling above 110 in the shade these days, and I am out in the sun a good deal, so that I am baked a good healthy brown and red. My ears are swollen from the sun and my nose looks as if I had been snibbing too freely. Yet I am feeling quite well, and am enjoying the variety in my work. The variety is great. I spend the first hour in the day in dictating letters; then I turn to my book-keeping work. After this I go the rounds to oversee the work which is going on here. We are building two new hostels or dormitories for students. We also have a new auditorium in progress, and some new servants' houses. We must get new lights into the old hostels, and have all of the furniture repaired. Then we white-wash the whole thing. Incidentally, I am managing the Loper Asylum again, and this takes some of my time. So the hot old days roll around, and each one seems busier than the former. Yet I do like it; it is such a change from the routine work of teaching.

Your good letter came as usual this week. We were relieved to know that the old river had begun to restore his proper channels again. It must have been a very unusual winter for old Marianna. Mamma, it was very good of you to think of sending the cloth for Helen. Margaret was just beginning to wonder where it had gone to and to fear that it had been lost, when your letter came, explaining that it had been delayed in taking its flight from the U.S. I must stop now as, owing to three thousand interruptions, I have not been able to finish this letter and now the mail-man is waiting and I must stop or you will have to wait a month longer for this poor scribble of a letter. Yet this is enough to assure you of my continued love and admiration for those dear parents who have made such a howling success in bringing to fruition such learned and time-serving sons as now promote made under the name of Weld.

Your devoted,

Ernest.

Memorandum

DATE: 10/1/54

TO: The Secretary of Defense

FROM: The Assistant Secretary of Defense for Policy and Planning

SUBJECT: The Proposed Revision of the Department of Defense Policy Directive on the Control of Arms and Ammunition

1. The Department of Defense Policy Directive on the Control of Arms and Ammunition, as currently in effect, is being revised to reflect the changes in the Department's policy on the control of arms and ammunition since the last revision in 1947.

2. The proposed revision is being prepared by the Department of Defense Policy and Planning Staff, and is being reviewed by the Department of Defense Policy and Planning Committee. The proposed revision is being prepared in accordance with the Department's policy on the control of arms and ammunition, as set forth in the Department of Defense Policy Directive on the Control of Arms and Ammunition, as currently in effect.

3. The proposed revision is being prepared in accordance with the Department's policy on the control of arms and ammunition, as set forth in the Department of Defense Policy Directive on the Control of Arms and Ammunition, as currently in effect.

4. The proposed revision is being prepared in accordance with the Department's policy on the control of arms and ammunition, as set forth in the Department of Defense Policy Directive on the Control of Arms and Ammunition, as currently in effect.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover



June 28" 1912

*Mahabud, India.*

Dear Mamma and dear Papa,

As I write to you, I am beside an open door overlooking the river, clad in a pair of duck trousers and an undershirt. It is warm in India during the month of June, but we manage it by dressing or not dressing rather, for the part. Two nights ago we had a hard rain and it cooled things off considerably, but the mercury still hovers about 106 during the warm part of the day. Last night it was quite pleasant however, and during the night, the punah breeze became so cool that I reached down and pulled a sheet over me. This rarely ever happens in the month of June, that a sheet is used over one. One of the men who is down here and working has his face swollen all over with the prickly heat. His eyes have retired into the center of his head, and he sees the world from a distance. He looks very queer, and I have all that I can do to keep from laughing at him, at times. This is his first warm season out here, and I am sorry for him that he is so wretched. There is another fellow here, who has come out from U.S.A. to work in the Agricultural School, whose name is Lembow. He takes to the heat like the proverbial fish to the afore mentioned water. He is a big fellow and the sweat (not perspiration) pours off of him in streams, but he seems to be quite happy thru' it all. It is hard to tell how a man is going to stand India by looking at him.

Here's hoping that you two will not have a lonely summer, without the presence of any of your bairns. You must commune with us thru' the medium of ink and paper, which is a very poor medium, but after all much better than nothing. Will you go to Ohio? I think it would be wise for you both to go if you can possibly arrange it. Arkansas can remind one of India I dare say, during the months of July and August.

Margaret and Helen are both pretty well. Helen seems to have recovered from her throat trouble and has become quite cheerful again. The bride and groom-alias Dr and Mrs Edwards-are still out in the wilds getting acquainted. They ought to know each other pretty well by the time they get back. Roughing it and tramping over steep roads is a great revealer of character and disposition. Mike knows that some people who have the reputation of being quite cultured and amiable at home, are not so considered by their camping mates. Have you ever heard Harry's experience with Clare Robinson Church, when they were camping in Michigan one summer. There was a breeze going and Mike undertook to take a party out for a sail-of which party, Clare was one of the decorations. When they got out in the middle of the lake a "dead calm" rested o'er the bay, the (wind to sleep had gone). The sun grew warmer and hotter, and Clare began to complain that she had become one of the party under a misapprehension: that she had not come out to have her complexion ruined but to enjoy the whispering zephyrs, as they boldly kissed her rosy cheeks. She finally volunteered the information to Mike: "Harry told, if you do not take me back to land at once, I shall be very angry". I have thought of that incident

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*Mahabadi, India.*

a great many times, and when in difficult situations, I have found lots of other clares in the world. My difficulty lies not in being cheerful in times of especial hardship or difficulty, but in cheerfully playing the game of life when things seem to be ~~being~~ all alike and the dull monotony of life's daily duties gets on the nerves of the soul. I often think of Robert B. Stevenson's prayer: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the part of the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry" etc. I think that it is especially difficult to help the Lord answer a prayer like that in India, where the climate is always tending to sour the happiest disposition. It has become a proverb in India, we speak of "Hindustani mizag". Mizag means disposition and used proverbially usually means that the person who has it is an unmannerly brute.

I am learning something about building, but I have lots to learn. The other day, the Senior Chaplain of the Cathedral said to me: "You are in charge of the building operations at the Juma, are't you", and I blushed and said that I was. Because of the tan on my face, he could not see the blush of shame so he went on: "I hope that you can spare me a few minutes sometime, as I want your advice about the construction of a verandah, which I am building." I told him that I would be glad to help him if I could and then changed the subject. If there is anything I don't understand, it is the mechanics and mathematics of arches and jack-arches and pulls and strains etc. I am usually surprised that my arches don't fall down.

This letter must not go on indefinitely. Goodbye.

With all kinds of love,

Your youngest,

*Ernest*

The first of these is the fact that the  
 second of these is the fact that the  
 third of these is the fact that the

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

... ..

5th July, 1912.

*Allahabad, India.*

Dear Father &amp; Mother,

This is going to be a very short note to you as I am not feeling very fit this morning.

On the night of the 3rd, Aldredge and I seemed to have acquired some fever which still remains with us up to the present time. My fever is diminishing, however and now stands at 100.4. Tomorrow I hope to be entirely rid of it. Aldredge seems to feel much more wretched than I although his fever is a little lower than mine. We both think it is merely an attack of malaria. The "Glorious Fourth" was not very glorious to us. We both were invited out for dinner, but we were compelled to refuse.

The report from the hills is very favourable; both mother and daughter seem to be very well and are enjoying life immensely. Margaret has gone with a party to Dinaulti, to meet the returning bride and groom. Helen was left behind.

In a few days the teachers will all be returning to Allahabad to resume their work. We who have been here during the hot season will be very glad to welcome them back, as it has been very lonely here without them. Dr. Living returns to Allahabad tomorrow. College re-opens on the 17th.

I have taken up my work, as Acting Chaplain of the

1. Introduction : What is the purpose of the study?

ALLAHABAD CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

5th July, 1912.

*Allahabad, India.*

"Royal Scots". It bids fare to be a very busy fall for me, as in addition to my regular teaching, I will have classes in M.A. Political Economy, and charge of all the Hostels. It will be the same old story of having so much to do that nothing is done well. Since Mr. Higginbottom's illness and Mr. Slater's departure to South India. I have resumed my old position as superintendent of the "Deper's Asylum". I hope to get rid of this when Mr. Slater returns.

I am dictating this letter to my amanuensis. I hope that you will kindly pardon this use of an intermediary, but I do not feel like doing the mechanical work myself.

Trusting that the heat of Arkansas is somewhat less than the heat of Allahabad, and that you all are finding much joy in life.

I am,

Affectionate son,

*Ernest.*



the time to be a very good one  
looking a little more like a

on the other hand I hope to get it of some value to  
the person receiving.

the following letter to the  
will be a very good one  
to do not lose time with the mechanical work  
the time to be a very good one  
the time to be a very good one  
the time to be a very good one

the time to be a very good one  
the time to be a very good one

Allahabad, August 15" 1912

Dearest Mamma,

I have come to the point now where I am not good for much else but letter writing, as it is well on towards ten-thirty P.M. of one of the busiest days I have yet put in in India . Together with the Indian climate in August leaves one right frazled out, this work does, and it is hard to get into such a rut over it that one does not feel it much . Yet I have had very good health this hot season and am feeling quite fit, in spite of the busiest season of my young life . As long as one keeps well, he just should be thankful that he is well, and has enough of work to fill each day full to overflowing . I hope with Daddy Weld that I may be permitted to wear out and not rust out, when I come to the twilight of my life, and find that the one horse chaise has strange attractions for me, as the right way to shuffle off . Now do not get nervous, for I have not the slightest idea of doing it now, but it is a good thing for one to have his mind made up a long time before hand .

Just think, Mother-dear, tomorrow, I start up to the Hills to have a two or three days visit with my family . It is some days over two months since I have had the pleasure of looking on their cheerful faces . That is entirely too long, and so I have made arrangements to have some one else take the services in the Kirk, and am going to avail myself of a couple of days of vacation, and go up to see them . I am afraid that they might forget that they have a husband and a father, if I postpone it much longer . Then, I am sure that I shall enjoy the taste of cooler air, even tho' it only lasts for a couple of days . How I wish that I might take you up with me and intro-





duce you to the glories of the Himalyas and Helen;neither of whom you have seen . They are both very beautiful . Speaking of Helen she is beginning to embarrass somewhat by her remarks . The other day,up in Landaur,when the table servant came into the dinning room Helen turned to him from her place in the table and said:Bechai, jab Mamma ghush karti,woh kabhi nahin roti hain,kabhi nahin". This means,Bechai( the man's name) when Mamma bath makes,she never cries,never. Margaret was at a loss to understand the meaning of this and when she found that the Ayah was laughing,she asked the ayah what this meant . It appeared that as Helen is accustomed to raise the roof,when she has her hair washed,during bath-time,the Ayah had tried to shame her out of it by telling her that Mamma never cried when she took her bath,and this had made a great impression on Helen's mind,and she thought it good enough to tell the servants .

We were very sorry to learn in your last letter that you had been somewhat under the weather,but we hope that this was only a temporary indisposition . By the time you read these lines,you have doubtless forgotten all about it . May it be ever thus . Robert Speer once said that whenever he had managed to do something that seemed worth while,he tried to immediately set about forgetting it . I think that this would be good to practise in our troubles,if we would set about forgetting them as soon as we could . I hope your ailments will make this possible .

My work here has a great vareity,and that makes it all the more interesting . I am speaking more and more,and for the most part it is in English . During the last ten days,I have been asked twice to speak at Conventions' meetings; once in Urdu,and once in English. In Urdu,I was asked to speak twice,and in English five times . These

[illegible]

• • • • • will make this possible • • • • •

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is essential to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it and identify the key factors that influence the outcome. This often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. After analysis, the next step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This plan should outline the steps to be taken, the resources required, and the expected outcomes.

5. The final step is to implement the plan and monitor the progress. This involves executing the tasks outlined in the plan and regularly checking in to ensure that the project is on track and meeting the desired goals.



meetings are at Sialkot, in the Punjab . I should like to attend the Convention very much, but I fear that I shall have to refuse both as I shall not be able to get away . The Convention is for the deepening of the spiritual life, and it would do me a lot of good to attend it . I am afraid that I get so busy that I need a Convention once and awhile to call me back to the things which are after all most worth while . I do not wish to be only a Mission book-keeper or a teacher of Economics, but I wish to be a real missionary, in the usual ~~xxxxx~~ meaning of the word .

I have rattled on until it is most eleven o'clock, and as I have some things to attend to, I had better tell you Goodnight. Is'nt it too bad that you and ~~we~~ can not see each other and talk to each other once in a while ? This is the only great privation that I have been able to see in Mission life: Separation from one's loved ones, is a real calamity . But I can go on loving you and being glad and thankful of your love, and I do live on the past a great deal, for it seems to me that no boy ever had a better time with his mama than I had . You understand boys well enough to have been one . Let's be thankful, dear mamma, that we still understand each other; have always understood each other--and altho' distance is annoying it can not kill the spirit .

With bushels of love,

Your son,

Ernest

Have been feeling better today. Not at my best yet. Very short. And

With love,  
Your son,

Allahabad, Sept. 5" 1912 .

Dear folks,

These are dark days for us, for we are walking thru the "Valley of the Shadow of Death". Dr Ewing is a very sick man, and we are all very much worried about him . His sickness has been running on for some days now, and he does not seem to mend any . He is delirious most of the time, and talks as a man in a dream . Last night we sent him to the Hospital, and there he has to be watched all of the time . He is a heavy man, and strong, and under the influence of his delirium , it takes two men's full strength to handle him . His heart is acting queerly, and that makes it very necessary that he stay in bed and not get up . The whole College, which Dr Ewing has built up is under a cloud of gloom . The result is with God, but I do not know what will happen to us if he should not get well . It will be extremely difficult for anyone else to take up his work where he has left off . He is one of the most remarkable men for work I have ever seen.

Then too, as if the bad condition of Dr Ewing was not enough, comes the word that Edmund Lucas is lying in Srinagar, Kashmir, a very sick man with enteric . His fever has been up as high as 105 . He too has been delirious and it took three nurses and two servants to get him back to bed . You will remember that he is a very old friend of mine; dating back to my entering Wooster in 1899 . We were classmates . He is a very powerful young man, and was for two years Captain of Wooster's football team . I am very fond of him . It seems to me that such a strong young man would surely have a chance of beating typhoid, but there is no telling . You may remember that Edmund married Nancy Ewing about a year ago . Nancy was the youngest daugh-



ter of J.C.R. Ewing . She is only a very young girl, and it is awful to imagine his not recovering, as far as she is concerned. India seems a very cruel monster sometimes . How much we would like to be thankful for !

Margaret and Helen are well. In two or three weeks, I am hoping that they can come down. The weather is not so warm now as it was, and in two or three weeks we are hoping that it will be cooler. Helen got frightened the other day at Mr. Laurence, one of the missionaries of our mission. It was raining and he had a piece of oil-cloth over his head, and Helen took him for a bear, and she is not willing to get in his presence now. Whenever he comes, she goes perfectly white and trembles all over. I fear that the ayah has been telling her some stories of bears. She is getting to be more and more of a problem as she gets older. I will be very glad when they can come down. With the extra work I am carrying now, I feel that I need them; altho' I do not have much time in which I might visit with them. Yet, I am feeling quite well altho' this month of September is counted the most unhealthy month of the whole year.

After all of these chunks of gloom I am handing to you defenceless ones, let me tell you a good story on myself, which happened tonight. I was addressing the men in the workshop on the subject of the water of life. I was telling a story about some who were lost in a desert, and were out of water and they did not know in which direction to turn to find the nearest water-supply. They were thus in a quandry, a man came riding up on a white camel offered to show them where the nearest spring was. I was telling

story with very telling effect, but the general impression was cancelled by a very slight mistake I made . The word for camel is "unt", and the word for brick was "int", and of course I got them in wrong, and had the beneficent stranger riding up on his strong white brick . Twice, I used the wrong word before I realized what a mistake I was making . When I did realize it, I stopped in the midst of the talk and laughed . I could not help it . It may help you to understand the Indian nature when I tell you that not a one of those fifty fellows cracked a smile . This will show you more than anything I can say what a benighted people they are .

This has been a pretty hard day and I am quite tuckered, so I will bid you a fond goodnight .

With lots of love,

Your devoted son,

*Ernest.*



Will die you a good goodnight.

With love of love,

Your devoted son,

Benjamin

Gumma Mission, Allahabad  
Sept. 20, 1912

mother & father

Am back again with dear  
and it's good to be a united family again -  
I am here still, but I feel as if I could  
do anything - to be with Ernest again. I'm sorry  
but could not come a week ago. For on that morning  
Oct. our dear Dr. Ewing was taken from us  
and has I cannot mention his illness -  
near the end was pneumonia, spinal  
inflammation. It has been a terrible blow to us all.  
Mother who is President of our Chesby College  
had been in America for a few  
days and landed in Bombay just a couple  
days before Dr. Ewing's death. She took the  
night mail train to Allahabad and reached  
Ewing's side just as the funeral procession  
was approaching the cemetery. A long ~~rope~~  
was fastened to the hearse and it was  
pulled to the cemetery by 150 of Dr. Ewing's  
boys. By day there must have been  
a large number of people at the funeral - government  
officials & professors, municipal secretaries,  
representatives of the Indian nobility,  
Hindu & Mohammedan  
professors, teachers & students, women.

1811

1900

*(continued)*

[illegible]

1913

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1940

1890

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813. The list is followed by a signature, which appears to be "John Smith".

1890

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1891

... ..

.....

and asylum people, missionaries - a great  
many who had come under his influence  
to do him honor. In the opinion of  
Dr. Ewing was the most valuable and  
expensive man in our whole mission -  
was only 48 years of age but had accomplished  
in that time. He was a great leader  
in Christian & educational work known all  
India. What we shall do in the college  
the mission without him I don't know -  
there is no one with shoulders broad enough to  
carry all the burdens he was carrying  
and indeed bereft of a kind friend and  
strong leader.

so sorry that for Mrs. Ewing too. She  
is absolutely alone. They have no children  
best is carrying very heavy burdens  
responsibilities these days. I wish  
there were more I could do to help

with a great deal of love  
Margaret.



[illegible]



Allahabad--Sept. 27" 1912

Dear Father and Mother,

How are you both? We are allx well but busy. This is always one of the busiest times of the year for us, as annual meeting approaches, and this year, owing to our sad loss in Dr Swing's death, the amount of work which seems absolutely necessary knows no end. I trust that Margaret gave you the particulars of Dr Swing's death last week, and as they will be in the papers by this time there is no need for me to go into details. Sufficient to say, that educational missions recd a great blow in his death, and there seems to be no one on the horizon to take his place. He was one of the hardest workers I have ever met, and had one of the most remarkable minds given to men. He was a great teacher, but his specialty was business affairs. He was not much of a book-keeper however, and kept his books so that he with the aid of his wonderful memory could understand them. It is very difficult for anyone else picking up his books to make out all that he meant. This has been our work, after the college day is over, to go over his books and try to straighten them out, in preparation for annual meeting, which comes the middle of October. We are making a little progress however, and altho' it seems hopeless at times we are living on faith that we may be able to get affairs in shape before long. We are very hard up in a financial way, as the Mission is badly in debt, owing chiefly to the statting of the Agricultural work. I wish that you were here ready to help me on the books. I realize at times that there is a lot about bookkeeping as such is kept in India, that I have yet to learn.

It is great life to have Helen and her Mother with me again. It relieves the strain to have someone to talk to, and in case I wish to swear, it is fine to have someone to shock. (Mamma, kindly do not take this literally) Helen is getting to be a big basket of a girl, and furnishes us lots of amusement.

In Dr Swing's death, we have lost our philosophy teacher, and are writing to the Board for another. I wish that Harry and Martha might come out and take up the work. I fear that would be asking too much of you, but there is a chance for him to teach H.A. philosophy and Ethics in a country where philosophy is eaten, many times in lieu of a more substantial diet. However bad America may need his services, India needs them worse. If he could come out and enter on a five year contract with the Board, we could then come home together. It would be hard for you of course yet you do not see so very much of them after all, do you? This is only an idea of mine. Pass this letter along to Mike and tell him to consider it. He might run up to New York and talk the matter over with Speer.

I must stop now and send this letter or it will be too late. Your loving and devoted son,

Ernest



Allahabad-- Oct. 4" 1912

Dear Home folks,

I have just fifteen or twenty minutes before the foreign mail goes, and so I must write now, while the sun shines. Our work still holds up, and we are still trying to fill up the great gap left by Dr. Living's death. Everything seems to be moving along brightly, but behind the scenes, some of us are bending our backs to keep up appearances. We never realized how necessary he was to the work here until he has gone. I have learned lots of useful lessons from him, and shall always consider myself his debtor.

Margaret and Helen are both well, but are feeling the warm weather we are having a little. Poor Helen has prickly-heat right badly, but she scratches away and keeps fairly cheerful. In a couple of weeks time we should experience a great change in the temperature here, for about the second or third week in Oct. it usually gets much cooler. This a very treacherous time of the year, for there is such a great difference between day and night. The days are still very warm, but at about three or four o'clock in the morning, the heated earth begins to cool off a little and it gets quite cool. One must be very careful all the time, lest the body become chilled and the liver get unruly. September is our worst month of the year, and we always have a great deal of sickness because the rains have ceased and pools and rivers begin to dry up. September has surely taken heavy toll this year. The report from Edmund Lucas is encouraging, and it looks as if he was going to get well. His death would have been a sad loss to missions.

In two weeks our Annual Meeting will be on. If we are sent to Etah, it will be after this meeting. I do not think they will send us now, nor have I ever thought that they would send us, altho' they planned to do so last year. Still the stations are very poorly manned and we must do something desperate. Personally I would like to go for a couple of years for the experience. I could always be a more valuable worker, if I had that experience. I have never planned for a moment to give up educational work as life work, however, but I feel that I do not know the villages, nor the life of the people live. I love you,

Your son,

Ernest





Allahabad, October 10" 1912

dear papa,

How are you by this time . I trust that the Mill is working well and that everything is flourishing . I also hope that you are getting more winter weather than we are . We can detect traces of the cooler breezes sometimes, if we give them our special attention, but we still have the big lumps pulled over us at night and manage to sleep right well with them on . In a couple of weeks we look forward to doing away with them . It will be quite a release for it is right difficult to get up in the middle of the night and wake the punkahwala out of a sound sleep . Anyway, one always feels guilty for such conduct, for it seems as if you were asking him of her to do something that you do not wish to do yourself . I usually get up and firmly grasp the rope and vigorously pull . This usually wakes them with a dislocated arm and then they pull with long screams of protest ; this is fine while it lasts .

Next week we will be going to annual meeting . There are a lot of difficult problems to be solved, and there will probably be some changes in the stationing of the missionaries . We are not expecting to be moved, but we can never tell what may happen . These days we are all busy with the details of getting ready for the meetings . There are many reports to be prepared . Margaret is in the midst of her language exams, which seem to be quite stiff this year . I too expect to take three of them, altho' the work has been so stiff this year that I have not had the time to work on them very much . I hope that I ~~xxx~~ shall not fail . Margaret is very well prepared as usual and will lead the young folks in results .



The Christians have their mess alone, and the Mohammedans also theirs, and the Hindus have several groups. Then the Hostels have to be repaired and put into shape. They are all white-washed, and broken glasses renewed and roofs are in need of repairs, and must be looked after, and with these things my time is taken up till breakfast. After breakfast, I take about twenty minutes to refresh my lectures which I wrote last year, and then I go over to the college and get rid of them to the students while they take them down. I have four or five of these periods per diem. After that I usually give my time to mission work-- that is the Treasurer's work. The other day Avey asked me, Avey had just come back from America; "When do you get time for missionary work?" That is a thought I have had many times myself, and it seems that aside from my daily Bible classes with young Hindus and Mohammedans, and my Sunday preaching, I do not have much time left for personal work. Things may go better after a time and I perhaps have more time to do the thing that I came to India to do.

On the 17th of August there is a holiday. The next day is Sunday and the following Tuesday is a holiday. I plan to leave Friday night for Bandaur, arriving there Saturday night if I can, and spend Sunday and Monday with Margaret and Helen, and arrive in Allahabad Tuesday ~~and~~ read for Wednesday. Two months and over will have passed by that time since our cruel separation began, and we have figured it out that it was time to have a family reunion. Margaret is living in a mammoth big house alone, and I imagine that she gets mighty lonely, altho' she does not say so. It is true that there are a couple of other Mission ladies elsewhere in another house, but after all they are in an other house.

With all kinds of love to you all,

Your devoted son,

Ernest

*Allahabad*, August 23" 1912

Dear Papa and Mamma,

How are you both ? I suppose that Mamma is now in Marysville and is renewing old times and friendships. I should enjoy a walk about the town myself, to see how it is progressing. It is surely one of the finest towns I have ever seen, and has some of the nicest people in it. Now, I am not casting any aspersions on the other Mari town, in which Aunt Anna seems to have half a share, for it is surely the abode of the best people probably in all of the States but I have seen so little of them, that I do not feel that I am next them, as I do about the Marysville people. When we come home, I hope to stay long enough in Marianna to renew the friendships which were just beginning to be started in 1900. Just think that is 12 years ago. How time flies!

I had a most enjoyable visit with Margaret and Helen in the Hills. I reached the foot of the Hills on Saturday evening, at about 7 o'clock. It was raining cats and dogs, and I was not able to get a horse to ride up the mountain, so I left my baggage to be sent after me, and walked up the mountain for the eight miles, and all of the time, the rain was descending in torrents. It soon became so dark that I could not see my hand before me, but in spite of all my difficulties, I reached The Pirs at nine-thirty. Margaret was still up waiting for me, but of course Helen had gone to bed. I was wet to the skin, but I had a good warm bath and then had my belated dinner and felt much better. I was clad in borrowings from Margaret and Dr Johnson. Dr J is not exactly my size, being short and thick.

Sunday was a very quiet and restful day, and did me a lot of good. Monday Margaret and I went over to another Hill to see



the Calverleys . Cap Calverley was a class and club-mate of mine in Princeton, and is doing Mission work in Arabia . As Mussoorie is there nearest Hill Station, they have come here to recuperate for two or three months . They are very nice folks . About a month ago they had a little baby born to them, and they like this baby very much .

Find enclosed some pictures taken during my stay in Landour . They were taken on Tuesday, the day I left . They are right good of Helen . She is surely growing in every way . I noticed a lot of development in her during the last two months, in which time, I have not had the pleasure of seeing her .

I must send this letter off right now, or it will not go at all at all . I have a lot more to say but I have not the time to say it . Is'nt that awful condition of affairs ?

Your letter came Daddy, with Mike's enclosed

Your devoted son,

Ernest

Allahabad, August 29" 1912

Dearest Papa and Mamma,

Another week has rolled around and I am still on the mat and wrestling with the mundane things of life: eating three big meals a day, and two little ones, sleeping as much as I have time for, teaching 27 periods a week, preaching on Sundays, trying to take care of 110 students in the Dormitories, keeping accounts, etc., etc. I am well and happy in my work, and do not have time for any discouragement or home-sickness. I shall feel much better when my wife shall join me in three or four weeks. We are hoping that the weather will be cool enough then to allow Helen to live in Allahabad without any great inconvenience. The daily report from the Hills is quite favourable: Both Mother and Daughter are well and seem to like the mountain air. It surely is fine air, and I sigh for it.

No letter came this week from my dear parents. Who knows, I may get two this week. I am noticing that this does not happen as frequently as it used to, but you do very well, and I am not complaining, but only observing.

Dr Ewing is down with fever. We are hoping that it is nothing serious, but his fever seems to hang on, and it does not act like ~~an~~ other people's fever. Most people are content to have ordinary every-day malaria or liver-fever, but Dr E never does things by halves. He has always seemed to be as strong as an ox, and it seems queer to have him on his back. He is such a hard worker that when he is laid up, it leaves a good deal to be done by the rest of us. If anything should ever happen to this man, it would leave an awful hole in the Mission.



ANNALS DATE 1904

Tonight, I went with the College foot-ball team to play the pale faces at the Central Y.M.C.A. The field was wet, and in the second half a hard rain began. My little fellows looked like pale compared to the white-faces, but they played circles around them, and we managed to beat them by five goals to one. There are some very good players this year among the students.

My work in the Scotch Church still goes on. It is over half done now, and I shall be very glad when it is all done. My Sundays are anything but rest days. Yet I have much to be thankful for and I enjoy the work. On last Sunday, I baptised two little ones. On the 11 of this coming month, I am to perform my first marriage ceremony, if I can get my papers in time. One must take out a special license in this land of red-tape. Thru' lack of provocation and inertia, I have never taken out any license up to date, and now it will probably be a race to see if I can circumvent the red-tape in time to be able to perform this ceremony. If not, Dr Ewing will do it, if he is on his feet by this time.

For the last week, until today we have not had any rain, the crop-raisers were getting nervous; but this morning we had a hard shower, and then another tonight, and even as I write these lines at ten o'clock in the evening, I hear mutterings off in the distance. It has been much cooler today, and we are very thankful, for the weather surely has been sticky for the last week.

In another month, we can begin to look for a moderation in the weather. How we long for it. I suppose Mamma is now enjoying



cooler breezes of Marysville . I am hoping to hear from her this week and get some of the news about the old town . I fear that there have been some changes in things, and I do not like that at all . I will not hear to it that M has changed since I left it .

Daddy, you will be glad to know that I am gradually getting out of the snarl that the books were in when I first came down from the Hills and undertook the job . Our system in the Mission is simply the ordinary old fashioned double-entry style of books, with a lot of frills that they have thought of in the Home Office . It has been not difficult to learn the frills . The ordinary book-keeping is not difficult . Dr Ewing is not very strong on telling one of things, and one learns here by butting in and trying to do things . After one has done it quite wrong, someone higher up tells him firmly and not particularly tactfully that the way he has done it is not the way at all . Then is his time: He must quickly say: "How do you do it"? If another one knows he may tell, but I have found that usually he does not know the right way, but only knows when it is not done right . Yet I am getting on and my book-keeper, who when we started in was green and is getting more and more useful . He can not spell much, and does not seem to learn spelling with any more avidity than I do myself . I am afraid that Mr Webster or the author of the old blue-backed spelling book often sign in their graves, when we send out a batch of letters .

I did not get to bed until 12.30 last night, so I must tell goodnight and bid me away . August 26" was our wedding anniversary and no longer act self-conscious, and act just the same in public as tho' I had been married for ten years . Goodnight,

With bushels of love,

Ernest



Allahabad, October 31st 1912.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Annual meeting has come and gone. It lasted longer than usual, because of the difficulty of the problems that faced us, but it is all over now. We are left in Allahabad for the present, but may be transferred to Calcutta at any moment. Bro. Johnson, who has been home studying for his M.A. degree will be back in a couple of weeks, and his speciality is Economics. He is the only teacher in the college at present, who is a **Reverend** and distinct that we must be that if we take anyone out of the college at this time, they will be no more. Bro. Johnson has been taken out of the Agricultural Dept. and sent to M. A. S. Johnson's turlough time has come, and his wife and son have gone to Switzerland, and expect him to join them in the Spring, but he says that he will not go unless the Mission will send some one to fill his place. Our other Mission stations are much needed, and it seems almost impossible to take anyone else away from them at present, as everything seems to point towards our going there. It will be for a couple of years only, and it would give me a splendid chance to pick up the language and to learn something about India, so I rather hope that it may come to pass. Yet, I am very much interested in my College work and hate to get out of the Spring. The Board must make to the fact that we are very needy, and do something to help us, in the way of new missionaries. Then we must succeed if we can in getting some of our Indian students who are educated to go into this work. Government work seems to them to pay better and seems more honorable, so they go into it with great zeal. It is very difficult to direct them into Mission work.





Dr Henry Forman received a cable that his wife in Switzerland was "dangerously ill", and he is much worried, and expected to leave on this coming Saturday. He writes, however he received word that there was "decided improvement", so that he is now hoping that he will not be compelled to go. It must be very difficult for him to sit and wait. He is a very kind man and we are all fond both of him and her. You have heard that I have friends in Lausanne-the Amers-who were so good to me when I suffered in Baden Switzerland in the summer of 1903. They have got to know the Germans and have helped Mrs F. and I have soon got settled. It seems like when old and new friends meet: it is almost as good as having a reunion with them.

At the Annual Meeting, I was re-elected Librarian Treasurer and was chosen Station Treasurer of the Union. This means one copy set of books to keep, but I hope that it will not be much additional work, for my book-keeper can do both. I will simply try to oversee the work. I suppose book-keeping goes into the blood of some, but I do not find it particularly difficult for me. Of course my experience in Beirut in the commercial department was a good training in the theoretical side of it.

We are all reasonably well these days. Helen does not seem very well: she seems to be quite nervous and high strung. I do not know the reason of this. Perhaps it is due to the change of season, and she may settle down after a while to her normal self. Margaret is suffering from a sore throat now, but hopes soon to recover.

Your letter came as usual, and gave me further news re, re-





(3)

ing Harry's new work . It seems to be splendid for him, and I am very glad . I wish that he might come to India however, for there is a great field for him here . Perhaps you feel that you have given India all you owe, and it does seem so, yet the need out here is so great that I should like to see Mike and Martha out here .

The College Board has called Dr Xavier of Manila, to fill Dr Lwing's place as President . Dr X. was the originator of the college and is now at home, owing to his wife's health . He was in India for many years, and knows the conditions very well . He is also in touch with the home Church and should do a great deal towards raising money for the college . This was what turned the tide in his favour against Dr Edwards . It is not yet known whether or not he will succeed in raising the money, or whether he will come, but we have cabled him, and expect an answer any moment .

Well, I must stop now and write some other letters . I can hardly believe that three years ago yesterday we arrived in Allahabad . Time moves on with winged feet, and the pictures keep changing like those on the moving films; new faces and places, even the narrow mission station . Goodnight, dear parents,

With bushels of love,

Your son,



TH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION,

Allahabad, November 27 1911.

Dear Mama and Papa,

Tomorrow is election day, isn't it? I hope that the right man will be elected, and I am inclined to think that the right man is Wilson. As I go further into my studies along economic lines, I am becoming more and more convinced that we are all wrong in America, in our tariff schedules. They surely must be revised; I do not particular who does it, but I insist that they be revised "downwards". I suppose that tomorrow will be a great day in U.S., and I should like to partake in the wild life for about one and a-half hours. Neither the British or the Indian understand anything about enthusiasm, as the French and Americans understand the word.

Well, it looks as if we were going to be transferred for good. I wrote you last week that Mrs. Forman was very ill, and perhaps I told you that Mr. Forman had gone or was going to her in Lausanne. A later message came, which said that Mrs. F. was very ill of pneumonia, and had asked that her husband be sent for. So he caught the boat leaving on Saturday, and is on his way now across the ocean. This leaves the important station of cashier unoccupied, and as there was no one else to go, it was decided to send me. We hope to get away in two weeks if the action is ratified by the remaining members of the Executive Committee. It will be for two years, and during that time, I hope to put in some good ticks on the language, and Hindu philosophy. I also hope to do some writing. If the one hand we are very glad for this chance to take a course in Indian life, and know that we will be much the stronger for it, when we come back to the college. I hope to do some village preaching, and to see how the other fellows live. The students do not know about it yet, and I have to tell them, for it is a very bad policy to swim horses in the middle of a stream: that





NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, ..... 191 .

and that it is bad policy to change teachers in the middle of the year. something had to be done, as we are afraid that the Maharajah of Oudh might shut us out, if we do not get in soon and hold on. You may remember that I wrote you about a year ago about the peculiar circumstances that make it possible for us to work in this large native state, which is together lined and ruled by a Hindu of the Hindus. Years ago, when the Maharajah's father was ruling, a medical missionary, and his wife went down in Oudh, and Dr Warren made good with the Maharajah, by his medical skill. He died, Dr W. and his wife lived on there, and the present Maharajah, a young boy, used to visit Mrs W. and she became a second mother to him. She died long ago, and since that time, the station has been vacant. The Maharajah allows no one else to go in, and we are allowed to work in his place because of the Warrens. The Maharajah allowed Dr Warren to come down, on condition that he be considered a successor to Mrs Warren. You see that our position is quite precarious, and I am hoping that I will make no serious blunder, and spoil our chances of getting in. I want to be able to work along quietly and cultivate His Honour, and be able to get in some work without having the door shut in my face. Dr Warren put the matter in his very naive way; "I do not think the Maharajah would (I was saying) letting another man would do at all, for we must be careful. I think that you will be able to make friends with the Maharajah of Oudh." This is a very doubtful compliment, but I am afraid it contains a grain of truth in it, for I have always have had a hankering for the Maharajah. I hope the Maharajah will be friends. I wonder if he plays tennis. The Maharajah has fifteen autos, and fifty elephants, and is one of the wealthiest individuals in all of India.

Mamma's letter of the week came a day late; arriving this afternoon. In answer to your question about the cause of Dr Ewing's death;

His blood has been sent to Ascoli, where it was examined by experts, and they report that his blood did not have any typhus germs in it at all. The cause of his death was not ~~the~~ the fever, but the fever was probably caused by brain inflammation. Or being overworked. It was a case of cerebral meningitis, so the doctors think and so we all think.

Helen is a little better than she was this time last week. She seems to be less strung up, altho' she does not seem to be altogether recovered yet, she seems much better. We have not the slightest idea what was wrong with her.

If I go to Cavalier, I will resign my Mission Treasurer work as there is no bank in Cavalier. A bank is a necessity.

I will stop this now and go to bed. With lots of love to you all, and to Morte and Aunties and all the rest,

Your devoted son,

Ernest

NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, November 15, 1912.

Dear Theodore and Matilda,

We have been definitely transferred to Gwalior, and will be leaving in a week or ten days. I am right glad of it in some ways for it will be a new kind of a life, and will give me a chance to do a little thinking, which I have not been able to do for a good many years. Think of it; for twelve years, without a break, I have been living under a bell, which when it rang, made me get up and do things. I shall enjoy being outside of the sound of a bell for a couple of years, and think that I shall come back to it with a good deal more vigour than I have now. The last year has surely been the life strenuous. On the whole, I like to have my work cut out for me, rather than going about and looking for work, but I am expecting to like this change, and know that it will do me lots of good, whether I do the work or my good remains to be seen. Last year, I went to Gwalior, and saw the place, and liked what I saw of it very much. I sure do hate to start in to pack up and move. I shudder every time I think of it. Yet, as soon as Mr Thompson comes, who will vainly try to fill my place here in the college, we will get at it in real earnest. So begin addressing me at Morar, Gwalior.

No letter came from you last week, but I trust that you are all well and happy. I am so worried about you, Matilda, for fear that you will overdo. I like that spirit; we all ought to overdo, but there must be such a thing as overdo overdoing. I surely should like to see that mill in operation. Perhaps I shall sometime. It is only a small matter of five years now, and that is not a long time, as time goes.

The Committee have asked me to continue the Mission Treasuryship in Gwalior. It will be difficult without having the bank at

my elbow, but I suppose that it can be done .

We are sending a little package this week, in honour of the approaching Christmas day . I expect we could wait a week, and still get it in time, but for fear they might be delayed, we are sending it now . Wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a very ~~happy~~ cheerful and happy day, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December .

Today, in the college, is what is known as "Old Boy's Day", which means that this is the day when the old boys come back and take possession of the college for one day . It is quite a time . In the morning there are always speeches by faculty, old boys and present students . In the morning, I expect that the speeches will take the form of memorial addresses . We can not get accustomed to getting along without Dr Loring . It has been a sad loss to us . Dr Janvier, who was asked to become president of the college, has wired out that he can not come this year, at least this winter . As to the future, we are not sure, but we are hoping that he will be able to come .

We are all quite well and happy . Helen still has some cold, but she is better than she was a week ago . The cooler weather is on us and it is a delightful change to be able to crawl under a light blanket at night and be comfortable . If the cooler days only lasted longer ! Our dear Swallow is one of the hottest spots in the country, during the summer weather . There is a great deal of stone, in that district, and the stone holds and gives off the heat .

I have a few words to say to Mr Day, before the mail goes, to tell you goodbye . Write to us when in doubt .

Your loving son,

Ernest



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

*Allahabad,*.....*Nov. 21*.....*1912.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Another week has come and gone, and we have not yet been able to leave the ancient city of Ayaz, (known in modern times as Allahabad) we have started on the packing; that is, Margaret has started, for I have not been able to help her much, because I have been so busy with my work. Thompson, who is to take my place has not yet shown up, but we are expecting to hear from him any day now. He is to arrive in Bombay, but we are not sure when. As soon as he comes and takes up the work, I shall be free to give all of my attention to getting ready. We are dining out every night this week. It seems to be the custom in India, to feed up the people departing from the station, lest they shall grow hungry before returning. If all goes well, this time next week, we shall be on the way. It is extremely doubtful if you hear from us next week, altho' you may.

We are all quite well. Helen seems to be quite herself again, and is quite hilarious most of the time. We sure do enjoy the cooler weather, for we can sleep. Now we can sleep! She does not appreciate cool weather until it has warmed on and it has not warmed.

There is considerable difference between an Indian summer ~~and~~ in India and the Indian summers that we have at home. Yet India, in spite of some her cruelties, has her good points. It is a great thing to be able to count on the weather. You say: "tomorrow we shall go fishing, if the weather is tomorrow what it is today", and you can always go, for it is most sure to be tomorrow what it is today.

Daddy, your letter came. I hope that you are not discouraged ~~ex~~ over the mill. I suppose that these things will happen in the best of mills. You must not expect to get rich all in a day. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but exceeding sure".



A letter came from Mr. Norman from Koch. He had received a wire there, that Mrs. Norman was steadily improving. I am so glad that this was the case. He is with her by this time. She is now very strong, and we were all very much worried about her, but she must be getting better now. The Swiss Air will brace her up if anything can do so. I wish you might know him: of all the older missionaries here, I prefer him. He is such a born Christian gentleman.

People have been so very kind about our going away, in expressing their sorrow. One should move once and awhile to find out how much people appreciate him. Tonight, one of the Indian professors is giving a dinner in our honour. I have heard on the sl. that the students are getting ready to show their chagrin at our leaving. Poor fellows: it is very real for them for they are frightened as to their chances at the examinations. They know, no matter who the professor may be, he ought not to be changed in the middle of the year. Besides, I have been very lucky in passing the men for the last two years. Because of this, over half of the fourth year men and three-fourths of the third year men have elected Economics. The Tennis Club is going to give a soiree in my honour on next Tuesday evening. We are pulled up, but are just thankful that we have so many good friends in Allahabad.

Well, I must stop and converse with the Treasurer of Foreign Missions in N.Y.-156-Fifth Ave. We have a good deal to say to each other these days. Most of the time, we talk cheerfully to each other but sometimes we do not. What a great weight lay last year on young shoulders!

Goodnight, dearest Papa and Mamma,

Your devoted son,

Ernest

To

The Rev. Prof. W. E. Weld, M.A.,

The Arthur Ewing Christian College,

ALLAHABAD.

Sir,

**W**E, the students of the Arthur Ewing Christian College, approach you with heavy hearts on the eve of your departure from amongst us to another field of labour. But at the same time we are glad to think that your absence will be only temporary and that there is every prospect of your returning to us soon.

As a professor, you have been helpful to the students in many ways. Always accessible, ever ready with your wise counsel, painstaking and sympathetic, we had come to recognize in you not only a capable teacher but a true friend also.

Your genial disposition and winsome manner no less than your Christian life have endeared you to all the students irrespective of caste and creed. Let us assure you that your life has contributed in no small measure towards raising the moral tone of the institution to which we all belong.

As the Superintendent of Hostels, we have much to be thankful to you for your kind and active interest in the welfare of the boarders. You ministered to us in our sickness and facilitated the quiet pursuit of our studies by your strict and yet not irksome discipline.

We shall remember you as an athlete also, whose active participation in various games was a wholesome example to the students of a 'sound mind in a sound body.' On the playground you used to meet us on equal terms and we felt that we were in the company of an intimate friend.

Wishing you God-speed in your new field of labour and a speedy return to our midst,

We beg to remain,

Your devoted friends,

THE OLD AND NEW STUDENTS OF THE  
ARTHUR EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

ALLAHABAD.

ARTHUR EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

ALLAHABAD,

November 25th, 1912.





Morar, Gwalior, Dec. 5" 1912

Dear Parents,

It has been two long weeks since I have had the pleasure of talking to you. Since that time many things have happened. We have shaken Allahabad dust off of our feet with great regret, and have come to a new field, in which we have already settled and are liking it very much. We live on the "Mall", which is the swell street in Gwalior, and has arc-lights all along its way, about every fifty yards. The Formans moved out and did not have time to take much of their baggage, and so we have had to do a good deal of stacking and packing of their goods. It is a very nice little bungalow into which we have come, and we have much more room to turn around than we had in Allahabad. I am not going to tell you much about the place yet because I don't know much about it. We have been very busy in getting out tacks in the floors and walls, and so have not had the chance to run around very much. I will write you about the character of the work later on. I have not yet got into it. I am making some plans, but there is no telling what may happen. The situation is difficult.

We left Allahabad on Friday, a week ago, at five A.M. We had some tall hustling to get off, but we did. Our faithful friends the Edwards were there to see us off, and it surely was chilly. Helen refused to go to sleep on the train. There was a Bishop whom I knew in the car with us. I was in the wash room, washing Helen's milk cup, and her mother was dozing. Just as old Sol burst forth in all his glory, Helen raised up out of the covers, the Bishop said, and exclaimed: "Hal a gaya", which means in English, "Tomorrow has come". At Ratanpur, the Smiths came to the train with tea and toast, and put it on the train for us. We shared up with the Bishop, and very much enjoyed ourselves. The Smiths are always doing something kind and thoughtful for someone. We changed cars at Sawnpore, and at three o'clock, we arrived at Jhansi, where some more of our missionaries live. Margaret and Helen stopped there and stayed over Sunday. I came on and reached Gwalior at five-thirty. Saturday, I did what I could towards getting unpacked, as to the trunks I had brought with me, and in the afternoon I went out on a bicycle with a Hindustani preacher and made some calls on the few Christians in the place. Monday, our car of furniture having arrived, I went at the work of unpacking, and was able to meet Margaret and Helen in the evening, with our own phaeton

with butterfly in the shafts . Since that time, we have been pattering in some good licks, and the place is rapidly becoming civilized .

The enclosed paper is a copy of what is called in this country, and "address". The students had a meeting and presented this address on white satin . They also gave us some splendid pair of silver-ware and a beautiful silk wall piece . They made speeches and told me how much they hated to see me go . It was very good of them and I appreciated it ."

This morning I am going out to visit a High School and may now be on my way . It rained a little last night, and is now cold and damp . It goes to the marrow of the bone; this kind of cold . Goodbye . With lots of love to you all,

Your loving and devoted son,

*W. E. Hunt*



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

*Allahabad, December 11-1911* .

Dear Papa and Mamma,

It is a good date to write letters because it is so easy to write the date today, and I have been making the most of it. I can remember being in Chander and Gold's hardware store and seeing my father write the date 9-9-11. This has been a busy day as to letter writing for me and the day is still young. You see during the work of packing up and moving, there was very little time to write letters, and since arriving there seems to have been less still. As a result, there has been a great accumulation, which I am just beginning to reduce.

We are really beginning to get settled now, and it is much more enjoyable place to live in, this old house of ours. We have spacious ~~xra~~ grounds, but they have fallen into a bad state of repair. We are trying to put them in shape and are enjoying them very much indeed. It is nice to have so much room both in house and grounds, for we have been much cramped in Allahabad for so long. This is surely a nice country, and you would enjoy it very much. There seems to be a peculiar combination of the modern and the antique. The "hall" on which we live is about a mile long, and is lighted in a very brilliant fashion, by electricity, but if you continue the hall to either end, you are apt to find a wilderness that rejoices the heart of all the wild animals, that are so often connected with India. I heard out at dinner the other day, that the Maharajah, the King of this State, had himself killed the very largest tiger that had ever been killed in India. This was not very far from here. I wonder what I should do if a tiger got after me. It surely would be something of a race. The work here has not really begun, but we are buying out the land, and putting in a claim-stake wherever opportunity offers. I have taken three classes a week in the government high-school here. In this I have a double aim: first,

I hope that this will make us a little more solid with the church, for he can show us out on a moment's notice if he wishes, and we are afraid that he may wish to do so sometimes. Secondly: I hope to get a hold on the young boys by this means, and they do come to call on me, and I discuss religions with them and read the bible with some of them. I hope to organize a class in the church, which I hope to make a judicious combination of English and Bible. Once a week, I go over to Lashara and work over there with the women we have in that place. This is five miles away from where we live. The work seems strange to me because I am not accustomed to this kind of general work, but I hope to get acquainted with it.

We are all very well and see to be in better health than you dear people living in the wilds of Arkansas. I am very much troubled about mama's eyes. She must be very careful of them. If you two can not take good care of yourselves, you will bring me down upon you to look after you. Mama, you must take care of your stomach and not eat salmon, and other things which will upset you. I have heard that working with timber gave one a very big appetite. I am sure that I should have such if I did that sort of work, and I find that living in the country, far from the hurrying throng of students, has increased my appetite. It would be a great pity if the nature of your work should give you such a large appetite that his soon could not handle the situation.

Today, I have had four men in to talk with me. Two were from Cashmere, one from Lathalia, and one from the Punjab. The Lathalia man was a Hindu. One of the Cashmeris spoke English. One said they all mentioned that surprised me very much: that the worship of many gods would be a thing of the past, and that they all worshipped and prayed to the one true God. Two of them were cavalrymen in the Rajah's army. One of them is almost a Christian, it seems to me.

Eight of the ten stations which to-day comprise the North India Mission lie within the territory known as the Doab, meaning the land of the 2 waters, the Ganges on the north and the Jumna on the south. At the south eastern end of the Doab at the junction of these 2 great streams, is the city of Allahabad. Just south of the Jumna river is a great district known as Bundelkhand, the chief cities of ~~which~~ which territory are Gwalior in the west, Banda in the east, and Jhansi between them in the geographical centre of India. Allahabad was the second place in India which the Presby Church of the U. S. A., chose as a Mission Station. This was in 1836. It is not strange that the ~~ear~~ early missionaries in Allahabad were eager to spread the knowledge of Christ among the people on the other side of the Jumna. And so we find <sup>them</sup> making plans to give the Gospel to the unevangelized inhabitants of Bundelkhand.

As early as the winter of 1841-42 the Rev. James Wilson and the Rev. Joseph Owen made a two months' preaching tour in Bundelkhand distributing books and tracts by the way. Ten years later Mr. Owen made another tour in this territory, the result of which was that a school was opened in Banda. The work of this branch mission was progressing nicely when it was suddenly terminated by the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 and was never reinaugurated.

At the annual meeting of the North India Mission in the fall of 1873 it was the unanimous feeling of all present, that the time had come when a missionary ought to be sent into this great unevangelized territory across the Jumna, particularly to that portion in the North-west, Gwalior, because it bordered directly upon the district of Etawah, one of the stations of the North India Mission. Gwalior is under native rule the present ruler-ship being a remnant of a great imperial power, that of the Mahzattas.





Let me give you here a brief account of the history of this state. In the early years of the 18th century, two great rival powers came into conflict in central India. They were the Mohomedan Moguls, having their capital at Delhi and the Mahrattas (a warlike race of Hindus) whose capital was at Poona in south India. The Delhi Emperors were seeking to establish their supremacy in Bundelkhand. The Mahrattas were endeavoring to extend their dominion toward the north-east and ultimately to overthrow the Musalman Empire. The Bundela Chiefs in Central India were between two fires having constantly to be on their guard against invasions of hosts from the north-east and incursions of armies from the south-west. When finally their kingdom was invaded by the Mohammedans who began to spread devastation far and wide, it seemed to the leader of the Bundela chiefs that the wisest course he could follow would be to call in the aid of the Mahrattas. This step proved to be but a choice between two evils. The Mahratta Prince gladly availed himself of this opportunity to obtain sooner than he had hoped, a foothold in the territory which he coveted. As a reward for his assistance the Bundela Chief ceded to him a portion of his dominion. Other acquisitions were made by later Mahratta Chiefs, until finally they had attained to the sovereignty of the whole of Bundelkhand. But gradually enmities and dissensions arose among the Mahratta Chiefs. Conflicts were constantly occurring between the king and his lieutenants Holkar and Scindia. Finally the king was driven from his capital and took refuge in British territory where he was led to enter into negotiations with the British who undertook to restore to him his throne on condition that he receive at his capital a British military force, agreeing at the same time <sup>to</sup> cede to the British a portion of his territory. Suffice it to say that the Mahratta king was again established in his royal palace, where he might have ended his days in peace. But ere





long he began to intrigue against his protectors and an attempt was made to eject the British from his capital. The out-come of this perfidy, was the dethronement of the Mahratta Chief and the annexation of the greater part of his dominions. Thus the British gained the ~~vix~~ virtual supremacy in all the country ruled by the Mahrattas though Holkar and Scindia, the ruler of Gwalior, had yet to be subdued.

The Mahratta Kingdom of Gwalior, known as that of Scindia, lost a large measure of its independence in 1843 when upon the death of the Maharajah Jankojee Scindia, who died without issue, serious trouble arose in regard to the regency, until the boy, then only 8 years old, whom Jankojee's child-widow had adopted as his successor, should become of age and be placed upon the throne. At this point, the British Governor-General deemed it imperative that the Supreme Power should assert its authority not only to put an end to inter<sup>vi</sup>gue in the palace at Gwalior but also to gain that ascendancy over Scindia's turbulent army which he felt was essential to the maintenance of British over - Lordship in India.

The Governor General's demands at this time not being acceded to, he lost no time in marching an army into the Gwalior territory. Two great battles ensued in both of which the British forces were victorious. Thus was the Kingdom of Scindia subdued. It was required of Scindia that of his army of 40,000, 31,000 should be disbanded at once, and the state was allowed to retain only 30 guns instead of the 200 which it had formerly kept. The British contingent forces, maintained at the expense of the Gwalior State and garrisoned at the British Cantonment of Morar, were increased to 10,000. The fortress of Gwalior, one of the strongest in India, was taken possession of by the British and garrisoned by British Soldiers.

The boy Bhageerut Rao reached his majority in 1853 and was then placed in power with the royal title of Maharajah Jyojee Scindia.

[illegible]



during the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857-58, the Maharajah Jyojee Scindia, the father of the present ruling Prince, remained faithful to the British Government; under circumstances of the most trying character, and his loyalty preserved to him his Kingdom. It was during the reign of the Maharajah Jyojee Scindia, that the Missionary work of our church was commenced at Gwalior.

In order that you may understand the situation here, it is necessary to point out that Gwalior consists of three cities,- Korar formerly a British Cantonment, now the place of residence of most of the English in the station; Old Gwalior which contains a population of about 25,000 inhabitants; and Lashkar containing 75 or 80,000 people. This is the new city which grew up when the Maharajah Scindia removed his capital from Ujjain to Gwalior. The country in which the former capital was situated is very fertile, and from its rich fields Scindia derives the greater portion of his revenue; while much of the country around Gwalior is unfit for cultivation and is sparsely inhabited. The attraction for the Maharajah at Gwalior was the great natural fort-ress, which has been called the "Gibraltar of India". The face of the fort is perpendicular, the mass of rock rising precipitously from the plain to the height of more than 300ft. It is 1 1/2 miles in length and a quarter of a mile wide. A rampart, accessible by a steep road and further up by huge steps cut out of the rock, surrounds the fort. The principal entrance of this great stair-case is known as the "Elephant's gate" from the figure of that animal sculptured above it. On the summit of the rock which is a level surface, there are buildings for the accommodation of the soldiers, a school for noblemen's sons, the old palace and a number of ancient, interesting temples. The palace and temples are solid stone structures and are ornamented with elaborate carvings. The fortress of Gwalior stretches between the old city and the new one and overlooks both.





The great white palace, in Lashkar, the residence of the present Maharajah is a large, imposing edifice. It is built in modern style, surrounded by extensive, lovely gardens and is one of the finest in India. In all its appointments, it compares favorably with the houses of royalty in Europe, and is kept in a perfect state of order and cleanliness. Near by are the Victoria College and a large hospital for women, both founded by the present Scindia. They are costly buildings of polished stone, highly ornamented with oriental carvings.

Morar is situated four miles from Lashkar and was for many years one of the largest head quarters for British troops in India. But in 1886 as the need no longer existed of maintaining the British force at Morar owing to the loyalty of the Maharajah, the fortress of Gwalior was restored to Scindia in exchange for the fort and city of Mandi; the British garrison was with-drawn and Morar was abandoned as British cantonment. Since then, the old barracks of the British have been occupied by Gwalior native troops. When in 1874 our first Missionaries, the Rev. Joseph Warren and his wife began to face the situation in the new field, they thought it more prudent to settle in Morar than to attempt at once to get a foothold in the vicinity either of Gwalior or Lashkar. On British soil the Missionaries could settle down quietly and begin their work without hindrance. They found difficulty in getting a suitable residence in Morar, which has ever since been known as the "Mission House"; and it is in this same thatched roofed bungalow that we are now living.

By wise and tactful procedure on the part of these pioneer Missionaries, they were able to carry on their work without opposition in a place where tumults might easily have been stirred up. The work of the mission at Morar went on unobtrusively until Dr. Warren's death in 1878. In extreme loneliness Mrs. Warren remained in Gwalior for

1. The first part of the report, which is the most important, is the one which deals with the question of the future of the country. It is a very interesting and well-written part of the report, and it is one which should be read by all who are interested in the future of the country.

22 years where by her loveliness of character and her helpfulness to the poor and needy, she endeared herself to the people in an exceptional degree. During the short time in which we have been in the station, we have heard many, many expressions of appreciation for "dear Mrs. Warren", both from those in high position and from others in the lowliest walks of life as well.

After being in India continuously for a period of 26 years, Mrs. Warren went to the U. S. for a short furlough. She returned to Morar in the summer of 1901 only to die and be laid beside her husband in the English cemetery of this place. At her funeral his Highness the Maharajah, Sir Madho Rao Scindia, was not only in attendance, but he had also ordered everything done for the burial which could attest the high esteem in which he held her. One of his gun-carriages, drawn by four horses carried the body to the grave; and forming a part of the procession which followed was his own carriage, containing himself and his English physician whose care of Mrs. Warren during her illness, had been most kind; Mrs. Warren had known the Maharajah from his infancy. He was very fond of her and had been accustomed to speak of her as "Mother". As he grew to manhood and came into his Kingdom, the steadfast friendship continued and he showed her always, unvarying kindness. The Maharajah has placed a stone at her grave and mention is made in the inscription upon it, that it was erected by him as a mark of his personal esteem.

In 1902 other missionaries were sent to be the successors of Dr. & Mrs Warren, but they remained in the station only a couple of years. Then the field remained unoccupied until the fall of 1911, when the mission felt it imperative that the work should again be begun in this great unevangelized territory. Accordingly Dr. Henry Forman and his wife were sent to the Mission House in Gwalior. The situation at this time was different than it was when Dr. & Mrs. Warren first came to







Morar, for they settled on British soil; and were allowed to remain, after this territory became a part of Scindia's possessions, only because of the personal friendship which had grown up between them. So when, after the lapse of 7 or 8 years, word came to the ears of the Maharajah that the American Presbyterian Mission was again about to send a representative into his territory, permission was granted only on condition that this representative be regarded as a successor of Mrs. Warren. Now Mr. Forman's stay here was suddenly terminated in November of last year and his place filled, you already know. And so we find ourselves in the old mission bungalow in Morar, in the capital of a great native state, endeavoring as best we can, though with limited experience, to carry on the work begun so wisely almost 40 years ago.

Should you come to Dwalior and ask to see our work, we would have little to show you. We have nothing at all in the way of organized institutions in which we may keep busy. It is true, there is our little stone church in the bazaar, but it has no organized membership. It is simply a place where we gather the little, dirty, ragamuffins from the streets on Sunday afternoons, telling them simply the Gospel story using a Sunday School Picture Roll to arouse and help hold their attention. Some of the children who have come regularly can repeat the 10 commandments, and all join lustily in the songs, making some kind of a noise, whether they know the tunes or not. There is no attempt to make these little urchins sit through an entire service; they come and go as they please. There is Bedlam at times; but teaching is steadily done and picture cards and texts and Hindi leaflets are distributed at the close of each meeting. Recently numbers of grown men have been dropping in to the Sunday School and these, my husband has been taking apart and teaching in a class by themselves.

Our work here is real pioneering and wholly evangelistic; it

[illegible]

consists chiefly in quiet, earnest talks with individuals or small groups as we have opportunity. My husband does not attempt to do bazaar preaching gathering crowds about him in the open streets, as ~~this~~ this would without doubt lead to opposition on the part of the powers that be. Our purpose is to work <sup>steadily + tactfully + unobtrusively</sup> of individuals. Mr. Weld has made it a point to become acquainted with as many of the Indian Gentlemen of position in the city as possible; he has called at their homes, and has always found them cordial, and ready to talk about the deeper things of life. Soon after coming here Mr. Weld made the acquaintance of a Hindu Gentleman who is the head master of the Morar School for boys, one of the Maharajah's institutions. After a little cultivation, this man suggested to my husband that he would be glad to have him come to the school two or three times a week, and instruct the boys in English. In making this proposition, the head-master was acting on his own authority; but Mr. Weld soon discovered that the matter had to be laid before His Highness, the Maharajah. He awaited his pleasure in replying with a good deal of apprehension. It came promptly, and caused us not a little pleasure and satisfaction, since it was to the effect that "the Maharajah would be much pleased if Mr. Weld would help the boys in Morar". My husband is careful not to abuse the privilege; he does not teach Christianity in the school. But he does regard it a great opportunity of making friends with many young men of the best homes in the city, which will mean eventually making the acquaintance of their fathers and families. The boys too appreciate the help they are getting. Little groups of them come to the house almost daily, and here my husband <sup>is free to talk to them</sup> as openly and frankly as he pleases.

Associated with us in this work is a native preacher, Bishori Lal, a man of very humble birth and little education; but he is much in earnest, and wherever he goes, he is seeking to get hold of individuals







Christ . My husband's clerk also helps as he has time ,often in evenings going out into some nearby village with Kishori Lal or Mr Weld helping give a magic-lantern lecture of the life of Christ . One night they threw the pictures ~~in~~ on the white smooth wall of a Hindu temple in lieu of a canvas !

Knowing that it will be an advantage and help in our work to gain the esteem and if possible the friendship of His Highness, we have embraced every opportunity of furthering our acquaintance with him, by attending all functions at the palace, as we have been invited . A few days ago, I was a guest at an informal tea, given by the little Queen in her own apartments . She asked me to sing, and seemed much delighted when I responded with a couple of songs; and was greatly pleased when after I sat at the piano and played a couple of simple accompaniments for her . And what do you think she sang ? Two good old American songs , which had evidently been taught her by some governess:- "Way down upon the Swanee River", and "Old Black Joe"-the rest of us joining in on the chorus .

Very sincerely yours,

Margaret Elder Weld

Moran, Gwalior  
Feb. 20, 1913

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Swanee River", and "Old Black Joe"-the rest of us joining in on the

Very sincerely yours,

Shirley .

Jan. 10, 1913

Dear Mother

Thank you so much  
for the Christmas remem-  
brances. The doll for Helen  
is fine. She will be delighted  
with it when I get it made  
up for her. She is passionately  
fond of dolls - even tho she  
pulls them to pieces rather  
quickly. The collar for  
myself is beautiful. I have  
put it on my best jacket-  
suit and it sets off the  
three year old garment  
beautifully. Ernest is much  
pleased with the Glette  
blades, but I suppose he  
will express his own sentiments  
on the subject.

Helen has a bad cold  
just now and I seem to  
be developing a sore  
throat.

We have a guest, Miss  
May, who has just come  
out from America. She  
formerly belonged to the  
Woman's Union Miss. Soc.  
but is now independent  
altho we have adopted her  
as an honorary member  
of our mission. She expects  
to work in Kachken but  
will stay with us until she  
can find a suitable house.

With much love to all  
your dear folks  
Mair



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, Jan. 16" 1913.

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear papa and mama,

This has been quite a busy day, as I have had a visitor, who came in the form and habit of Rev. J.T. Mitchell of Mainpuri, and together we have been looking and thinking at and about figures. He is a very cheerful man and brings sunshine whenever he comes. A Miss Edith May has come to Gwalior to work and we like her very much. She will of course do Ganana work--wh means work among the women. She has hired a little house among the Indians, and will live there very simply with an Indian Christian lady, and perhaps another English lady. She has the right spirit and she is very keen on getting results. Our hope is that she will be a great help in getting into the homes of the people here. Miss May has been for many years working in this country and then had to go home owing to the condition of her health. She remained home for three years and during that time she had some money left to her. As soon as her health improved, she came back to this country as an honorary worker--and has allied herself to our Mission.

Helen has been much under the weather for the last four or five days. First, she caught cold and coughed, then her tonsils began to swell. Then she began having fever, and stopped eating. Last night after dinner, I mounted my bike and rode over to Lashkar to ask a Dr to come over this morning. It is a good five miles there and many more back. I succeeded in getting Dr Stephens to promise to come, and so this morning she did come. She thought that Helen might have some malaria along with her other complaints, and so she prescribed some medicine. This evening Helen is much better, and ate some food with much relish tonight. We are hoping that the worst is over. Her sickness has surely run her down a lot, but I think that she will soon recover. She will have to have her tonsils removed soon, I fear.

Ida Scudder seems to have had a break-down, and has been ordered by their Mission to take a rest of some months duration. She can not go to any of the Hill Stations in the South, where they know her, so she is thinking of coming to Landaur--our own Hill Station. She refuses to go unless Aunt Fida goes with her, so they both may come to Landaur. If so, we will get to see them. Aunt Fida and I have been corresponding on the subject. Blood is not only thicker than water but it is thicker than most anything else I know. I want to see someone of my own kith and kin. It has been almost three and a half years since I have looked on the face of one who is a relative. I reckon if I stay in India much longer, I shall become as fond of relatives as Daddy Elder or Uncle Fort. It is a fine thing to love a relative. It will surely make my vacation much more enjoyable, and will be fine for Margaret and Helen to get to know them. Here's hoping that this will not all end in talk. I do so hope that Cousin Ida will be well and strong. It seems that she is threatened with "Brights".

Our work and life moves along the even tenor of its way. Last Friday, I had to go to Agra on business and there for the first time, I saw another of the wonders of the world in the wonderful-Taj Mahal. Of course I had seen pictures of it, but up till that time I never realized before how truly magnificent it really is. I have seen St Peters at Rome, the Cathedrals at Milan and Cologne, the Pyramids in Egypt, and the sky-scrappers in N.Y., but I have never been impressed before. It beats Niagara Falls all hollow, and I am mighty interested in the Falls. I can not describe it to you. I will send you a picture of it. Yet the picture will not really do you much good. You must come and see it yourself. Let me tell you how beautiful I think the Taj Mahal to be. If one started at the back-door of the Taj and sailed around the world, being sea-sick all of the way, but last managed to

NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

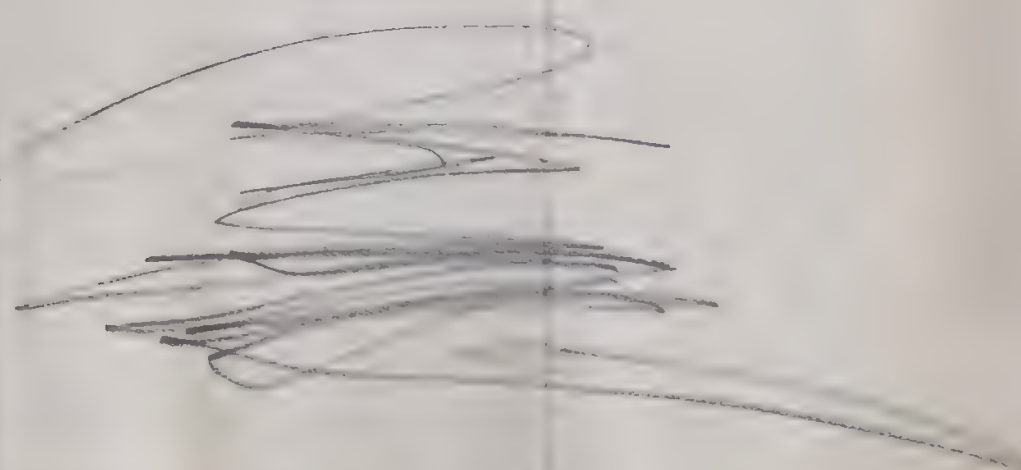
Allahabad, 191 .

shall back into sight at the front-entrance to the Taj, the whole trip would be very much worth while . Margaret has never seen it, but when she does, I will get her to describe it and I will make a carbon copy of it and send it to you . That with the picture I am going to send you, will give you some idea of it . I want you to have the picture richly framed at my expense and hang it on the sitting-room wall . I tell you folks the Taj Mahal is simply immense . It is because I love you and the Taj that I don't start in and try to describe it to you .

I must stop now and write to Lucy Keith, who has asked me some technical questions about the courses offered in the Indian University.

Your loving son, *Ernest*

I surely am enjoying the Gillette blades . I had gone back to the old fashioned razor, because I could not afford the safety blades . I return to the Gillette with great enthusiasm .





Harry O. Weed

Whacah N. Y.

Highland Ave



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1913.  
 Morar, Cwalior.

Dear Parents,

One day has passed since I addressed this letter, and it is now the 24<sup>th</sup> of January. It is a great day because it is the birth-day of my Queen Margaret. Only three days intervene between her birth-day and that of her slave-L.S. This afternoon, we are going to take some time off and drive into the country, and celebrate. We are getting along in years; I am now 32 and she is 31. We graduated from College, ten years ago this Spring. It hard, seems possible, but so it is. I do not feel old. Yesterday, I played a game of Hockey with the English here and I felt the spryest man on the field. Yet I am beginning to notice a stiffness after violent exercise which tells me that I am not as young as I once was. Yet, I am very thankful for my good health, and am very thankful that in you my parents, there was an abundant animal life. It is a great asset in a land like India.

Our life moves on with its regular duties and pleasures. I am giving my mornings to tutoring some students, and to Mission work connected with the Treasury. After breakfast, I read Urdu with a teacher. We are now reading Arabian Nights. I then rush away to the School and teach for an hour and a half. Then I come back for lunch, and ~~xxx~~ after lunch, I usually go out into the city or some village and talk with the people, and distribute literature to those who can read. I have many talks with people who come to talk on religious things, and so the days are filled. On Thursdays, we have a magic-lantern lecture in the church, with pictures from the life of Christ. On Sundays we have a good Sunday School. I have a fine class made up of Hindu and Mohammedan boys, and am teaching them the Gospel of John. Most of these boys are from the High-school, where I teach. I am glad of the chance of this teaching, because it gives me a good hold on the

boys, and also is a help in getting acquainted with the parents. It also strengthens our position with the Maharajah, whom people think is not very kindly disposed towards us. I have not as yet seen any sign of his ill-disposition.

It is now almost a settled fact that we are to have Aunt Fida and Cousin Ida with us in Landauf this summer. We are so glad about it. We are busy corresponding about it, trying to find a place for them. We are sorry that there is not room for them in one of our own Mission Houses, but these will not hold our own Missionaries, during the busy season. Now I do look forward to seeing them again!

Helen has been very much under the weather for the last few days, but is decidedly better now. One thing we have noticed, and that is, that she does not hear so well since her sickness. We are hoping that this may pass away soon--as the merely temporary result of the hard cold and tonsillitis she has had. It also may be the result of the quinine we have been giving her for her malaria. It worries her some, this buzzing in her ears, and her inability to hear well, worries her fond parents a good deal.

We are expecting Dr White of the Home Board to visit us next Tuesday. He is making a grand tour of our Mission Stations in all of India. I know him best of all of our Mission Secretaries, and like him best. I suppose he has not the capacity of the great Robert but he has a fine capacity for friendship, and I like him for it.

A Mission box is coming from the Aurora Church for us and our work. It has lots of nice things in it for us all. It is not a bit like the proverbial Mission box, filled with cast-off things. We have seen the list. Most of the things are for our work however, and we are very glad to get them.

Here's hoping that you both continue to feel fit and well. Take care of yourselves for our sakes. Your loving son,

Ernest



Dear Daddy and Mamma, .

I will have to talk fast this morning, as my time is quite limited . I am sending my quarterly financial report to the Home Treasurer this morning, and there is yet work to be done on it . Mamma, your letter came and did us lots of good to hear from you . We are so relieved to know that your eyes are better and that you were able to write to us . Take care of yourself, because, we are so far away, we can not come and boss you around as we would like, and see that you take care of yourself .

Dr and Mrs White were with us a day this week and did us good, in that they were very enthusiastic about our work, and persuaded us that we had a great work here : we did not need much persuasion, as we already believed it .- They are very nice . Dr White is one of the Secretaries of our Board in New York, and I like him very much . They are making a tour of India, and visiting all of the work of our Mission .

Margaret is somewhat under the weather, with a light touch of dysentery . We are hoping that it will not last very long . Helen is quite well again and very cheerful . Miss May has come back from Fatehpur, and is settling in her new home . She has had much experience in India, and we are very glad to have her . Her spirit is fine, and she wants to get results, which is all very good . She expects to bring an Indian woman with her, with whom she will live and work . I hope that they will not go too fast, and make any great ~~blunder~~ mistakes, which will get us into difficulties at Head Quarters .

Lest, I forget it--I do not know whether you intended to continue our subscription to "Everybodys" magazine or not . It has not come this month . The L.H. Journal has come as usual . If it was your intention, kindly write them and ask them to send it with the numbers of the new Year . If it seems to be a drain upon you, I hope that you will not send it . We do enjoy it very much however, but there is not quite the same need, as Mike and Martha are sending the Sat. Eve. Post this year . On the other hand, we are more alone in Gwalior than we were in Allahabad, and of course do not have the chance to see other people's papers . I think you

might write them to continue it anyway, and we will pay for it .  
Can you not have them send it to you, and you, after having read it  
could sent it on to us ? It costs about 8 or 10 cents a copy to  
mail it . You have done so much for us, that we do not in anyway  
wish to burden you , so I think you had better let us pay for the  
subscription and you pay for the postage in sending it to us after  
you have done with it .

The work is going nicely . We have opened up a new  
village . The people are very keen on having us come, but the  
Hindu priest is doing all he can to keep us out . He is afraid  
that it will interfere with his revenues . Tonight, I am meeting  
with the educated in Lashkar to argue . It does not do much good  
to argue, but it gives me a chance to get acquainted . Tomorrow  
night, we give a magic-lantern show in a village near here .  
We have some beautiful pictures of the life of Christ .

With a heart full of love for you both,

Your son,

Ernest



Allahabad, Feb. 6" 1913.

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear parents,

After rather a strenuous day, I am going to have a little talk with you and then go to bed . I like a fool, stayed up till most one o'clock last night reading "Vanity Fair". It was the first time I had ever read that charming book, and I can not tell you how much I enjoyed it . There are a good many masterpieces that I have yet to read . Margaret and I started it together, but she fell sick, and when evening came, I could not keep my hands off of it . One of the great joys of our new home, in Morar, is that I have time to read in the evenings . I frequently write letters in the evening, as I am doing now, but usually I read, and I have had some fine evenings since I came .

The work goes on . I have been somewhat debilitated by the change in the weather, for it is rapidly growing warmer . I hate to see the warmer weather come of this year, for it seemed so hot last year, and they say that Gwalior is red hot in summer . I spend my mornings in working on the books and correspondence . After breakfast at 10.30, I study Hindustani for an hour and a half . Then I perform a hasty shave, and ride over to the High School on a bicycle, and teach the boys for an hour and a half . Then I come home and we eat lunch, which is called "Tiffin". Then I usually go into a village or the city of Lashkar, and do some Missionary work . Besides the above schedule, I have many callers, and one or two boys come, whom I help with their lessons . I am enjoying the work very much, and am learning a lot in the language, for I must speak it a good deal here .

I mentioned above that Margaret was not well last week . She seemed to be feeling the change in the weather a good deal, and was quite weary and lifeless . Coupled with this, she had a touch of

arsentry . She has rallied now however, and is almost herself again . Helen is also fit, altho' she seems to have a good many nerves, and is somewhat inclined to be either very cheerful or the very opposite .

It seems that almost all of the unmarried young ladies in the Mission are getting married off . First, Dr Edwards married Mabel Griffith . Then Moore got engaged to Miss Louise Keach from Texas . They are to be married in a month or two . This evening, I had a letter from my old friend and fellow-worker in Allahabad, Harry Avey, and he confesses to having become engaged to Dr Sarah Swezey of Allahabad . There is a rumour that another couple in Patnagarh are secretly engaged: Miss Lena Mackti and a Scotchman of our Mission named Dunbar . I do not know what the Board will be thinking after awhile . They will draw the conclusion that the Mission field is a good place to send ladies, who are bordering on being maidenly, and have not yet selected a man to direct .

I have a few words to say to Harry, on a business subject . There is a Hindu in the Maharajah's service, who is high up, and seems to be a very good man . This man has a son, whom the father is thinking of sending to America, so that the boy may get a schooling in Electrical Engineering . I promised to write my brother and ask him something about cost of living etc. in Cornell, for Cornell is surely one of the best electrical schools in our country . I will therefore bid you all a fond and affectionate good-night .

Love to Jack and Ports .

Your devoted and loving son,

Allahabad, Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> 1913.

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear Brother Mike,

This is just a note on business . There is in this station a Hindu, who is quite modern in his tendencies . This man holds a high position in the State, for which he is well paid . He has a boy who is quite keen on Electrical Engineering, and the father hopes to send him to America, to educate him in a school of Electrical Engineering . I have heard Cornell highly spoken of in this connection a good many times as being particularly strong in the practical work . The father, who is a friend of mine, has asked me to let him know something of the costs - living and fees - in one of our best schools . Will you write as soon as you can and tell me what the fees are and how cheaply a man can live in Cornell . Also find out if a Scholarship is a possibility for foreigners . His Highness, the Maharajah, may be backing this boy - I do not know for sure . He has a way of doing this, and then calling them back into his service here . The father asked me if I thought the boy could live on 10 pias a month (400.) I told him I thought it could be arranged . If you could enlist a scholarship for the boy, it would help me a lot in working among the leaders in the State .

We are all well . The warmer weather is upon us . I sure do hate to see it come, for it will be hotter this year in Gwalior than it has ever been in Allahabad . This is one of the "fire-places" of India, during the warm weather .

I can not begin to tell you how much we enjoy the Post . I look forward to its coming every week . There was surely some class to the "Lohippus" story . We like our new station very



much, but do not expect to remain here permanently, but after the conclusion of Mr Forman's furlough to return to the College . In the meanwhile, I am learning a lot of the language, and something of the conditions in which the village Indians live . Dr Stanley White and wife have just been here . They liked the place very much, and they have gone away and told the other stations how they liked the way we were carrying on operations in this ticklish situation . Very kind of them wasn't it ? You see Dr White, (One of our home Secretaries) is a very gregarious fellow himself, and enjoys hobnobbing with the elite ~~himself~~, and so he strongly recommends it for this Station . I played hockey with the English Club yesterday evening, and so I am a good deal sore in body today, but enjoyed it . I was not so brilliant as some of them in the beginning, but the absence of internal high-balls made me stronger at the end ~~xx~~ of the game than most of them . Hockey is a very fine game.

I have a few words to say to Mr Bay before the mail goes, so I will restrain myself now . Write to us . We sure did enjoy Martha's letter very much . Sorry that Christmas comes but once a year . Give her my love .

Your loving brother, . . .

Ernest



Moran, Gualacion  
Feb. 13, 1913

Dear ones in Ark -

I'm a poor,  
lonely widow these days.  
Ernest has gone out  
with Mr. Hegler & Ghansi  
on a week's tour  
through some of the  
villages in this territory.  
Something always happens  
when he goes away. This  
time, it was a heavy rain -  
a most unusual thing  
for this time of the  
year. It came on at  
night after all the  
servants had gone. I  
discovered the patch roof

in the summer, but you see they  
have their disadvantages too. They  
have to be closely watched & kept in  
good condition well, we are glad for  
this warning, before the real rains  
begin, as to where repairs are necessary

I have been invited out to a couple  
of informal teas this week in the  
houses of some English ladies in Moscow.  
These have been the only social affairs  
since Christmas, for us; of course the  
English folks have their club where most  
of them go almost every afternoon & evening.

was leaking in several  
places; so had to run  
around with tubs and  
basins etc. to catch the  
water and keep it from  
ruining our furniture  
& floors. In one place,  
I found it running  
down over a lot of Mr.  
Forman's books which  
had been placed on some  
shelves in the wall. It  
took some time to get  
all these removed to a  
place of safety and some  
of them were pretty  
well soaked. Dutch  
roofed houses are said  
to be cooler than others

your tennis had been today from the  
the invitation came today from the  
Nigurse, the Maharani of an afternoon  
again tomorrow. I expect to go  
Helen has gotten over her tonsillitis  
all right and has as big an appetite as  
ever. But within the last day or two  
she has taken cold again - showing  
itself in a cough + running nose. She  
seems very susceptible to changes in the weather.  
I may go on to Ghansi + spend a few days  
while Ernest is away; it's only a couple of hours  
trip; and I don't like keeping house in India  
with a man around.  
with much love to you  
Dorothy



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

*Allahabad*, Feb. 21" 1913.

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear Mother,

Last night I got back from the jungles from doing district work in the villages . I went with Mr Hezlep and his workers from Jhansi, and from there we crossed over the line into Gwalior State . We lived in tents mostly, and visited the large villages and preached and at night we gave magic-lantern lectures on the life of Christ . It was very interesting work, and quite new to me in this country, altho' I had one district-trip with Mr Laug in Syria . The great difficulty Hezlep and I found was that the language spoken by the people in the villages was quite different from that spoken by the educated teachers by whom we had been taught to speak . Infact the villages have their different dialects, and before we can be very efficient in that kind of work, we must learn the different dialects . But the village preachers we had with us knew the dialects, so that our work was chiefly with the village chiefs who knew Urdu, and were keen on talking it . I feel that the trip was a distinct benefit to my health . I had not been feeling very fit before I went, and this came to a climax on the trip . One day I had a hard head-ache, and in the evening, I had a bad chill . That night and the next morning, Hezlep doctored me up, and I stayed close about camp . The following day, I felt better than I had felt for a long time .- It was malaria . I seem to have some of it in my system and do not seem able to get rid of it . Yet, I shall take quinine for a time, until I feel that I am safe for a while .

While I was away, Margaret and Helen lived alone here . There were a good many things that Margaret could do for me, and she helped me out wonderfully . Yet, when I got back last night, I found a mass of letters waiting me, and a good many of them were important . So last

night I started at it, but have not yet made much progress. I must get things in shape as soon as I can for on the fifth of next month I must leave for Allanabad, to attend Presbytery. I dislike to be away from the station and Margaret and Helen so much, but it seems as if there was no help for it. Miss May, who has recently come to work among the women in the zannas is a tower of strength and we are so thankful that she has been able to come.

Your letter of Jan. 16" was waiting for me, when I got back last night. I am glad that you and Biddy and Jack are reasonably well. Was very much shocked to learn of Helen Fisher's death. Poor dear old May! What a hard life she has had of it all! Helen has been for years one of the bright spots in her life, and now she is gone. When I think of what May has suffered, I am not a bit ungrateful for my own lot. I hoped to be able to write them before this but have not been able to do it. They sent me a cheque for \$5 and Aunt Lucy for \$2. It is very fine of them to do it, and it always touches me greatly, when they do such kind acts as they have filled their lives with doing for me and others, but it worries me for fear they need the money worse than I do. The missionary life is not one of great privation now-a-days, with the exception of friends and loved ones. I must confess that it has elements of loneliness in it, when one is in an out-of-the-way station but in most of the foreign stations, one has many comforts and servants etc. which would be denied one at home. This leaves one altogether free to carry one his or her work, and to do things that count. It would fret me some, if I had to waste a lot of my time now, blacking my own boots, and carrying in my own supply of water, and running my own errands. I should like the work but dislike the waste of time.

With a heart full of love- Your- Ernest



Morar, Gwalior .

Feb. 27" 1913

Dear parents,

We are all well and hope you are the same . Aunt Fida and Ima have given up coming to Landaur this year . We are so sorry and disappointed we do not know what to do . I suppose that we will have to get along a little longer without seeing some of our kith and kin . They could not get good accommodations in Landaur . It seems that they begun a little too late to find them . Everything that was desirable had been filled up . They are going to a little hill-station which is nearer to them, and where they will have absolute quiet .

We have a guest staying with us . He is leaving this evening . The gentleman's name is Dr A.B.Lewis, who has spent the last four years in the Islands round about Australia, collecting specimens for the Field Museum in Chicago . He is an old hooster man, and a scholar . He knows a lot of things . The poor fellow has been suffering from a heavy cold, and we tried to get him to stop off long enough to rest up, and get into shape again, but he finds that 'doing nothing' is very telling on him . After four years away from home, he is stopping off to see India on his own hook, and he is a good observer . I have been so busy that I have not had time to show him about much, but he is able to make his own way around .

Next week, I shall be going back to Allahabad to attend Presbytery . I wanted Margaret to go with me, but she thinks she had better stop at home, for it is something of a job to move Helen and her nurse . I am anxious to get back, in a way, for it seems like home to me . I shall have a good many things to do there, and will be kept busy I fear, besides the Presbytery meeting ; In addition to affairs connected with the Treasury department of the Mission, I will have to have some dentistry work done . I have been having a swollen jaw for a couple of days, but am better now . I will stop with the Edwards .

The head-master of the Highschool has been called away by the death of his father . I am doing extra teaching in the High-school this week . I find that the four classes a day make quite a little addition to my regular work, but I do not see but that I get about as much done in a day as I ~~have~~ ever done . I am hoping that my willingness to be of service in time of special need will be appreciated higher up . I may need it, if I baptise some of His Highness soldiers .

I have written Unkies a long letter this week . I am afraid I do not write them as often as I ought, but there seems so much to do . Such is life in an Indian village . I must stop now and write Margaret Blass , who is now a young lady in Vassar College . I have always tried to write her on her birth-day and on mine, for they come on the same day . You may remember that I always took dinner with the Blass family , when I was in Beirut, on the 21st of January .

With a lot of love,

I am, Your devoted son,

*Ernest*



Moran, Gwalior  
March 6, 1913.

Dear Mother

Ernest is in  
Allahabad this week  
attending the meeting  
of Presbytery. I was so  
glad he could go; it  
will do him good to see  
the old boys & men  
again, & to have a little  
recreation & sport  
with them. I felt tempted  
to go along myself, as I  
don't like staying alone;  
but it's a long trip and I  
thought it would be too

and man, have to dismiss another  
our coachman. In fact we would  
not think of keeping him in our service  
a minute longer, if it were possible  
to get another man to take his place.  
But servants who know their work well,  
are not easy to secure; so in a way,  
we are at their mercy, since we can't  
be absolutely independent of them in a  
country like this. When a servant  
wants to give trouble, he can certainly  
be most disagreeable; and we have found

much of an effort with  
both palm and the ayah.

A couple of the servants  
have taken advantage of  
Ernest's absence by  
going off on a spree and  
getting intoxicated. Drink  
is not the curse of  
America alone. I did  
not chance to see much  
of the effects of it in  
Allahabad; but we have  
had opportunity here on  
several occasions, to see  
it working among our  
own servants. We have  
had to dismiss one  
man because of the habit;

them, on the whole a rather  
worthless lot, here in Gwalior.

One day last week, I went over to  
the Fort to call on Miss Saunders,  
a very cordial young English woman  
who lives with her brother on the  
very top of the fort. The brother is  
the principal of the Sardars' School,  
an institution for noblemen's sons.

The fort is a wonderful, old place.  
I described it partly in my last long letter;



but this was the  
first time, I had been  
to the very top and seen  
all the interesting old  
Temples, carvings, etc.  
One ascends gradually  
by winding roads  
cut out of the face of the  
rock, passing thru  
three or four massive  
arched gateways, all of  
them carved and  
ornamented in Oriental  
fashion. All along  
the way, could be seen  
grotesque images & figures  
carved in the rock, and

them, on the whole, a rather  
one whole of the interior elaborately  
carved. There are many other  
ancient relics on the long level  
top surface of the fort, most of them  
temples, exquisitely carved & ornamented.

Nothing at the foot of the fort  
is the old city of Gwalior, a relic  
of past ages & apparently fast tumbling  
to decay & ruin. Tho' it still contains  
a congested population of perhaps  
20,000 people. Two miles away in the

here and there, an  
old Hindu temple or  
Mohammedan mosque.  
At the top, perched on  
the very edge of the  
precipitous rocks, is an  
old palace, built in the  
13th. century. It must  
once have been most  
ornate & beautiful, for  
even now there is  
still to be seen in the  
exterior decorations,  
much sky blue and sea-  
green enamelling. The  
palace is very imposing,  
built of solid rock, and

opposite direction rises from  
among the trees the magnificent  
white palace of the Maharajah.  
All the country around as far  
as one can see, is a level plain.  
It is most remarkable how this  
tremendous mass of rock rises to  
such an amazing height, out of a  
perfectly flat country.

I have begun systematic work  
on the language again, reading Hindi.



We have had a few  
light rains lately which  
have helped to keep  
the weather cool  
for a while longer.

Allen still has a  
cold, but for the  
most part, is feeling  
very chipper & lively.  
She has been going down  
to tea frequently with  
little Bessie Glass, next  
door, and has a grand  
time. The old tears  
usually begin to flow  
when she has to leave  
home. If all goes well,

there will be a  
little playmate for  
her in our own family  
the last week in June.  
We are so happy  
over the prospect.

I have been unusually  
well all these months,  
and hope I may keep  
so, that we may have  
a strong healthy baby.  
With dearest love

to you and  
Margaret.

NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, March 14" 1913.

Morar, Gwalior -

Dear Mamma and Papa,

Two days ago, I returned from Presbytery meeting in Allahabad. I was elected Moderator of the Presbytery, so that I was quite busy during my stay there. Yet it was good to be back among my friends. I enjoyed it very much. I also tried to have some work done by the dentist, but did not have the time to have the work finished and had to postpone it until we go to the Hills. In a month, our long separation will begin again, for Margaret and Helen will soon be taking their flight to a cooler clime. Yet, up to date, it has remained quite comfortable, and the nights are cool enough to make sleep easy. Every one says that it is most unusual to have the cooler weather last this way. Let us hope that it will continue to last. We are all well and enjoying life very much. I expect to go to the Hills about the first of June, and will remain a month. Margaret wrote you last week of our expectations, which we hope will be realized about the first of July. I am hoping that the expectation will be masculine, but if it is not, I will have nothing to say. We are very thankful over it, and very happy that Helen will have a play-mate.

The coming days will be very busy ones for me, as the audit meeting of the mission will come the last of ~~May~~<sup>April</sup> or the first of ~~May~~ May. I am to speak in a Convention to be held in Jhansi next month. This will be in Hindustani. It will be the first speech I have ever made in that tongue in a big meeting. I feel that I am making rapid progress since coming to Gwalior, as I must speak it almost all the time. On Sundays, I usually conduct three services in the language, and on Thursday nights, I sometimes give a lecture with the aid

of a magic-lantern . So/I am hoping that in the two years that I  
remain in Swat, I shall be able to make much more progress than I  
would have been able to make if I had remained in the College . And  
is very much handicapped in India, without a pretty thorough knowledge  
of Urdu . And if one tries to do district work, he must know Hindi as  
well . Margaret is now studying Hindi, but I am still hammering along  
on Urdu .

The affairs at the College are in rather a sad fix . The  
work undertaken is very large, and the finances have been falling short .  
Until recently, the College was not under the Board financially, but at  
the beginning of the new fiscal year, on the first of April, it will  
come under the care of the Board . As Mission Treasurer, I have  
advanced about \$10000. to the College . I do not know what the Board  
will say . I am expecting a great howl . Yet, I could not see any  
other way out of it . The College Board has called Dr C.A.A. Jumper  
of Philadelphia to act as President . All of our hopes are centered on  
him . He has always been a great money-getter for the College, and  
we hope that he will be able to raise enough to put us out of the  
woods . If only one of those very wealthy men who abound in America  
would come to the front with a small gift of fifty thousand, it would  
be a great comfort to us .

I hope that you are all well, and that Jack has placed  
himself on the right side of the whooping-cough . You say very little  
of Will Maxwell . Also, you say very little of some of the people in  
Marysville . I should like to know how the Church Hardware Co., is  
flourishing . So you know, I have been thinking of writing to Mr. J. to  
ask him to send me out a good high-power rifle . I have lots of use  
for it here . When one goes into the villages and stays away for



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

*Allahabad,*.....191 .

week or two, he must supply his table . So all of our district missionaries have guns, both for protection and for supplying their tables . I regret very much I did not bring a gun out with me when I came .

I would like to talk longer, but I must stop now and write some letters .

With lots of love,

Your youngest,

*Wm Ernest*



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Mohamad, March 20" 1913.

Morar Gwalior.

Parents mine,

I came back from the Church late tonight . We give a magic-lantern show in the Church every Thursday evening. I ran the lantern tonight and one of the preachers made the speil . Our audience was most<sup>ly</sup>/composed of Indian soldiers and Highschool students . Helen is just going to bed, and because of my lateness she is quite late . It is now nine o'clock . She eats dinner with us like big folks . Sometimes she is very good and sometimes she is'nt . We are trying to break her of the habit of insisting that the Ayah put her on the back to put her to sleep . She is insisting-saying "Ayah, salao", which means, "Cause me to go to sleep".

Daddy, I put my next to last type-writer ribbon into today . They have lasted me very well . But they are so old that the cloth of the ribbon gets torn very easily . They are also pretty dry, and it takes the damp weather to make them write well . Damp weather is at a premium here . I have sold a couple of my ribbons, just because I found that after four years they were getting too dry .

Theodore's letter with the news about Will came last Saturday. I am glad he is married . He is surely one of the queerest young men I have ever met, but under it all, he has some of the most gentleman traits I have ever found in a man . About Jack, I want to talk frankly but I am most afraid to talk about the situation at all . My own feeling about Will's attitude is that he would like to have Jack but he is willing to leave him with you if he is sure that Jack is much a comfort to you . Altho' Jack has been a lot of trouble to you, doubtless, yet he has more than paid for the trouble in being with you . Is'nt that about the situation ? Personally, I have been very

glad that Jack has been with you, because he is like Nell, and he is a good boy at heart . I wish he might still stay with you . Yet, now that Will has a home of his own, Jack's place is undoubtedly with his father . If we knew that Jack's new mother would not make him happy, then we might discuss the question from another point of view, but as long as we do not know that we can not argue that point . I suppose that the question will be entirely settled long before this letter reaches you, but for fear it is not I write this . Whatever you do, make Will discuss the question frankly with you . Write him and tell him right out how you feel about it, and then the result will be on his shoulders, where it belongs .

The Maharajah is having some horse-races here . I would like very much to go, but am hindered by my early training, and the price of the ticket, which is \$2.00 per day . My early training comes in, because they gamble frightfully here in India, and I am not keen on attending the races for that reason . Two days of the races have passed and one remains . I may pull thru O.K. yet, if I am kept very busy on the last day . I sure do love a horse-race however . I understand they are not framed up here as they are at home . "Framed up" means that the winners are determined before the race begins .

The cool weather is holding on wonderfully well for this time of the year . Everyone is wondering about it, and saying that they have never seen it like this in their long stay of many years in India . I say that like the rest . Four years is a long time when you love your parents as I love mine . Usually, at this time the weather is like an oven. By this time last year we were wearing duck clothes and dripping . Now, I am still wearing my heavy clothes and am enjoying them . The cause of the cooler weather is a dust-storm which has been blowing for the last four days . The air is



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full of dust, and gets into one's nose and eyes, but we are not saying a word . It is much cooler because the sun can not get at us thru the dust .

Did you know that I am interested in gardening . I wish you could see our garden . Our whole trouble is the lack of water . We have two fine wells on our place here, but the expense is great because one must keep a couple of oxen to get the water up out of the well . Oxen eat their heads off, and cost good money . It costs five dollars a month to keep oxen, but the oxen themselves do not cost more than \$25. each . I can get a couple of oxen and men to work all day in drawing water out of the well, for the large sum of 25 cents . Therefore I am having the plants well watered once a week . I have over two dozen rose bushes, most of which are blossoming . Some of them are thorough-breds ; others are common . The common blossom three times to the aristocrats once . That is often the way in life among men, isn't it ? I have a bed of "snapdragons", which are blooming . I have some little orange trees which are or have been blossoming . I wrote a fellow this afternoon to buy a lawn-mower for me . When I get hold of the handle of this lawn-mower, I shall no longer be home-sick, but I will feel myself back on Fourth Street, shaving the old yard into green velvet . I may be deficient in some things, but I surely understand pushing a lawnmower . Ask Mrs Wingett, or Mrs Webb, or Aunt Dane, or Mr Snodgrass, or Marsh Harrington .

I must stop now and talk business . Goodnight . With lots of love, and long thoughts, and absent treatment,

Your son,

*Ernest*

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NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

~~Maharaj~~, March 27" 1913 .

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear parents, ..

Another week has rolled around, and Thursday night has come, and I fulfilling the pleasures of the week now sit to write. (Introduction)

This has been a week made up for the most part of book-keeping work. This is the largest festival week of the Hindus, called 'Holi', and celebrates the beginning of the Spring . There ~~is~~<sup>are</sup> a good many myths connected with it ,but the chief one is that a certain goddess gave her life to save her child, who afterwards became famous in the galaxy of the thousands of Hindu gods . It is the custom of the people, in celebrating the day, to throw a certain red fluid about, over each others clothing . The people look very strange going about all spotted over with red, on the background of their white clothes . It is not a good week for spectators, if they are at all particular about their clothes ,and as the people are very much absorbed in their own shows and merry-makings, it is not a very good time for Christian work . Therefore, I have been using all the time in teaching my classes in the school, in working on the Mission books-getting ready for the Annual audit meeting, and in studying the language . I have also had a couple of guests-Rev. Fitch and Rev. David -Indians, who are very fine fellows and workers in our Mission . They left this noon .

Margaret and I have just returned from a tea held in the Maharajah's gardens . It was given by Dr Stephens, the head of the hospital . We had a very pleasant time . One of the things we had to do was to find some Easter eggs that were scattered about the grounds . There were two large ones and five small ones . Margaret found one of the large ones, and I found the other . Helen is very much taken with them, as they are Cadbury's chocolate, covered with tin-foil .

The warm weather has come at last . It is not yet boiling, but we suspicion that it soon will be . Margaret will be leaving in four weeks.



Our nearest neighbour is a Mr Ernest Glass, an English Engineer, whose wife and child has just gone home to England, and he will follow her one year from next August. I am not saying a word. Our four or five months separation seems to me to be nothing, compared to their year and a-half. That is the greatest cruelty about India. Perhaps I have said this before. The English people will not have their children grow up in the Indian environment if they can help it, for fear they will absorb Indian ideals. I once heard a story of Sir George Knox, of Allahabad, a very fine old fellow, who has been in this country close on to forty years. Sir George has several children, who went home at the age of eight or ten and entered schools there. After they had finished their education, all but one of them stayed on in England. That one became a physician, and was admitted to the Indian Medical service, and came out to India. Of course he made to see his father at Allahabad. Now Sir George has learned to loathe the English climate, and never goes home to England, so he had not seen his son for 15 or 20 years. He goes down to the station to extend the customary "welcome to India", that we old timers usually extend to the new arrivals. As the train was steaming up the line, Sir George began to realize that he would 'nt know his son if he met him in a two-foot side-street. He was game tho' and made up his mind that his long lost son would not have disinherited welcome if he could possibly avoid it. Of course Sir George got the wrong man and welcomed him to India. The beauty of this joke is that you can anticipate it, and when Sir G embraced the wrong man, you can say: "I knew you were going to do that all the time". The son afterwards stationed in Gwalior, and had a very honourable record here. This has nothing to do with the story, but I mention it so that you may know that there was such a man, and that the story is doubtless true. Sir G still sleeps on the bench, much to the disgust of the young



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members of the Civil Service, who think that he should sleep at home, and give them a chance at his job and 5000 rupees a month, as Judge of the High Court .

We have been in our new station just four months . We have enjoyed them very much, and they have gone very quickly . However, when I have a new idea on an economic subject, I still have the itch to try it out on the class . I suppose that I shall lose this sooner or later . I suppose that as I become more and more fluent with the language as it spoken here, I shall be able to get more and more emersed in the new work. I like it very much when I have once gone into a new home, and have a chance to tell of the faith that means so much to me . The most difficult thing for me is to force my way in . Not that it is often a case of force, because the Indian people are like most Orientals, very hospitable, but it is often inconvenient to have a Sahib call when they are off duty . They change their clothes and get into something suitable for loafing about the house, and it often worries them to have a Sahib see them in such Oriental garments . Then one is sometimes afraid that he may be running into a Harem or "Parda" as it is called in this country . But with it all, I am cultivating a nerve, and when I can speak more fluent Hindustani, I will feel more and more at home . Still, I think that when my two years are up, I will still wish to go back into my chosen profession . Some of the members of our Mission hope that I will be gripped by this work, so that I will want to stay in it . Yet, I know this-I am getting an insight into Indian life and tongues that I never would have obtained if I had stayed in the College.

No letter from you last week . I am looking forward to this coming mail . Perhaps, I shall get two !

With lots of love to you all,

Your devoted son,

*Ernest*



NORTH INDIA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Allahabad, April 4" 1913

Morar, Gwalior .

Dear parents,

I feel something on the order of a last year's bird's-nest, this morning . We gave a dinner last night to some of our friends the English, and like a fool, I drank some coffee . I could not sleep as the weather was hot, and so I sat up and read until after two o'clock . For this reason my feelings resemble the afore mentioned receptical for fruit of the said avis . It was a very good dinner, but we had a young servant who gave us a good deal of worry . I felt like dodging every time he came up behind me, and I am afraid the guests did also . Nevertheless, a very pleasant evening was enjoyed, and all too soon the guests realized that the time had come to depart .

Last week a very good picture of Harry came . It looks quite as tho' he had been undergoing a good deal of an intellectual grind during the last few years . It is good that his thesis is attracting attention among the people who know about these things . Also, a good letter came which was much appreciated .

I spent much money this week . I hope that our finances will eventually recover . I bought a bicycle . It cost Rs 122, which is a little over forty dollars . I had to have it . It is neither the poorest nor the best, but it seems to be a good one, and I hope that it will last me the five years or less which remain until our furlough .

The weather is getting hot . It grows warmer every day , and soon we will be putting up our punkahs . We feel as tho' we were a crowd of helpless children being stalked by a great angry tiger . It is hopeless to say that there is no tiger, and that even if there is we are not afraid, and will on his approach stare him out of countenance .



It is a very poor country for Christian Scientists in May June, July and August . As for staring the tiger out of countenance, even the eagle can not look into the Indian July sun without blinking . One had better admit everything, and turn to someone else who is suffering for sympathy .

The work has been very interesting this week . I have had some very interesting calls from educated young Indians, and have read with some of them from the Gospels . Monday, I had a pleasant time in a village with one of the workers . His tyre was punctured however and we had a nice long walk home in the heat of the evening . One evening of the week, we have a prayer-meeting for the Indian Christians who come quite well--much better than some do at home . Another evening, the boys of the Highschool asked me to come and see them play hockey, as there is a tournament on now ; so I went and saw them defeat the enemy . My days are pretty full now because we are closing our books for the year, and getting ready for the annual audit meeting . I have handled over \$100,000 dollars this year .

We are all well and prospering . I hope that Mamma will be feeling better soon , or has been feeling better rather .

With love from us all,

Your son,

*Earnest*



Mission House, Morar, Gwalior .

April 11" 1913

Dear parents,

I am a little under the weather, having caught a very bad cold and also being feverish, probably from being a bit surcharged with my old enemy, Malaria . Yet, I can not forgoe the pleasure of having a little talk with you, altho' it may be a little one .

Aside from my trifling indisposition, we are all well, and are standing the heat without much nerves . Helen seems to be as full of ~~life~~ life as ever, but I imagine that she will be glad to get to a cooler clime . Margaret and Helen will go up now in ten days . I will follow a month later, about the 25th of May . I have a meeting with the Audit Comm., which will take about a week . Then on the first of June, my vacation will begin and last one month . I shall feel like having a vacation when the Audit Meeting is all over . We will be located in the Firs with our special friends, the Edwardses . Everything seems to be working out very nicely for us now, and the only difficulty will be the long separation, for Margaret will probably stay up late this year, owing to the presence of Mrs Edwards, who for reasons of her own, will not be able to come down until October . So , whatever letter will reach India before the first of July, you had better address to "The Firs", Landaur, Mussoorie .

Margaret and I are making a reed and bead curtain, which is going to be a very beautiful affair when it is completed . It is going into the open door space between the sitting room and the dining-room . We are having lots of fun making it . There are 84 strands, and 60 peices on each strand--the peices being beads--dark blue, green, amber, and light yellow; the glass tubes being the same colours, and the reeds, about four inches long, are sky blue <sup>and</sup> natural bamboo colour, . We work out a figure which we got out of a magazine . The materials cost us about \$4.00, but there is about ten times that much work on it . We do it in the even-

ing time, after Helen has gone to sleep . He dare not attempt it any other time as the heads would be too fascinating for her .

The work goes on about the same . I am constantly making new acquaintances, and having opportunities to work in a quiet way . This is my busy season on the books also, so I have plenty to keep me out of mischief . My work in the school goes on, and will continue until June . Then there will be a month's vacation, and will begin again in July . It seems a great pity that the boys, especially the little ones, have to go to school and keep awake in the very hot weather .

Major Anderson, the Civil Surgeon, who, with his wife have been our most intimate friends here, has been transferred . We are so sorry to lose them . They packed up and left in three or four days . The Govt. is quite restless, and is always shifting her servants about . She never seems to get things to suit her . It has its good results, but it also has its bad results .

I must stop now and write Mr Day . I usually get two letters a week written for the foreign mail; one to you, which comes first, and one to Mr Day, which is business .

With lots of love from us all,

Your son,

Ernest



Morar, Gwalior . May 15th, 1913

Dear papa and mamma,

I was sorry to miss writing to you last week, but I was in Jhansi, attending a Convention . It was a very good convention . The chief speaker was Rev. John Forman, a man of much power, and by far the best speaker of Hindustani we have in the Mission . I spoke three times and conducted the Communion Service in the last meeting . It was my first attempt to speak in a big meeting in a strange tongue . If you think it is easy, try it . I suppose that I made a good many mistakes, especially of idiom, but the people managed to understand me . I got a lot of good in being in close contact with a man like Mr Forman . It does one good just to look at him, he is such a consecrated man .

Mamma, your good letter addressed to Margaret came to me here in Gwalior . Of course I opened it . I forwarded it to her after I had read it . You have surely been having big times in U.S. because of the high water . I hope Ed and family are alright . Also, one of my friends named Crowl lives in Dayton . We are hoping to hear that the conditions in the South have not proved serious . I was glad to hear a word of Will Maxwell . I have been considering writing him for several years .

Margaret and Helen have now been in the Hills for three weeks and a half . It seems longer than that to me . I will go up about the 26th or 27th of this month . I hate to go up, because I know that I shall hate to come away so much . I do not like to think of the long months of July, August and September, for I shall be alone in a strange land . You must remember Margaret in your prayers about July first . I do so hope that everything will go well . The circumstances surely are propitious : that is the Doctor has a big reputation both in India and at home . She is a Dr Fullerton (Miss) who has occupied a chair in the college from which Ida graduated in Philadelphia . I expect to go off on a weeks tramp with Edwards about the first of June . I will need it as I find that I am not as fit as I am sometimes . I am no longer able to digest tin cans . It may be that my liver is somewhat out of fix . I know that I will be O.K. when I breathe a few breaths of the Hill air.

We have been having showers here . It is very rare to have showers in May . They have not been very heavy, but they have served to cool the air a good deal, and we are very thankful . This morning, I took a hoe and a trowel and got out into the garden and took some exercise and have felt better for it all day .

The book-keeping work is going merrily forward . It begins to look as if we soon would be in shape . You have no idea what a big job it is to get straight with eleven different stations, some of whose Treasurers know about as little about keeping their books as I do about conducting a Sunday school excursion in an air-ship . Land alive, it is a job to get one's own books in balance, without having eleven fellows trying to tell you that you are wrong and they are right . But we are gradually getting together, but it is costing a lot of postage .

I am pretty tired tonight, so I think I had better go to bed . Do you realize that the world on which you are sitting is hurtling thru space at the rate of 1020 miles per hour ? His love for you that makes your world go round .

Your son,

Ernest

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Morar, Gwalior . May 22nd, 1913

Dearest parents,

The weather has been very agreeable up till today . Today has been warm again, but not nearly as warm as it might have been . I suspect it has been no warmer than you have experienced in Arkansas . In fact people are wondering what has gone wrong in the weather conditions; and the weather bureau is trying to resign all over India . According to all past experience, the second half of the month of May should be as hot as all get-out, and dry as powder . Yet we have been having cooling showers, and nature has burst forth in all her glory, like a real Spring at home . The rains are due to arrive in July-about the middle-and here it is raining some on the plains and raining cats and dogs in the Hills . The farmers are frightened--they are afraid that these rains mean no rains later on . Well, one can not help matters by worrying, and so it seems to us (editorial) to accept the cooling breezes as they come, and act as if these showers were but the preliminary for all showers of blessings we are going to have in July and August . The second half of this month surely has been pleasant, and one hates to look anyone in the face while he is on his way to the Hills, this year . In fact if it were not for my attractive family, I doubt if I would go to the Hills now, but I think that I had better go, as my family may be needing me . Therefore I have planned to go up on Monday evening, and will arrive Tuesday noon . After a five weeks separation, I am naturally anxious to see the Queen and the Princess Helen (to say nothing of the heir not yet apparent).

My work has been running along about the same old way . It grows more interesting as the days go on . What I mean is that there are always new ways opening up for one to follow if he can . This is particularly so here, where there was no established work, and I had to make my own work . I hope that new fields will be increasingly open as I stay one here thruout my two years here . I am learning lots of things, and I am growing in some ways, but very slowly .

Right before last I went out to dinner at the house of the Resident . You see, each Native State has a Residential Agent of the British Throne, whose business it is to look after matters in the State, in a general way, and if the Maharajah becomes too independent, the Agent is to notify the British Lion, who will growl, and if that is 'nt enough will roar, and if that is 'nt sufficient will appropriate, absorb, assimilate the former Native State into its prodigious maw until there is not even the proverbial grease-spot left of the once flourishing State, and her bumptious Rajah . It can be quickly seen that a Residential Agent needs loads of wisdom and tons of tact . He must be a professional noter-of-the-signs-of-the-times, and must always get there first if there is an attack planned against British supremacy . Gwalior, however, is not that kind of State, and has been unceasingly loyal to Briton and her own self preservation . Where was I ? I think I was telling you that I went out and ate off of the Resident . Well, I did, and enjoyed it very much . There were six men present and two ladies . The men could have been listed as follows : One Resident, one Geologist, one Civil Engineer, one Director General of Public Instruction, one Principal of a Normal Training College, and one Missionary . All of these except myself were workers for the State--barring of course the Resident . It is a commentary on the attitude of our Maharajah towards modern growth and development . We had a very good time . They got after the U.S., and I put up a very spirited rebuttal . I do not let any Britisher impugn the motives and methods of my country . He is not capable of understanding our successes without mentioning our failures . They do dislike us as a nation . I sometimes wonder if they have ever been able to forget the affairs that took place under the two Georges .

By the last mail, Margaret received a letter from a Mrs Harry B. Weld, of East Orange, N.J., in which she said that they had seen our



names in the Mission Prayer Calendar, and had taken us as their "Substitute missionaries". She says : "Perhaps you would like to know to just what branch of the family we belong . Willard (her little boy, nine years old) has a watch that belonged to Washington Weld in 1775, I think . The family originally lived in Massachussets, and Mr Weld's grandfather, Willard Weld went to Lockport, New York, where my husband Harry Bushnell Weld was born . His father's name was Willard Homer Weld . Even tho' we may not belong to the same earthly family, we are at one at least in the Master's service ." Can you tell me anything about them . I am very hazy about our family history . Was there not a book to be published on the history of the Weld family ? If there is such a book, I should like very much to have a copy of it .

Mr Hezlep of Jhansi, has come down from his station to go over his station books . He got in at 12 oclock last night, after I had gone to bed . I must stop now and write a hurried note to Margaret, and then we must get at accounts . It is going to be hot today .

With love to you all,

Your devoted son,

*Ernest*

Figure 10





The First - Bandour

June 12, 1913.

Dear Mother + daddy, well,

I suppose Ernest has  
written you the particulars  
about Dom. E. J. He is a ~~small~~  
fine boy - small but mighty.  
He has had the handicap of  
arriving a month too soon;  
but was well developed and of a  
very ruddy complexion with a  
little round head well covered  
with light brown hair. He  
lost half a pound the first  
week, but made it up the  
second week and added  
to the same.

yesterday Mrs. Lewis gave a tea in  
honor of the Edwards wedding anniversary.  
This was my first outing. I had been  
sitting up before, but had not walked.  
I walked over to Mrs. Lewis' rooms  
at the other end of the house and  
enjoyed the festivities for half an hour.  
The day in bed seemed rather long as I  
felt so perfectly well. Ernest says he  
has never seen my son so fat & well.  
Dr. Fullerton attended me & she has  
been splendid. I have also had a  
very competent, nice nurse.  
The rains seem to have begun earnest

This color is fading  
gradually. This son, he has  
been a very good baby, lying  
quietly in his cot and making  
no disturbance except when  
he wants something to eat.  
Helen is very fond of him -  
in fact she is most too  
violent in her affection for  
him and if we are not  
watching, her love-acts  
are apt to be more like a  
poke in the ribs or a bunch  
in the head. She used to  
bring us flowers every day -  
always one for me and two  
"for the baby" - little brother.

It has been pouring almost day &  
night for a week.

Since Ernie's party came off so long  
before it was expected, I could not  
have a party for Helen on the 6th. as I  
had planned. But we had a cake for  
her with 3 candles on it & she received  
a number of toys. Thank you so much  
for the 2 little dresses. They are so  
pretty and fit her beautifully. She  
badly needed them too; she outgrows  
her clothes so rapidly.  
With much love  
Margaret.

Ernest ... 1872 ...



The Firs. Landaur.

May 28<sup>th</sup> 1913

Dear Mama and Papa

Where shall I begin? I suppose I had better tell it in my own way, or I will not get in any of the details, which seem so dear to the feminine heart. Well, here goes. I was sitting at my desk working on Saturday, "May 24" at 4<sup>15</sup> P.M. A man came and handed me a telegram from Mrs Edwards which ran as follows: "Margant says for you to come at once." My train left at 5.30 and the station was 2½ miles away and I had not packed anything. I hastily threw some things together - and lit out, after borrowing money from my Cook and one of my preachers. However, I missed

up to the House! However with a prayer that all was well, I went boldly up to the house. Dr Lucas - who lived in the first - came out and said: "I congratulate you on having an heir". I asked him if all was well and he said yes. He said that he could tell by the relieved tone of my voice that I had not received the second wire which had been sent to me - three hours after the first, telling me of the birth of the boy and that all was well. I hurried in and there was Morgant, and beside her a little bundle in a basket. ~~beside her~~. I think after the long strain of 27 hours. I could have sung a Psalm of Thanksgiving, worthy of David.

Morgant had felt some pain in the

connections at Delhi, and had  
to travel all day Sunday. I  
reached Dehra Dun at 7 P.M.  
and was driven 7 miles in a two-  
wheeled cart. Then I got a horse  
and rode up the hill eight miles  
— part of the way in the dark.  
You can imagine my state of  
mind. I did not know what  
had happened. I could only  
pray that all was well. I  
knew that the baby was not  
due for another month — and  
naturally I was much worried.  
On the other hand Helen had  
made her appearance early,  
and all had been well — then  
I had every confidence in  
Mr Fullerton — who had Margaret  
in charge. Now, I hated to ride

Morning and had called Dr Fullerton. The Dr said  
that she did not think that the danger was  
immediate but put her to bed about 12  
o'clock. She got up for a while at 3.  
and the baby was born at 5 P.M. on Empire  
Way - Queen Victoria's birthday - May 24<sup>th</sup>.  
She (Margaret - not Queen Victoria) did not  
suffer as she did when Helen was born.  
It was doubtless bad while it lasted, but  
was soon over. A very competent nurse  
also arrived and all went well. The  
boy weighed 6½ pounds. Since his birth  
he is doing nicely - and the Dr said today  
that she could see that he had grown  
in the four days. Margaret looks very well  
and is of course very happy over it all.



The Firs - Landaur -

May 28<sup>th</sup> 1913

Dear Mama and Papa

Where shall I begin? I suppose I had better tell it in my own way, or I will not get in any of the details, which seem so dear to the feminine heart. Well! here goes. I was sitting at my desk working on Saturday, "May 24" at 4<sup>15</sup> P.M. A man came and handed me a telegram from Mrs Edwards which ran as follows: "Margaret says for you to come at once". My train left at 5.30 and the station was 2½ miles away and I had not packed anything. I hastily threw some things together - and lit out, after borrowing money from my Cook and one of my preachers. However, I missed

Morning and had called Dr Fullerton. The RN said  
that she did not think that the danger was  
immediate but put her to bed about 12

blue eyes, (I think) a well shaped head, a  
shrill voice, small hands with fingers  
which I hope will eventually make  
good base-ball fingers. His ears are  
more like the Elder Ears than the Wild  
sort: i: e - they nestle up to the cranium  
instead of sticking out - In short  
he is ugly at present but we have  
hopes that he may improve. Let us  
hope he will not be pretty! I do  
not wish a pretty boy.

Good night -

With loads of love from  
us forever - Ernest.

P.S. Please pass this along to Mabel  
and Martha - as I may not have time to write them  
fully now.

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to travel all day Sunday. I  
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made her appearance early,  
and all had been well - then  
I had every confidence in  
Mr Fuller (M) - who had Margaret  
in charge. Now, I hated to ride





In the Church

Dear Mother,

The Convention is in  
seen and I have not had  
time to write you as yet.  
I will send a little note  
now to let you know  
that we are all well.  
I brought out up a  
note yesterday for the  
first time. The baby  
is now well and we hope  
that he will soon begin  
increasing in weight.  
We are also so  
thankful for in

in a couple of weeks, much better  
in body, mind and spirit.

Helen's birthday is tomorrow.  
She will be 3 years old. That is  
so young, isn't it?

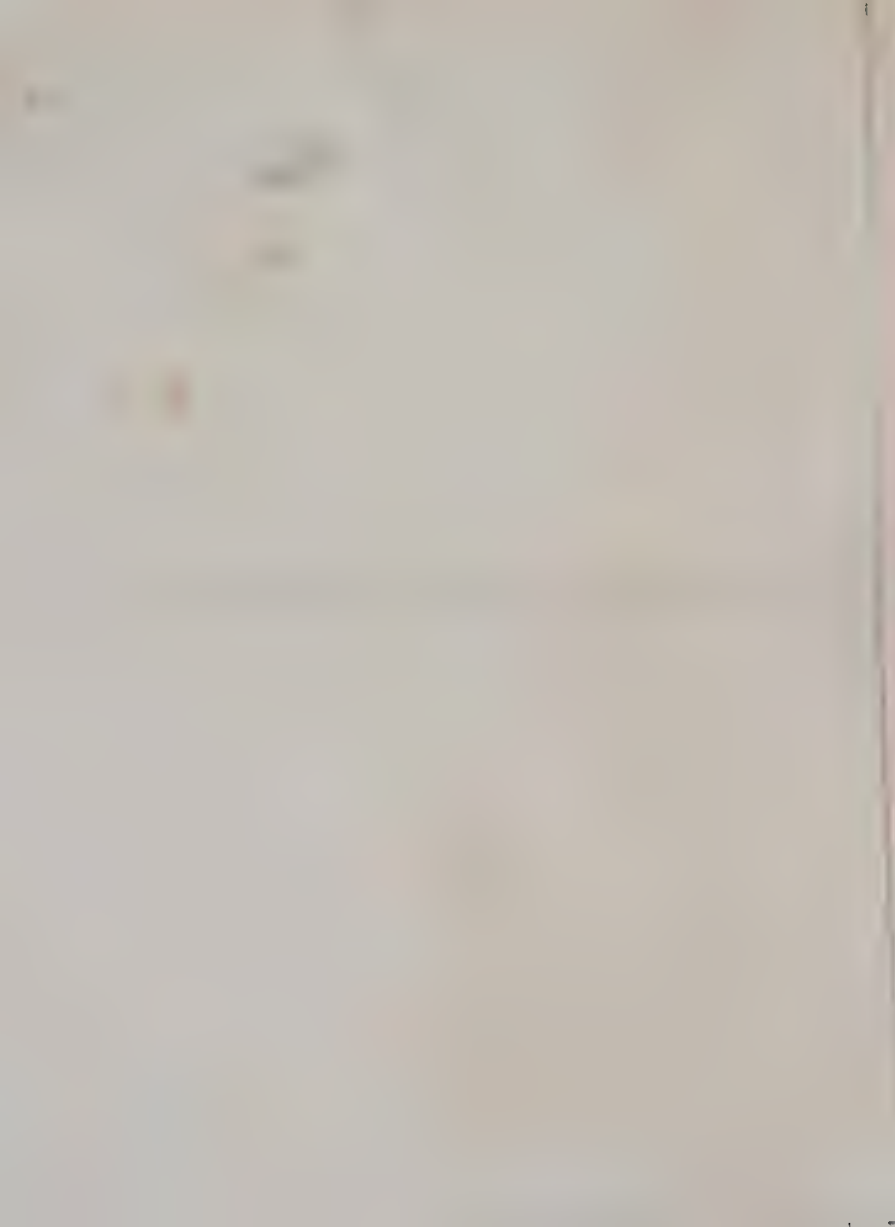
With lots of love

Your Son

Ernest.

this old world of sin and  
sorrow I have enough  
religion in me not to be  
an ingrate.

I am enjoying my stay in  
the Hills, and also doing  
me lots of good I eat  
in large quantities  
formerly, I have eaten  
very little before coming  
to the Hills. I now make  
my own food. I exercise  
as much as I can when I can -  
I walk, I read, I study,  
I am with my family - I go  
out etc. In two or three  
weeks I shall be back





North India Presbyterian Mission,  
OFFICE OF THE TREASURER.

Morar, Swatara

Dec. 19th, 1913

Dearest Daddy and Mamma,

We are all well but busy getting ready for the Christmas festivities to be given to Indian Christians. One week from today I will be leaving to go to Allahabad to attend the General Assembly, as a delegate for the Allahabad Presbytery. I hope to have a letter written before Christmas, for if I do not, I fear that I will not get it written at all.

Helen has again disgraced herself in high society. The other day, her mother took her with her to call on the Grandmother of the Maharajah. The old lady, who was her one not so very far removed friend, was very kind and asked her the great Maharani, the real power behind the throne. Helen has appeared at the question age and she can ask more questions than a prosecuting attorney. One of the customs of the country is the chewing of the beetle-nut, and the royal grandmother is addicted to this habit. Helen and her mother enter the royal apartments and allowing very scant time for exchange of formalities, the daughter begins to ask questions. The old lady surrounded by attendants (female) is reclining in state on a couch having been in a hot car accident last winter, from which she has not yet recovered. Helen starts in on the lady, asking her questions in the singular, which is used only for servants in this country. "What is this thing?" says Helen. "What is that used for?" "What is in that little silver box?" Pointing to an attendant; "What has she in her hand?" The Swayer accepters answers politely and with amusement to all of Helen's questions, and congratulates her mother on the throne. With this the girl uses the vernacular. "That" says Her Highness, "is a present from the King of England, when he visited this country as Prince of Wales."

"This is so and so-that is something else", and thus the conversation went merrily on, the mother trying vainly to curb the little girl and get control of the conversation. "That is a box which holds the pan(bottle-nut, which I eat" said the lady, in answer to Helen's question about what the attendant was holding in her hand. "And what is that woman holding in her hand" asks Helen pointing to another woman. Her Highness looks at the little silver receptacle, and after a moment's hesitation gives the right answer: "That is what I spit in, when I have finished chewing the bottle-nut". "What?" says Helen. The poor lady is compelled to repeat what she has just said. This time Helen 'gets her', and her next question sends her Highness into shrieks of laughter. It was this: "When are you going to spit?". Waves of shame beat over the poor humiliated mother, but she was somewhat relieved when the royal personage began to laugh. Her Ladyship was game. "Right now," said she and when the attendant had passed her the silver bowl, she spat, energetically into the bowl. "Some fool has written recently (crediting oriental rulers of hospitality !!!

With bushels of le.

Your son,

*Ernest*

*Wm. Huntington, please to send the letter to Harry*

*207 Fall River Drive*

*Albany, N. Y.*













